Collier's

15¢

September 16, 1950

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How We Can Lick STALIN

By Brigadier General
Bonner Fellers

Francis Wallace's 11th Football

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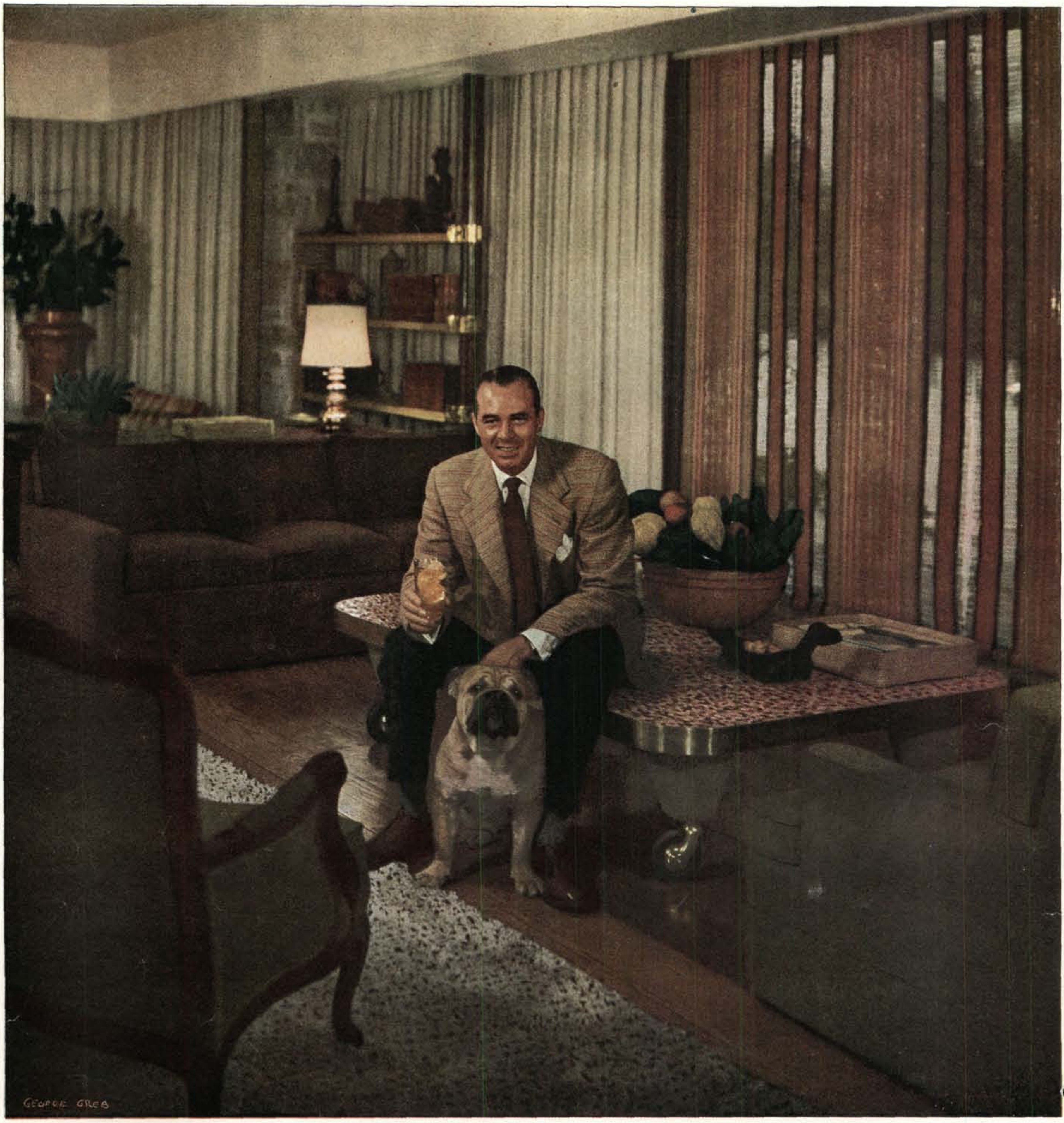
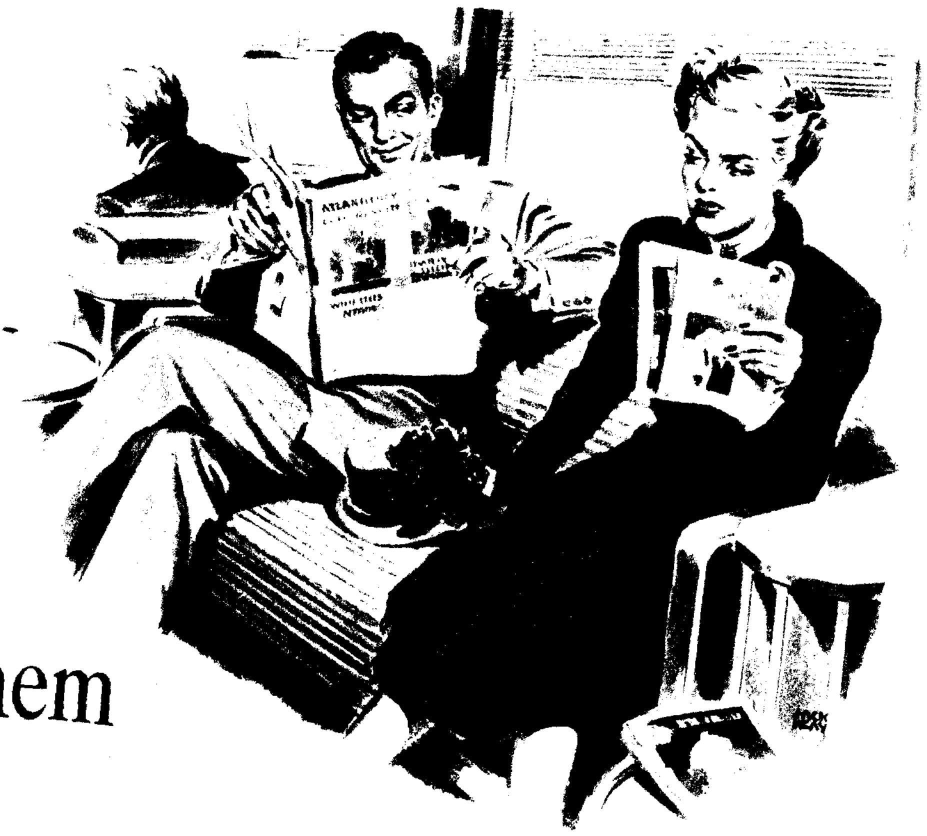


For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Of all the millions of gallons we distill, only the choicest few are fine enough for Lord Calvert. That's why no other whiskey in all the world possesses the *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* of Lord Calvert . . . the custom-blended whiskey for men of moderation who appreciate the finest. That's why Lord Calvert will make *your* next drink a *better* drink, and why your guests will compliment your choice.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

MR. WILLIAM PAHLMANN — *distinguished interior designer. Raised in Texas, Mr. Pahlmann worked his way through art school—then labored steadily for ten years before his unusual talent for blending modern and traditional styles around a client's personality gained widespread recognition. Today, his warm, melodramatic interiors beautify many of the country's outstanding hotels, department stores and private homes. The Westchester, N. Y., home above, with its 24 sq. ft. mosaic coffee table, is typical of his work.*



She slammed her hat down between them

What a lucky man that mutual friends introduced him to a charming and good-looking woman at the outset of a long train trip. Instead of dreading the journey, he now actually looked forward to it. But what a sharp awakening he was in for!

They got along famously at dinner, but later, sitting side-by-side in the club car, she seemed vaguely annoyed. As the hours went by, this annoyance became increasingly obvious. She discouraged every attempt at friendliness. By the time they were in California she became downright rude. What had he said? What had he done? He simply couldn't understand why she treated him so shabbily.

It could happen to you

No matter what other good points a man may have, they can be nullified by halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may be absent one day and present the next, without your realizing when you have it. But why risk offending needlessly?

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that so many fastidious people never omit.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

When you want to be at your best, don't trust makeshifts. Trust Listerine Antiseptic. It's almost a passport to popularity.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

BEFORE ANY DATE . . . **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

. . . . IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

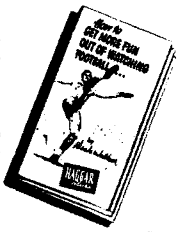
FIT for any occasion

in TEXAS TONES

A wool and rayon fabric equal in warmth and strength to any 13½ ounce all wool worsted. Loomed to Haggar's own specifications and tailored with the exacting care that has made Haggar the standard of America in slacks for men

$8.95

FREE booklet by Doak Walker tells how to get more fun out of watching football. Explains rules . . . offensive and defensive formations. Also tells how to win $1,500 in Haggar's Pigskin Picks Contest. Write for your free copy today.


How to GET MORE FUN OUT OF WATCHING FOOTBALL

HAGGAR COMPANY • DALLAS

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September 16, 1950

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Pretty Carolyn Bishop was chosen Campus Queen by students at the University of North Carolina, beating out 24 other contestants for a place on this week's cover. Now a senior, the winner has since become somebody's prize; she married W. A. Thornhill of Scarbro, West Virginia. This is the first in a series of Campus Queen covers.

Week's Mail

Our Vulnerable Defenses

EDITOR: I was much interested in Collier's editorial, We Need Power to Preserve Peace (Aug. 5th). This editorial very wisely calls much-needed attention to "the woefully vulnerable defenses of the continental United States."

Our national defenses will continue to be "woefully vulnerable" so long as we scatter our shot over the world as we are doing by our "cold war" policy with its hot war in Korea.

The demands of our "cold war" policy will inevitably be so many and so diversified and so heavy that, so long as this lunatic policy is continued, "the defenses of the continental United States" will become more and more "woefully vulnerable."

ERNEST BRADSHAW, Chicago, Ill.

Mere Chicken Feed

EDITOR: I read the refreshing article, Family without Fear (Aug. 5th), and enjoyed the experiences of the Millgates as told by André Fontaine.

When I came to Mr. Fontaine's account of the cost of feeding baby chicks till they weighed three and a half to four pounds, however, I had to laugh at the statement of Mr. Millgate that such cost was only 10 cents.

Don't other chicken raisers agree?

MRS. RUNDLE SMITH, Blanks, La.

Doctor's Admirer

EDITOR: I want to commend you on the excellence of The Amazing Dr. Sperti (July 29th). One of the finest things I have read.

The article is a revelation in many ways. Dr. Sperti's discoveries and inventions, his generosity and his intense adherence to scientific knowledge win my complete admiration.

The article besides being a revelation of a man and of the long road to a cancer cure is an inspiration to all who have ambitions toward the improvement of the welfare of their fellow man.

ALEX CLARK, Chicago, Ill.

Maine's Junior Senator

EDITOR: Your story by Lilian Rixey about Senator Smith (Mrs. Smith Really Goes to Town, July 29th) was a good one and of particular interest to the people of Maine, but we of this organization have a quarrel with you.

In the discussion of Senator Smith's ability to get along with newspapers you referred to the fact that a great many of Senator Smith's clippings are "made up of the Washington columns of May Craig, the Gannett papers' . . . female Boswell to the Lady from Maine."

Unfortunately, our organization is a great deal smaller than the group of newspapers and radio stations operated by Frank Gannett. We enjoy a friendly relationship with Frank Gannett's much larger group, but it always hurts our pride when readers assume that we belong to Frank Gannett. We are very much a Maine organization. We stick to our home territory and we like to be identified with it.

Furthermore, we feel that although we

Don't cry, Mother, I said...

. . . but I felt like crying myself. Here we were on our first vacation in years. We'd planned a leisurely motor trip to California. And half way there I'd had a bad auto accident.

We finally got a ride to the nearest town. But we didn't know a soul. So I looked up the State Farm office—my insurance people. And I want you to know how the agent, Tom Wess*, took care of us!

My car was no good to me—repairs would have cost so much and taken so long. Mother and I were so upset and discouraged we'd just about given up and decided to take the train home. But Tom wouldn't hear of it! He said he could arrange for us to buy a new car right there on the spot.

He called up a State Farm field adjustor and they worked it out. My insurance paid a big part of the difference between my trade-in and the cost of the new car. And Tom arranged a low cost bank loan for the balance—through the State Farm Bankplan.

The very day after the accident we were off for California again, in our new car! Mother and I would never have believed it—such thoughtful, friendly treatment so far from home!

Agents give personal attention

That's one of the extra benefits you enjoy as a policyholder in the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. Should you have an accident near your home, generally your claim will be *personally* handled by the man who wrote your automobile insurance in the first place. He, naturally, is *keenly* interested in keeping you a well-pleased customer. In addition, State Farm has 120 branch claim offices, strategically located.

Away from home—same service!

Since automobiles were made to travel, State Farm service is geared to travel with the car. Wherever trouble occurs, in the United States or Canada, claim service is available.

Savings benefit policyholders

Efficient, friendly service plus *low cost insurance* is what you get as a State Farm Mutual policyholder. Why? Because State Farm desires to insure only careful drivers—who have fewer losses—keep costs down. State Farm is a mutual company—savings benefit policyholders.

The State Farm agent in your community will be glad to discuss any or all of your insurance problems. If you don't know him yet—simply look up State Farm in your phone book.

Note to new car buyers: *Before* you buy your new car, ask your State Farm agent about convenient low cost financing through a local bank—often substantial savings can be made on both the financing and insurance. And remember, once you have State Farm insurance, you can easily transfer it to your new car.

Do you know? *How little you need to save regularly to buy a comfortable retirement income if you start now? Ask your State Farm agent about the guaranteed savings and security program available in the State Farm Life Insurance Company.*

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS
Home Office

Western Office
Berkeley, California

Canadian Office
Toronto, Ontario

North Central Office
St. Paul, Minnesota

West Central Office
Lincoln, Nebraska

Michigan Office, Marshall, Michigan

*Tom Wess is a fictitious name, but his kind, thoughtful service is typical of State Farm agents.

FATIMA

"I agree..."

says "BAB" BECKWITH
Nationally known Flight
Instructor and Stylist

. . . the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos, superbly blended, make it FATIMA . . . give you a *much different, much better* flavor and aroma than any other long cigarette.

ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
. . . BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES
FATIMA
TWENTY
CIGARETTES
FATIMA

are small, we are big enough, with four daily newspapers, a Sunday newspaper and two radio stations, to be identified as Guy Gannett Publishing Company, or The Gannett Newspapers (and Radio Stations) of Maine. ROGER C. WILLIAMS, Portland, Me.

Perhaps Mr. Williams is overmodest. Since Collier's story was about the Lady from Maine, we assumed that readers would know that our reference to "the Gannett papers" meant those of Portland's Guy Gannett and not the New York State chain that is owned by Frank Gannett.

. . . Collier's profuse admiration for Senator Smith is not shared by residents of the Pacific Coast. The so-called "investigation" of the McCarthy charges against members of the State Department as conducted by Senator Tydings and his relatives was a shameful farce throughout.

Had administration leaders wished to show up "McCarthyism," as *you* call *it*, we see no reason why they couldn't have opened the records and done so long ago. It looks suspiciously as if they were afraid of what they might bring to light.

MRS. ETHEL GABRIO, Cottage Grove, Ore.

. . . On the basis of brief contact with Senator Smith when she was on the Kalamazoo College campus last November to speak in our chapel, I would like to comment that she is "easy to meet." Students warmed up to her quickly, and everyone was at ease.

Furthermore, she fairly beamed when the coeds presented her with an orchid corsage prior to her appearance at our afternoon "coffee hour."

EDWARD J. LAUTH, Kalamazoo, Mich.

. . . In the closing paragraphs of your article (on Senator Smith) you write that, after making a speech at Portland, the senator drove 100 miles that very same night to make a speech at Woodfords.

I am forced to disagree with you on this mileage. Woodfords is the residential section of Portland, and is exactly one (1) mile from the center of Portland—not one hundred miles.

LEO LEMAN, Portland, Me.

Big Luke

EDITOR: In They're Gonna Like Big Luke (Aug. 5th) it is mentioned that Luke Easter got two doubles and a single and Cleveland won the game because of it. Now he did get the hits and I wouldn't want to take it away from him, but Cleveland did not win the game. I happened to see that game and the Red Sox came from behind to win. Kinder was the winning pitcher (the first game he had ever won from Cleveland, by the way) and I have the box score to prove it.

It isn't *that* I have anything against Luke or that I don't agree that he can really hit the ball, because he really did in this game, but I do like to get the facts straight.

DONALD A. BERTSCH, Waltham, Mass.

Right you are. The Red Sox won it 9-6.

. . . In your story on Luke Easter you say that the Gehrig-Ruth combination of 1950 may be Doby and Easter. I am ten years old and a loyal Red Sox fan. I think there is a better pair in Williams and Dropo.

JAMES TIMOTHY O'REILLY, Newport, R. I.

The One-Armed Bandits

EDITOR: I want to commend you on the splendid editorial on slot machines (Keep the Change, Lady, July 29th). These one-armed bandits were taking over our city until Dorothy McCullough was elected mayor of Portland.

She started enforcing the law that was already on the books of the state. Now, thanks to her courage, there are no more slot machines in drugstores, ice-cream parlors, bowling alleys or taverns.

I especially appreciate her good work, because my teen-age son was a victim of one of the machines. They should not have been where he could get to them.

MRS. Q. E. SANFORD, Portland, Ore.

. . . As an attorney of more than 43 years' practice I agree "on all fours" with your Keep the Change, Lady editorial, but not with the picture. The wife should be shown when *starting* her grocery shopping or, better yet, the factory worker on his way home with his pay check, or even their kids with their pennies.

JAMES W. MAUCKER, Rock Island, Ill.

. . . In reply to your editorial, here is a short true tale of perfect city corruption in the city where I live, Girard, Ohio.

In Girard you can:

Attend a lottery twice a week at our movie theater;

Play the numbers;

Buy baseball pools;

Place bets on horses;

Buy obscene literature;

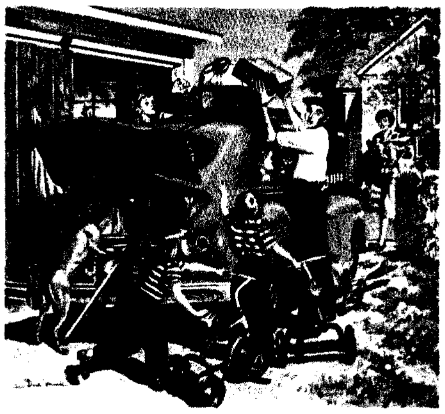
Play slot machines;

Try any type punchboard;

Join rowdy gangs on street corners.

GEORGE GORDON, Girard, Ohio

Perfect Solution



EDITOR: The tricycles haven't bothered me. I know that he'll get them loaded. I have only two daughters and a son, but I've found already that there can be no peace until the tricycles *are* loaded. But what has bothered me is where the outboard motor can go.

I've worried about this ever since your issue of July 22d arrived. Only tonight have I arrived at anything like a solution.

The only thing to do is to load up children, tricycles, cat, canary, dog, wife and lunch, unload minnow bucket, fly rod and golf clubs; kiss wife good-by tenderly and promise her a week of nothing but bridge club, beauty parlors and shows upon her return; and then seek out some male friend in a predicament such as his with whom he can spend a week of unfettered, wholesome relaxation and enjoyment in golf and fishing.

I must try this sometime myself.

ARTHUR A. RUSSELL, Austin, Texas

Friend of Segregation

EDITOR: Referring to Charles Blitzer's communication on racial segregation (Week's Mail, July 29th), may I suggest another line of approach to the segregation problem?

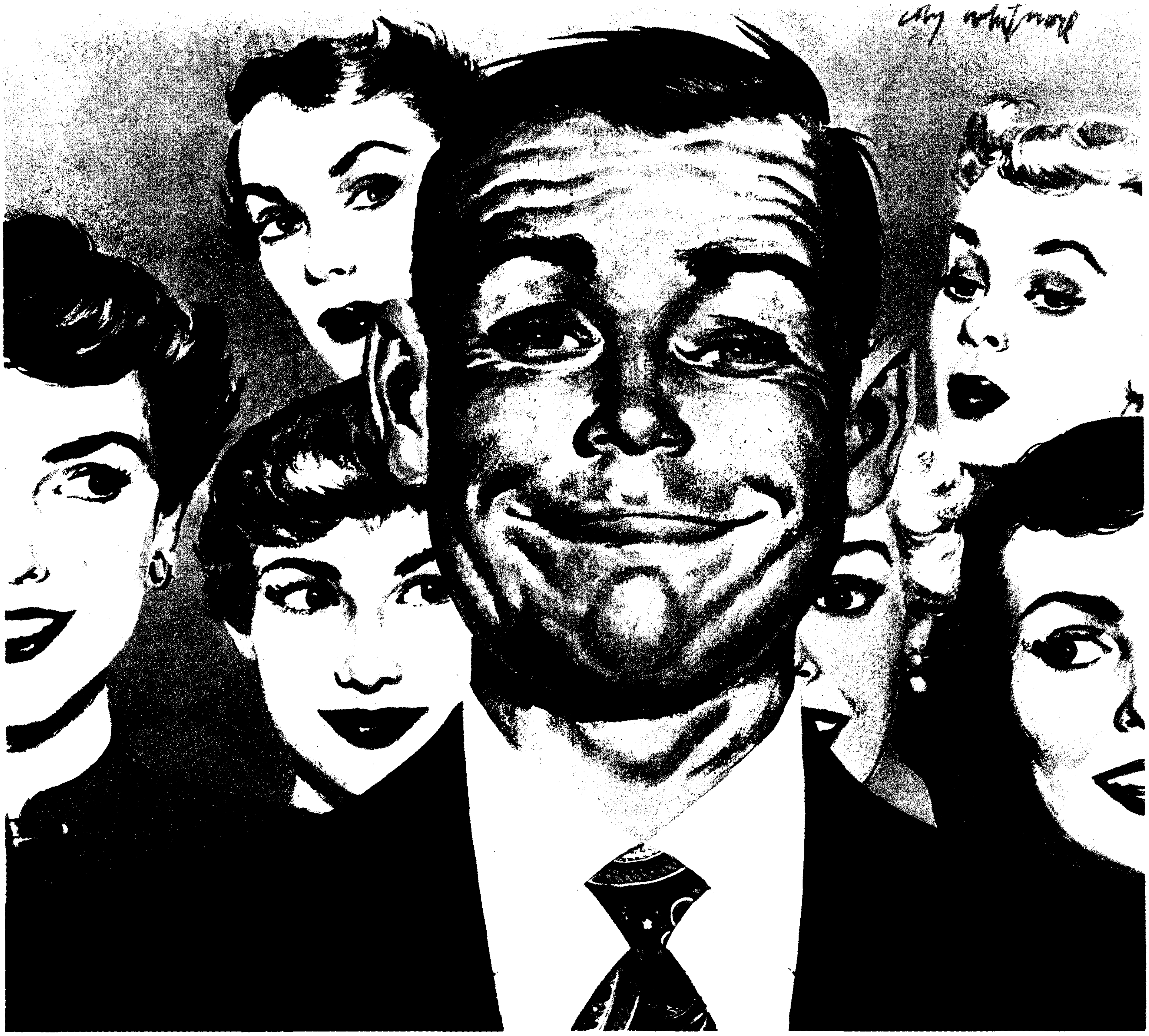
Do we want to preserve our American heritage which has come down to us through the centuries from the early settlers of this country and their European forebears, or do we want to discard it as of no importance? Can we not learn something from the breeders of fine horses, cattle, dogs, etc., who have practiced segregation in order to get desired results?

ROBERT C. BARNETT, Jefferson City, Mo.

Switching Horses

EDITOR: Re Collier's June 24th issue just read, I would like to extend congratulations for your editorial, Where the Great Have Walked. I have been a Democrat for 52 years, but have been turning very much Republican these past 12 months.

HURST D. JUDD, Guam, Guam



TRY THIS ON FOR SIGHS!

An Arrow Shirt does something for a guy that does something to the gals.

Maybe they figure any man that's so neatly groomed would be just as neat around the house. May be that virile Mitoga-tailored fit.

Or maybe they're sure any man who insists on the "Sanforized" label (fabric shrinkage less than 1%), anchored buttons, and the *value* in every Arrow Shirt is sure to be a good provider! Whatever it is, it's *wonderful!*

The shirt being admired is *Par* (above), soft, spread collar... regular or French cuffs. $3.65. If you like a non-wilt collar, you pick *Dart*, $3.65; *Mall* (in finer broadcloth), $3.95; or *Dale* (premium broadcloth), $4.50. *Drew* has medium-short points, low neckband, $3.65.

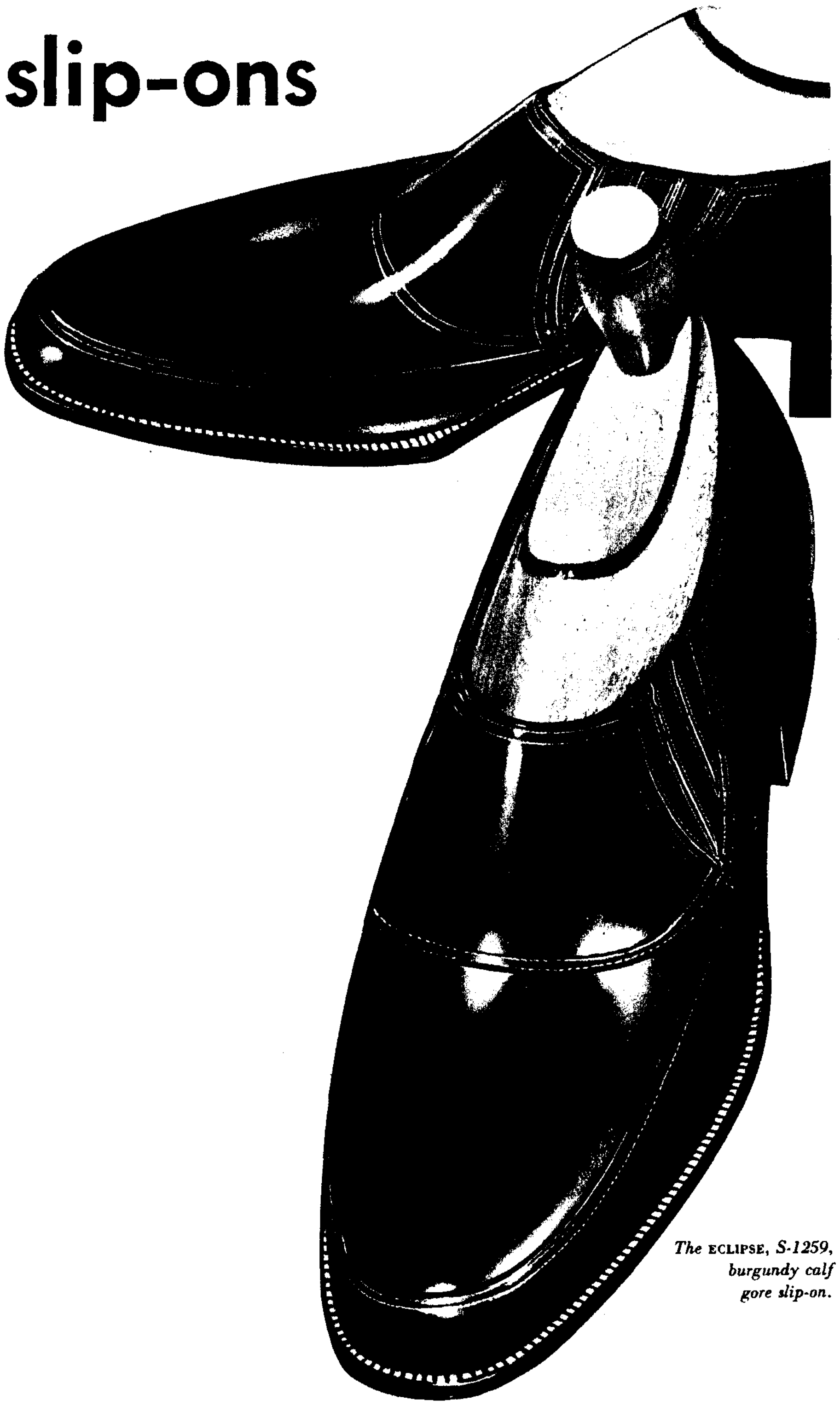
Tie Note—These shirts will look even handsomer with Arrow's luxurious new *Royalty Satin Ties* (shown) in popular paisley patterns! $2.00 each.

ARROW SHIRTS and TIES

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of Arrow Shirts, Ties, Sports Shirts, Handkerchiefs, Underwear.

Time was when the slip-on was strictly a week-ender . . . now it's on a seven-day week! That's because the new Florsheim leathers, patterns, and lasts are as correct for the office as for after hours. Try a pair; you'll agree they're the newest thing since lace oxfords replaced the high button shoe.

Florsheim
slip-ons



The ECLIPSE, *S-1259, burgundy calf gore slip-on.*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

N. G. SHAWN

Iquitos, Peru. To get there from Lima, you went by way of England

Before Peru had a national air-line system, bad roads over high mountains made it virtually impossible for a person to travel from Lima on the coast to Iquitos, Peru's inland port, a distance of 700 miles. The quickest and easiest way the journey could be made by available transportation was by boat—up the Pacific, through the Panama Canal, across the Atlantic to England and back to Pará, Brazil, then westward through Brazil on the Amazon River to Iquitos, a distance of 14,000 miles.

* * * * * * * * *

Irrespective of the number of women in attendance, religious services cannot be held in most of the world's synagogues unless there are present at least 10 males over thirteen years of age. All Orthodox and Conservative Jews still observe this law, which has not been changed since its adoption about 1000 B.C. when women so rarely went to the temples that they were not considered part of the congregation.

* * * * * * * * *

Being magnetic, most compasses are rarely accurate because they point to the Magnetic North Pole which is not directly north, and constantly changes its position. The only pole that is directly north and is stationary and reliable is the Geographical North Pole and the only compass that unfailingly points to it is the gyrocompass used by large ships.

* * * * * * * * *

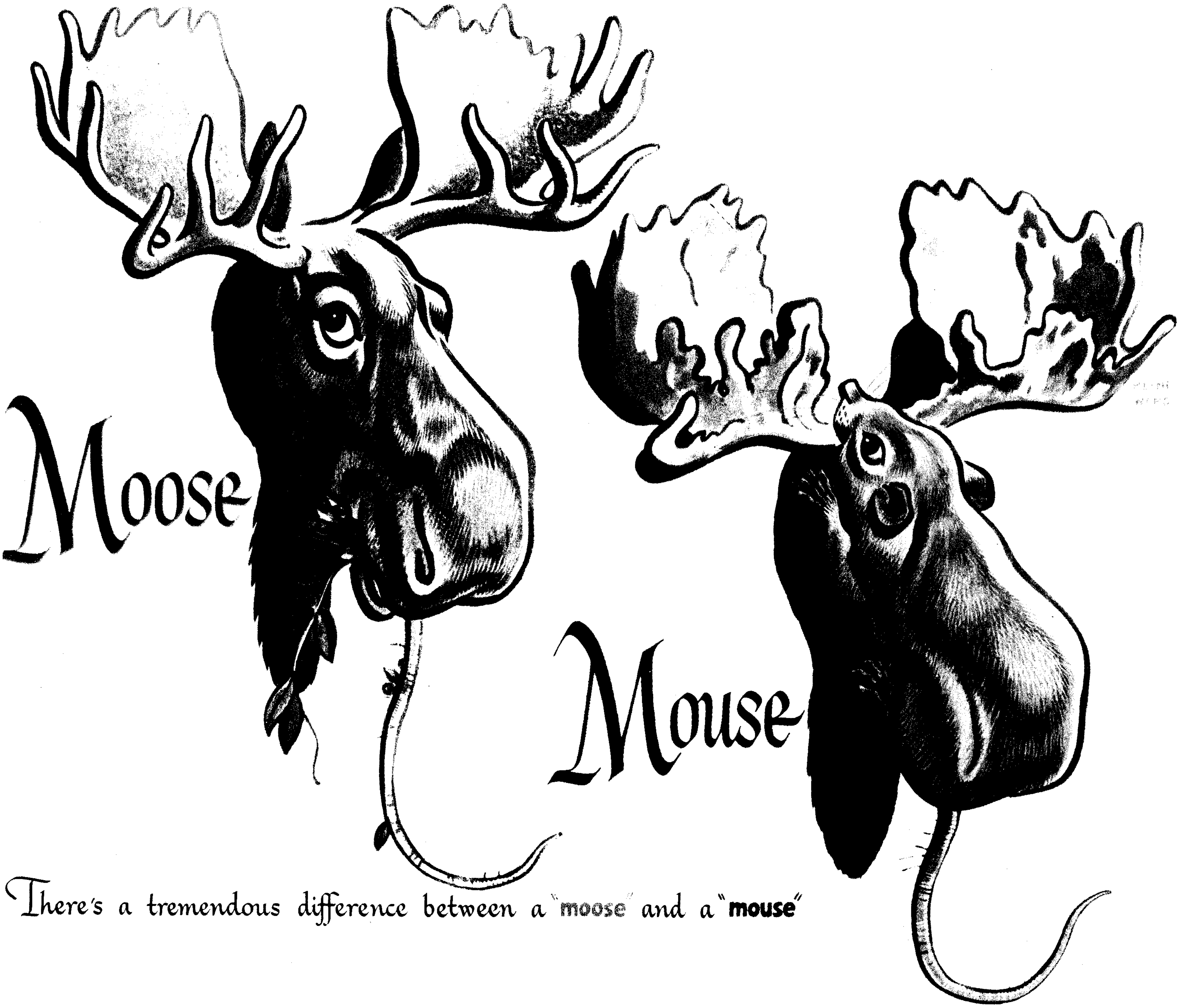
Many women worked as British Secret Service agents in Nazi-occupied territory during the last war, but only 15 were captured. At the time of their arrest, eight were single, seven were married, and their ages ranged from 22 to 45. All were taken to Germany, where 11 were executed, one died in a prison camp and three escaped and returned to England.

* * * * * * * * *

On the afternoon of February 18, 1944, some 20 planes and other aircraft of the Royal Air Force "blew open" the Nazi-held prison in Amiens, France, and set free 75 of the 100 Frenchmen confined there under sentence of death for helping the Allies. With the aid of other patriots and a model of the prison, the fliers had carefully planned every detail of the attack and, therefore, were able to carry it out in a matter of minutes. Protected by fighter planes, the bombers came in low and destroyed the headquarters of the German guards, smashed one end of the building housing the condemned men and blasted a large hole in the prison wall. Rushing out through the openings, a dozen of the prisoners escaped in two helicopters and about 30 more got away in a glider that was towed off a moment after it landed. The rest of the men picked up the guns parachuted from another plane and ran into the nearby woods where friends were waiting to help them.

* * * * * * * * *

America's greatest case of mob violence followed the murder of Mary Phagan, in the factory where she was employed, in Atlanta, Georgia, on the afternoon of April 26, 1913. As it was a holiday, the building was closed and no one had been seen entering or leaving it. But two weeks later, a score of persons suddenly claimed that they had noticed a man enter and that he was Leo Frank, the new manager of the plant from Brooklyn. So Frank was tried, convicted and sentenced to death, while hundreds of would-be lynchers milled around outside and shouted threats at the judge, the defense lawyers and members of the jury. Shortly afterward, the witnesses confessed that they had been forced to lie to save their lives and the trial became a national scandal. Then Frank's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment which so enraged the mobsters that the governor was forced to leave the state. Later, they broke into Frank's prison and hanged the innocent man, thus ending the battle that had lasted two years and had involved 30,000 hoodlums. Oddly, a former judge of the Georgia Court of Appeals stated in his memoirs, published in 1943, that he knew who killed Mary Phagan, but that he could not honorably inform the public as long as certain persons were still alive.



There's a tremendous difference between a "moose" and a "mouse"

– and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK

ETHYL
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

"Ethyl" gasoline is *high octane* gasoline. That's why it brings out the top power of your engine—makes a difference that you can feel on hills, on the open road, and when you need quick power for passing or acceleration.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting this better gasoline. "Ethyl" antiknock fluid is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

ETHYL CORPORATION . . . New York 17, New York

Other products sold under the "Ethyl" trade-mark: salt cake . . . ethylene dichloride . . . sodium (metallic) . . . chlorine (liquid) . . . oil soluble dye . . . benzene hexachloride (technical)

More Cavities! Why Didn't Your Mother Give You Amm-i-dent Ammoniated Tooth Paste?

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent Tooth Paste and Powder than any other dentifrice in America!

Too bad! This child's mother was "too smart" to believe the ads that told her...

Amm-i-dent Helps Prevent Cavities!

"Just another exaggerated claim" this girl's mother thought to herself, when she read that Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste could reduce tooth decay. She didn't even bother to call her dentist, who could have told her about Amm-i-dent. She just kept on buying the same tooth paste with which her family had been brushing—and having cavities—year after year.

More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent

And now, too late, she is sorry. At her child's regular dental check-up—*more cavities!* She wishes that she followed the advice of the dentists of America. They recommend Amm-i-dent ammoniated Tooth Paste and Powder more than any other dentifrice. Surely these men must know best of all what is right for you and your children.

Best protection against tooth decay

If you have provided Amm-i-dent for your family, you can feel justly proud! Your family is getting the best protection against tooth decay any dentifrice can offer, as proven in actual tests with people who followed regular brushing habits.

If your family is not using Amm-i-dent, you as a mother have not done all you can do—all you should do—to help them to have strong, healthy teeth. You can prove it to yourself. Were there any cavities in your family last year? What did you do to help prevent those cavities?

Does Your Present Tooth Paste Do Anything To Help Prevent Cavities?

No ordinary tooth paste, without ammoniated anti-decay ingredients, can do much to help prevent cavities—beyond what the simple act of brushing will do. Certainly it cannot do what Amm-i-dent can do. Amm-i-dent supplies *for many hours* the ammonia content found lacking in the mouths of cavity-susceptible people. *For many hours,* mind you.

That means Amm-i-dent's anti-decay protection continues—no matter when you brush. You don't have to brush after meals to get Amm-i-dent's effectiveness. Regular brushing at your regular time, with Amm-i-dent, helps prevent cavities.

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TOOTH POWDER
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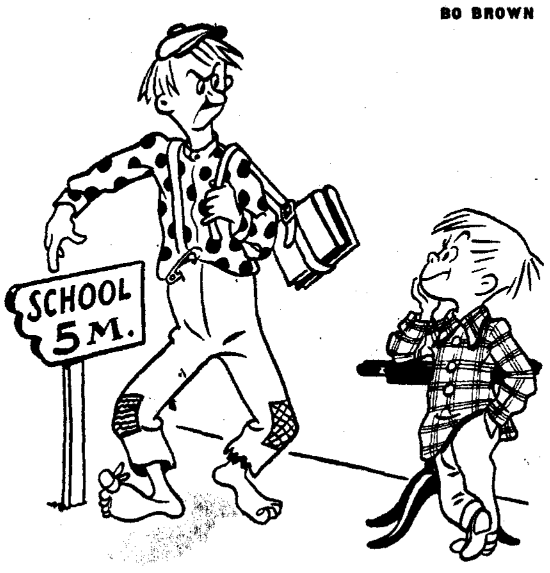
THE AMMONIATED TOOTH PASTE
Carbamide, Di-Basic Ammonium Phosphate

"When I was *your* Age—"

By PARKE CUMMINGS

ONE of the chief disadvantages of being a child is that a youngster constantly has to listen to his parents expounding the hardships and trials of their own youth. Possibly sometime in human history there has been a mother or father who never uttered the words: "Now, when I was your age—" but I'm sure I've never encountered one.

The child not only has to listen, but, not having been around in the tough old days when these things happened, he can't very well put in a denial. At any rate, my children don't. Occasionally, however, when I unlimber a particularly heart-rending discourse on the privations of my youth, I detect a slight raising of the eyebrows and just the suggestion of a questioning expression which could be loosely translated as "Oh, yeah?"



BO BROWN

"I walked five miles to school every day"

This has been going on for so long that my conscience has finally got the better of me, and I have decided that the only thing to do is come clean. Herewith, then, is a list of claims I have made to my offspring together with the straight unvarnished facts in each case. This isn't going to be easy, and it will probably antagonize a lot of parents, but honesty comes first.

"No school busses in my time. I walked five miles to school every day."

(First sentence is correct. But the second one would seem to need some modifications. A speedometer check made on a recent visit to my old home town puts the distance at 1.2 miles. And, come to think of it, three days out of four, I used to hitch a ride on the back of Finnerty's grocery wagon.)

"We kids didn't argue for 15 minutes every time our parents asked us to do something."

(Certainly not! I wasn't that dumb; I just waited until their backs were turned, then skipped out the side door.)

"When I was a boy, I didn't think I had to stay up half the night listening to the radio or watching television."

(Not when I could just as well lie in bed and read Nick Carter or Horatio Alger by flashlight until 1:30 in the morning.)

"None of those free substitutions in those days. We stuck in a game from start to finish."

(Well, the other kids certainly did. I was water boy, come to think of it.)

"I never demanded to be taken to a restaurant for a two-and-a-half-dollar dinner."

(You could get a one-pound steak and all the pie you could eat at Grogan's Restaurant for 85 cents.)

"I kept up my work when I was in school. When I was in the seventh grade I never once had to do homework."

(Not in my *third* year in the seventh grade, anyhow.)

"One present for my birthday was all I ever asked for."

(Such as a bicycle, a pony or a swimming raft with a springboard.)

"When my parents had grownups for company, I didn't insist on joining the party."

(But I sure saw and heard plenty from the top of the stairs.)

"I did the errands promptly and cheerfully when I was a boy. My parents didn't catch me whining constantly."

(Correct. And all I insisted on was a bag of candy and a 10 per cent commission for myself on all goods purchased and I whined just some of the time.)

"At your age I went to the movies only twice a year."

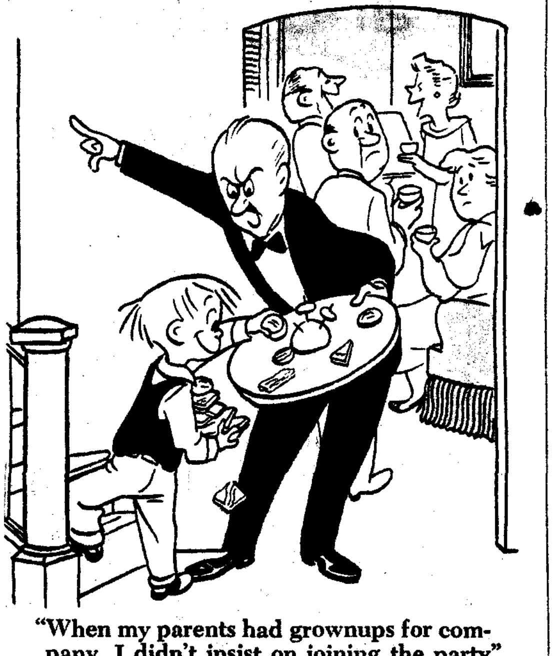
(Well—naturally. My taste ran more to those burlesque shows at the Bijou Theater.)

"We fellows didn't think about girls all the time."

(One hundred per cent right! Not all the time.)

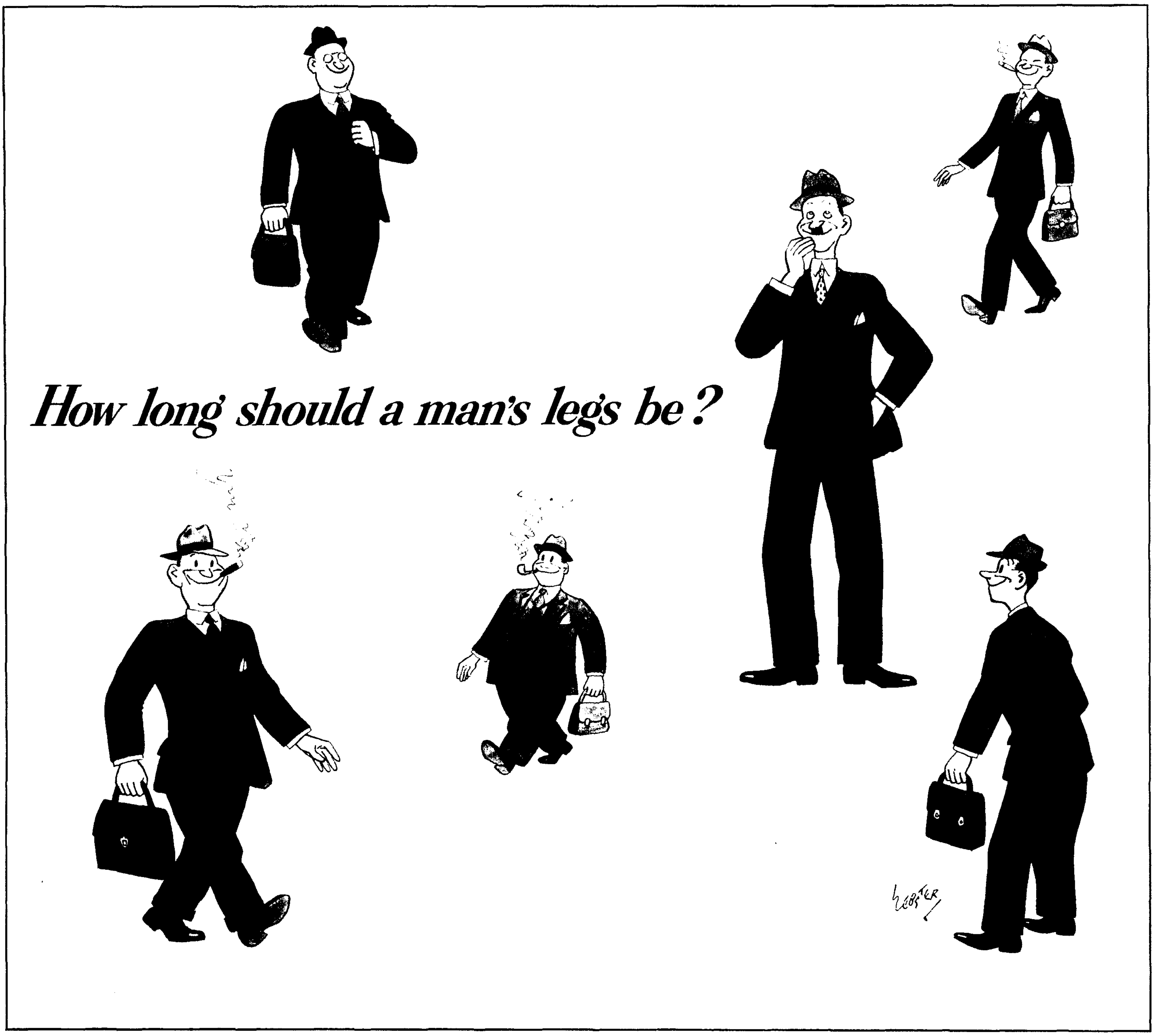
There! I feel like a better man. Now go away, please.

THE END



"When my parents had grownups for company, I didn't insist on joining the party"

How long should a man's legs be?



Abraham Lincoln was quoted as saying: "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

This question comes to mind whenever somebody asks, "How much Life insurance should I own?" There's an equally sensible and obvious answer to this question, too!

The amount of Life insurance a man should own depends entirely upon his individual needs and circumstances. It should be enough to enable him to achieve his hopes and ambitions, both for those dependent upon him and for himself.

The job of determining the exact types and precise amounts of insurance which an individual should own is often a complex one. It is a task calling for the services of Life Insurance Agents, people who make their life's work the tailoring of insurance programs to fit each individual's need.

The selection of Agents is in itself a painstaking process. At Metropolitan, for example, applicants for agency work are carefully screened, tested and re-tested to determine their suitability for effectively serving policyholders. Only the most ambitious, intelligent persons can qualify, because the job of prescribing for individual Life insurance needs calls for foresight, tact, patience, and above all, understanding. It is confidential work which requires a studied professional approach.

How well Life Insurance Agents have measured up to these requirements is being demonstrated in countless communities throughout the country every minute of the day. In fact, the 213 billion dollars of Life insurance in force in all companies in the United States is a testimonial to the confidence which the public has in the Life Insurance Agent as well as in the institution of Life Insurance. Helping other people to achieve greater security against the uncertainties of life has gained great recognition for the profession of Life Insurance.

Your own Life Insurance Agent is always ready and anxious to help you continuously to improve your Life insurance program. Through close cooperation with your Agent, you may be sure your Life insurance will be of maximum benefit to the future of your family and yourself.

Metropolitan Life *Insurance Company*

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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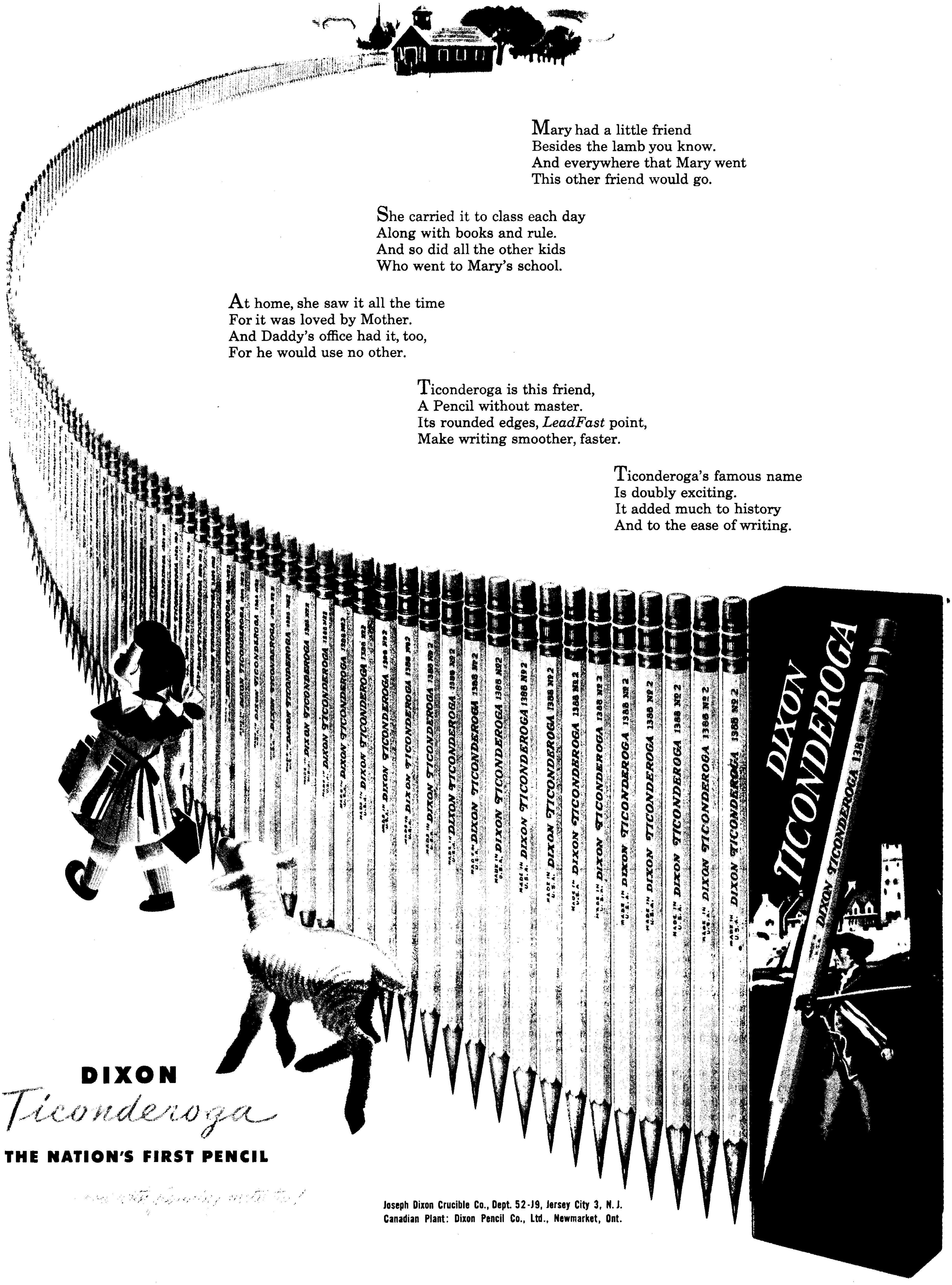

DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 No 2
MADE IN U.S.A.
DIXON TICONDEROGA
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1388 No 2

Mary had a little friend
Besides the lamb you know.
And everywhere that Mary went
This other friend would go.

She carried it to class each day
Along with books and rule.
And so did all the other kids
Who went to Mary's school.

At home, she saw it all the time
For it was loved by Mother.
And Daddy's office had it, too,
For he would use no other.

Ticonderoga is this friend,
A Pencil without master.
Its rounded edges, *LeadFast* point,
Make writing smoother, faster.

Ticonderoga's famous name
Is doubly exciting.
It added much to history
And to the ease of writing.

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THE NATION'S FIRST PENCIL

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 52-J9, Jersey City 3, N. J.
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"We cannot win against Russia on the ground," says General Fellers, shown here with a picture his wife painted while in the Philippines in 1937

How We Can Lick STALIN

By Brigadier General BONNER FELLERS, U.S.A. (Ret.)

THERE is not a moment to lose. The deadline was long ago. The cold war has been lost.

The Korean war caught us dangerously unprepared. General MacArthur's sure touch, coupled with the failure of the Red Korean tanks to exploit early gains, probably will enable our resourceful forces to stabilize the situation. Then, as more reinforcements arrive, we shall be able to turn the tide.

Nevertheless, it is disconcerting to contemplate what could happen if hundreds of thousands of the Oriental Red Army, covered by a Red air force, were to move down into Korea.

Neither the bravery of our GIs nor General MacArthur's genius could overcome the disaster they would face. Even if our boys were to kill 10 or 20 to one, we would be wiped out by an endless stream of Communists pouring upon us with complete abandon of life.

For many months before the Korean war started General MacArthur had pleaded in vain for stronger forces in his Far East Command. The Joint Chiefs of Staff personally had agreed with his views but, as they explained to him, the civil branch of the government had final authority.

In South Korea our responsibilities had been assumed, March, 1949, by the Department of State. In June of that year our troops were relieved. While it was known that North Koreans were being heavily armed, it was decided our aid from that time would be almost entirely economic. Of a $10,000,000 aid authorization by the Congress, only $108 worth of radio wire had been delivered prior to the Communist invasion. Administration leaders had made it clear that Korea was not essential to our strategic position in Asia.

Referring to President Truman's sudden reversal of this policy, General MacArthur said "the Far East Command, until the President's great pronouncement to support the epochal action of the United Nations, had no slightest responsibility for the defense of the free Republic of Korea. With

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

Here is a provocative article by a trained military man who speaks solely for himself. You may not agree with all he says, but Collier's feels that as a professional soldier with a fine military education and an outstanding war record his opinions deserve attention. He holds the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, and a citation from General MacArthur reads:

"Brigadier General Bonner F. Fellers, as Psychological Warfare Officer for the Southwest Pacific Area, later United States Army Forces, Pacific, performed meritorious and distinguished service from May to November, 1944, and May, 1945, to March, 1946. He displayed deep insight into the traits of the Japanese and exercised superior ability and initiative in organizing, planning and directing the Psychological Warfare campaign against the Japanese armed forces and homeland population. Through his outstanding professional ability and resourcefulness, General Fellers contributed in a marked degree to Japan's surrender and to the initial success of the military occupation."

A graduate of the United States Military Academy, Class of 1918, General Fellers has attended the Army's Artillery School, Command and General Staff School, Chemical Warfare School and War College. Before Pearl Harbor he served as an observer with the British in the Middle East. For a time after that he was with our own Office of Strategic Services, and later on General MacArthur's staff. He planned the Hollandia campaign in the Pacific, before becoming our chief of Psychological Warfare in Japan. In addition to the DSM for his services in this field, his other awards include the Distinguished Service Star of the Philippines with the Anahau Leaf. General Fellers is now an assistant to the chairman of the Republican National Committee. THE EDITOR

the President's decision it assumed a completely new and added mission."

It was a State Department decision to leave the 38th parallel undefended on the south side. It was a White House decision which suddenly junked this policy in favor of armed intervention—at a time when sufficient military force was not readily available.

One or the other of these decisions was wrong.

In Europe, although there is no fighting there at the moment, our position is *potentially* far more critical than in Asia. There the State Department, without appreciation of the complexities of modern war and the terrific combat effectiveness of the Red Army, has committed the United States to assist in holding western Europe's frontier. It is my belief that few professional military men of reputation really believe such a program can succeed. Yet the military, subordinated to the civil branch of our government, has offered no public protest. Our nation is in imminent peril unless our military leaders, even at the risk of their professional careers, insist that our plans be militarily sound and that the objectives given us by the civil branch of the government be attainable.

Why We Must Avoid Ground Combat

We cannot win against Russia on the ground. We cannot win in ground combat against Red Oriental forces on the Asiatic mainland. These Red forces are too vast numerically, too well equipped, too willing to sacrifice their men, for us to accept full-scale ground combat with them in Europe or Asia. Moreover, the distances and winter factors in Russia give her enormous advantages. Where Napoleon and Hitler failed from nearby bases, we had better not make the plunge from across the ocean.

It would be folly to strike Russia's greatest strength, her ground forces, with what in that war would be the weakest element of our three arms—our ground forces. Russia's hope for a military victory would lie in her ability to throw the full weight of the Red Army against the United Nations forces, which of course would be mainly American. Under no circumstances should we allow Stalin to maneuver us into the position of opposing his strength with our weakness. Rather, we should avoid Russia's incalculable strength and attack her where she is most vulnerable. Russia is weakest at her heart. She is strongest on her periphery. Inside Russia, Communism is a miserable failure.

The Russian people never have entirely accepted Communism. I am reliably advised that during the 20-year period preceding World War II there were 30 sizable revolts, rebellions and plots against the Kremlin dictatorship. They were staged by peasants, workers and even by members of the Red Army itself.

When Hitler's forces struck Russia, an important segment of the population greeted the Nazis as liberators. Four million Russian officers and soldiers are reported to have surrendered. Eight hundred thousand troops joined the Nazi forces. Russian General Vlassov set up three Russian divisions to fight Stalin. But Hitler, with his race supremacy complex, looked upon the Russians as inferior. He wanted only the rich Ukraine land, not the people. Confident of victory, he slaughtered the population and the forces which had surrendered to him.

Stalin, sensing his precarious position, somewhat relaxed his despotic control, appealed to the patriotism of the people, and promised postwar relief. The Russian people, faced by an invader whose atrocities exceeded those of Stalin, rallied to the defense of their motherland and fought history's greatest defensive battle.

After the war, hundreds of thousands of Russian nationals refused to return to Russia. They resisted by all possible means, including suicide. Compelled by a wartime agreement to assist in forced repatriation, we played a part in this affair which is a dark chapter in the American record. Purges in the Red Army subdued the military: Desertions were by the thousand.

Today conditions inside Russia are almost unbearable, even for a population accustomed to harsh treatment. There are 15,000,000 Russian prisoners behind barbed wire. I have seen some of these prison camps on my two trans-Siberian trips. About 9,000,000 of these are male political prisoners between the ages of eighteen and fifty-eight. They comprise 16 per cent of the male population between these age limits. There is scarcely a family in Russia which has not lost a member to the barbed-wire prisons. It is evident that the Communist system carries within itself the seeds of self-destruction. The Iron Curtain is plain evidence the Kremlin does not trust the Russian people. It is afraid for them to have contact with the outside world, to know how other peoples live.

Stalin's problem of control is terrific. Of necessity, if he is to continue in power, he must subject his people to their own military occupation. He must transmute the hatred his people hold for the Kremlin into hatred for their alleged external enemy—the United States.

We should launch immediately a full-scale psychological campaign to drive a wedge between the Kremlin and the Russian people. Psychologically, the enslaved Russians are ripe for revolt. But they have neither the military equipment, nor the leadership and organization to implement their desires. Nevertheless, secret groups exist in Russia dedicated to the overthrow of the Kremlin and the establishment of a liberal government. At least one of these anti-Communist organizations penetrates the Iron Curtain regularly. It needs help—money, printing presses, paper, radio sending and receiving sets, small planes, small free balloons and various other aids to intensify and expand the underground activities. The cost in relation to military expenditures would be almost negligible.

The Red Army, some reliable observers believe, is saturated with revolutionary ferment, and cannot be relied upon unless Russia is attacked. Yet, in spite of this situation, which might be strengthened immeasurably by a psychological campaign by the United States, our steps to exploit this positive vulnerability are ineffective. The Voice of America, even if increased as contemplated, is a mere whisper. The State Department must always be diplomatic. This precludes success in Russia; for to be effective the psychological campaign must be aimed at the eventual overthrow of the Kremlin. This cannot be achieved merely by radio broadcasts into Russia. It will require the individual initiative of those behind the Iron Curtain and the integration of their individual efforts into mass action.

Enemies Within Menace the Kremlin

No border so vast as that of Russia, and touched in so many places by unhappy vassal states, can be guarded against all penetration. Peasants and others who pass for peasants can move in and out at night. There is bound to be talk between those on one side and those on the other. Our messages can be transmitted by ardent anti-Communist Russians who know just the right word to attract somebody, just the right touch to give verisimilitude to leaflets that might be dropped from balloons, or small Russian-piloted planes. We in our American towns, would know at once whether a message that came to us showed intimate knowledge of our town and our surroundings. Russian fugitives from the brutality of the Kremlin have friends back where they fled from, who will pass the truth around, convincingly.

We have the best story in the world to tell. The Kremlin feeds its listeners with distortions of American life, with exceptions to the normal. Our task is to give them the truth. The Reds have done alarmingly well with their lies. Certainly we should be able to do more with our truth. We have a better chance to weaken Russia than we have to strengthen western Europe militarily, at far less cost. By choosing the more practical way we could tip the balance of power heavily to our side.

In Japan our psychological campaign drove a wedge between the emperor and his people on the one hand, and the militarists on the other. This campaign contributed in a marked degree to Japan's surrender. It was one of the reasons why the Japanese surrendered on the mainland without a fight. What worked against Japan can be made to work against the Kremlin. In this field I speak from experience, for it was my privilege to serve as chief of Psychological Warfare on General MacArthur's staff while the war was on.

A full-scale campaign to project the truth through the Iron Curtain to the Russian people should be initiated immediately. We can and *must* create a situation of unrest in Russia which would make Stalin hesitate to go to war lest his home front turn actively against him. Our military leaders should demand the campaign.

It is obvious that we cannot hold the Red Army out of western Europe. As the prospect of combat with Russia closes down upon us, our early lesson in Korea makes crystal-clear what it means for us to engage vast land armies.

Russia could start some 150 to 200 divisions across Europe in a matter of weeks. Within 90 days she could probably have 500 divisions available. She could have a thousand divisions eventually if she needed them. In the latest war Russia put 11,000,000 troops into action before lend-lease aid was available. She now has some 20,000,000 trained ground troops.

Even if the Mutual Defense Assistance Program were completed—which it will not be for several years—the Western World would be able to oppose the Russians with only 50 divisions. Such United States divisions as might possibly be available could scarcely reach Europe before the Red Army reached the Atlantic.

A comparison of Allied with Russian strength near the close of World War II is significant. On the Western frontier the United States had three airborne, 15 armored and 45 infantry divisions. Great Britain had 12, France 11, and Canada five—a total of 91. This force, with complete domination of the air, was pushing the Nazis toward Berlin. On the other frontier, Stalin had 502 Red Army divisions pushing the German army westward across central Europe.

The 91 divisions represented the Allied peak strength in Europe for World War II. The 502 Red Army divisions did not represent Russia's peak strength. She had already lost some 10,000,000 soldiers.

If the United States permits its forces to engage the Red Army in Europe, our losses will be so appalling that the American people will recoil in horror and belatedly examine our leadership. This tragedy must not happen.

Our economic position is such that we can no longer afford any program which is not vital to our existence. Our debt is nearing the $300,000,000,000 mark. Our total taxes will climb to $50,000,000,000 annually. Since the end of the war we have spent $91,000,000,000 for national defense, and yet we have doubtful security. Our foreign aid has amounted to $33,000,000,000.

Since the Korean war began we have embarked upon a new and vast multibillion-dollar spending program. If it encompasses everything now planned, including the increased Military Assistance Program for Europe, the total spent will mount to some $50,000,000,000.

The European countries have already reached prewar economic levels. Therefore, we should terminate the Marshall Plan without delay. The Point 4 Program, at this time, should not be started. And our domestic economy should be pared to the bone.

The Military Assistance Program, for which we have already earmarked billions of dollars plus vast quantities of "surplus equipment," also should be terminated immediately.

We should advise our Allies that the equipment we have provided will enable them to preserve internal security and prevent civil war. We should advise them that we are not abandoning them, nor are we welshing on the North Atlantic mutual defense treaty. If war comes, we should propose to lend military assistance by striking Russia from the air, continuing this assault until Russia surrenders or is destroyed.

It is far from an acceptable solution to permit the Red Army to occupy Europe. But there is no acceptable solution for our European Allies if war comes—merely two sinister alternatives. The lesser of these is occupation. If the Europeans resist the Red Army, they will be slaughtered.

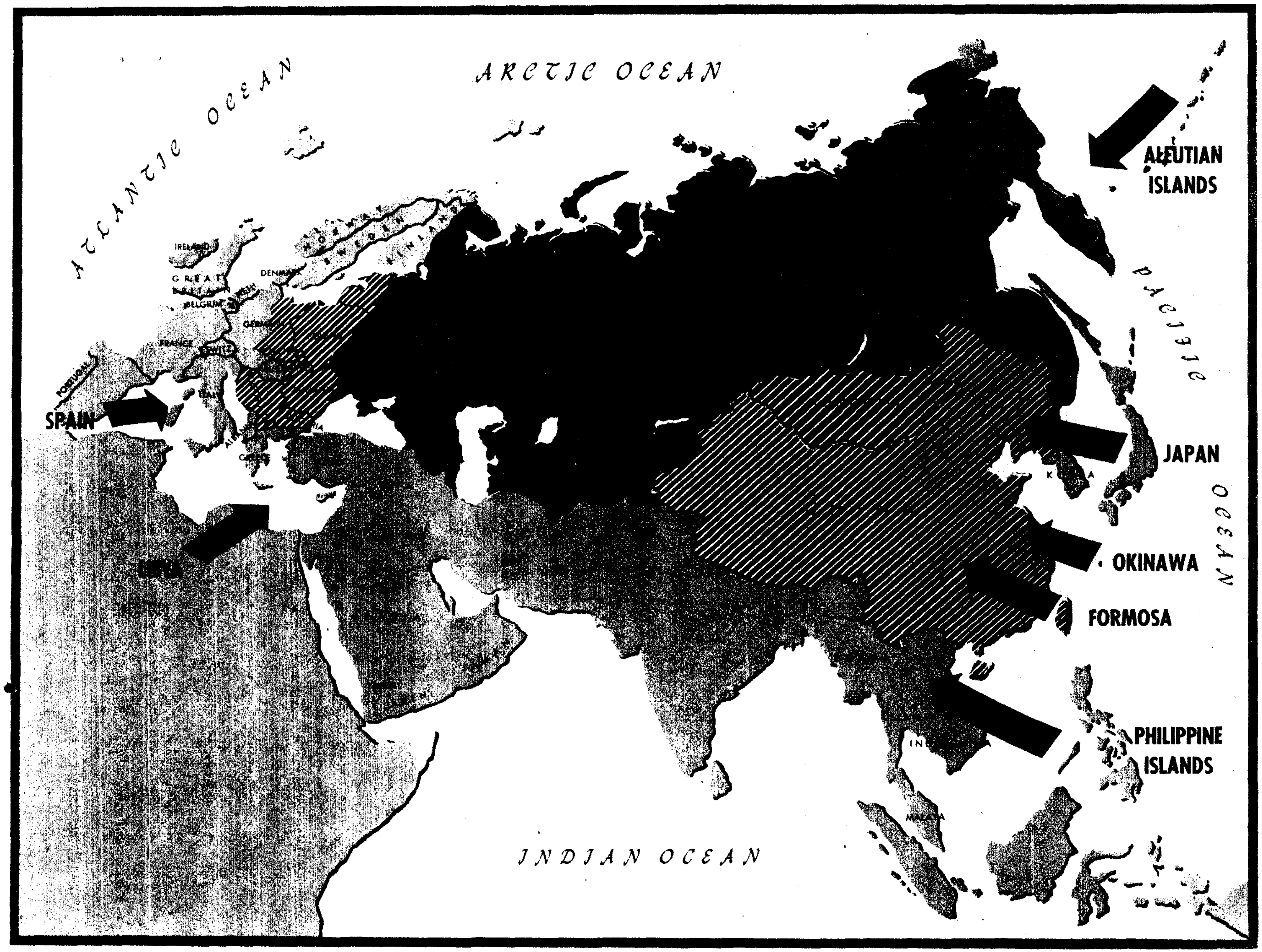
To be sure, the man power which our Allies can provide for military service is impressive. In addition we could also recruit a formidable ground force of anti-Communist Russian and satellite DPs. We might decide to persuade the people of west Germany to form an army. But would Russia remain still and allow the creation of a force sufficiently formidable to hold the Red Army out of Europe? And were we to move toward establishing sufficient United States air units in Europe to cover the force, Russia would be almost certain to strike before her enemy became really formidable.

The 1950 defense budget being spent by our European Allies—less the negligible budgets of Luxembourg, Portugal and Iceland—amounts to only $4,000,000,000 annually. There is the equivalent of two American divisions in Germany. France has three occupational divisions, but her best troops, 150,000 of them, are in Indo-China, and her second-line troops are in North Africa. There are possibly 200,000 more assorted Allied troops in Europe, but these cannot be said to be on a war footing.

A negligible Allied air force is available to cover these meager ground forces.

After considerable pondering, I have reached the unhappy conclusion that we cannot depend on our Allies in Europe for military assistance should war come. This is in no way a reflection on the character of these people, nor on their valor or loyalty to us. It is merely recognizing a reality.

Russia probably has the atom bomb and 16,000 combat planes. Stalin will be in position, should war become imminent, to advise our Allies to remain neutral and be spared attack. If they elect to give the United States bases in Europe or to cooperate with us in the war, he might try to take their population centers out by atomic assault the first 24 hours of the war. And he might very well succeed, because the Allies would not have sufficient air power in Europe at the *(Continued on page 86)*



AL TARTER

American bases around the Soviet perimeter from the Aleutians to Spain, says General Fellers, could provide aerial springboards to the Red heartland. Combined with a massive propaganda campaign, they would be the basis for our new strategy. Europe, in his opinion, cannot be held

Francis Wallace's 11th FOOTBALL

The Preseason All-America Eleven

McCOLL, Stanford	*End*
FOLDBERG, Army	*End*
GAIN, Kentucky	*Tackle*
TONEFF, Notre Dame	*Tackle*
McFADIN, Texas	*Guard*
RICHTER, California	*Guard*
PIERIK, Cornell	*Center*
WILLIAMS, Notre Dame	*Back*
ROTE, SMU	*Back*
KARRAS, Illinois	*Back*
HEATH, Oklahoma	*Back*

The All-America Squad

(Does not include All-America Eleven)

ENDS—Wilkinson (UCLA); Sherrod (Tenn.); Proctor (Texas); A. Lary (Ala.); Earon (Duke); Mutscheller (ND); Ragazzo (W&M); Carey (Mich. St.)

TACKLES—Donan (Prince.); Trautwein (Ohio St.); Wahl (Mich.); Beletic (Purdue); Krouse (Md.); Stroud (Tenn.); Lea (Tulane); Coleman (Mich. St.); Bolkovac (Pitt); Ciroski (Rice)

GUARDS—Ward (Md.); Mizerany (Ala.); Lemonick (Penn); Boldin (Pitt); Shoaf (LSU); Daffer (Tenn.); Mayes (Okla. U.); Gable (Wis.)

CENTERS—Groom (ND); Holdash (NCU); Root (Rutg.); Farragut (Miss. U.)

BACKS—*Dottley (Miss U.); Stephenson (Army); Fleischmann* (Corn.); Ortmann (Mich.); Clayton (Dart.); McElhenny (Wash. U.); Lauricella (Tenn.); Parilli (Ky.); Janowicz (Ohio St.); Townsend (Texas); Papit (Va.); Monachino (Cal); Hugasian (Stan.); Barrett (ND); E. Modzelewski (Md.); Kazmaier (Prince.); Cain (Army); Van Buren (LSU); Cox (Duke); Agganis (BU); Matson (SFU)

Gridmen of the Year

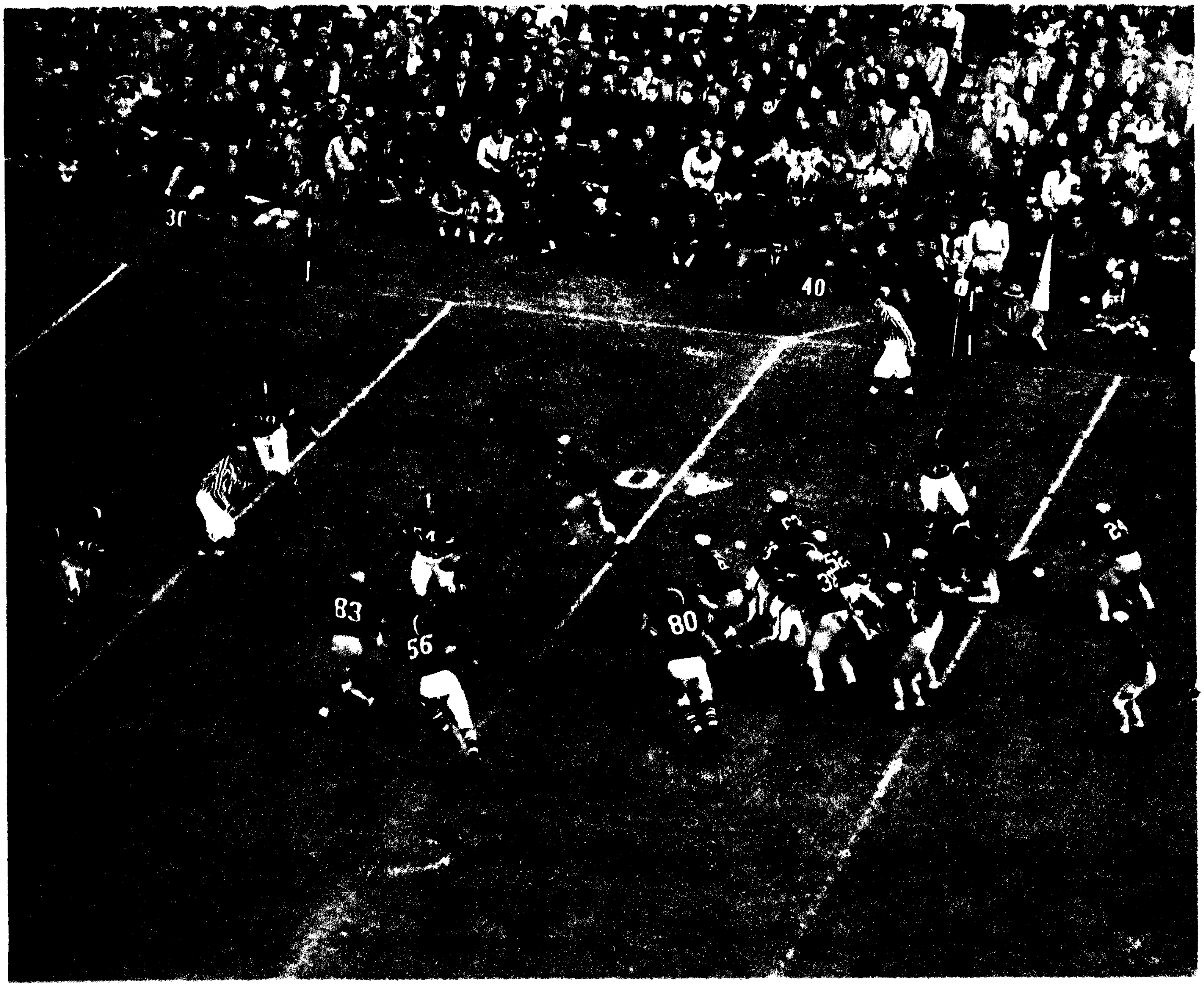
Back of the Year
BOB WILLIAMS, Notre Dame

Lineman of the Year
BOB GAIN, Kentucky

Coach of the Year
BOB NEYLAND, Tennessee

Soph Back of the Year
CHARLIE HOAG, Kansas U.

Soph Lineman of the Year
VINCENT MESCHIEVITZ, ND



Notre Dame's Bob Williams (9) passing against Michigan State. In 1949 he completed 83 of 147 for 1,374 yards, an all-time Irish mark

PREVIEW

THE needle of our troubled times is so sensitive that, when the Communists violated the neutral zone in far-off Korea and the American varsity was rushed on the field without a warmup, the effect on college football over here was immediate. Coaches were roused from their somnolent summers to begin a check on the military status of their scattered players, and your reporter, whose calculations had already been neatly arranged, breathed down the necks of the mentors in a frantic effort to see how many pieces of his preseason picture puzzle would be missing in the fall.

In mid-August the outlook was still cloudy but definitely promising. Oklahoma lost five men, was hit hard but not necessarily seriously in backfield depth; Pittsburgh had five men alerted, including three regulars; other schools had had one or two men called; but the total of 25 or so was surprisingly small and included no major stars. Texas Christian, Ohio State, Stanford and University of Washington could be hurt if all their reservists were to be called; and there undoubtedly are others in the same category whose reports were not specific. Duquesne lost its coach, Phil Ahwesh—which highlights the fact that a general roundup of reserves might actually bring about more important coaching than playing losses, since most of the younger assistants and many of the head men served as officers in the last war.

Nobody knows the Russian script or how many others might be called before or during the season; but, in general, the coaches have assumed that, because of the announced intention to permit those enrolled to finish their first semester, even an all-out draft would not seriously disrupt their squads this season. However, their youthful casts will also be supported by a fair number of veterans, married men, R.O.T.C. trainees and others exempted for various reasons, ranging from the fact that they are medical students to 4Fs.

The Big Game may be on next year; and if so, football will again convert to a fuzz-faced training and morale agency; but for this one season, at least, we should have a normalcy and an equality of competition for the first time since '42, with no ex-GI clusters at favored schools.

It looks like a rugged season for the Old Pigskin Prophet; but my first rule of strategy in this zany business has always been a fourth-down pass from the end zone. So this 11th painting, before the season begins, of the picture at season's end, aided and abetted by a record 248 co-operating football filberts, will give you more predictions than ever before.

The usual number of coaches—the Hopalong Cassidys of the sports world—have been bitten by distempered alumni. The "T" is still basic but it now has so many appendages that the original Clark Shaughnessy-Chicago Bear model is already rusting in the used-formation lot. The split-T, which features the ball-carrying quarterback, is bringing back the triple threat, resulting in a partial return to the live quarterbacking of the pre-huddle days and putting burdens on linemen by allowing them options in blocking. Many continue to "powerize" the T by meshing into it the best features of the single wing; and since it was a combination of the two, the old Notre Dame box is making a mild comeback.

The single wing continues to pick up speed by T-transfusion. Other inventors have brought in the double wing and the spread; and there is more than a slight trend toward the use of *all* available formations in what might be called an A (for aspirin) system. The deeper developments are toward even more speed and passing, with basketball patterns in the air arm. Defenses continue to slide, loop and shift until there are now as many as 14 potential forms.

All this will make it very difficult, indeed, for the play-learning Johnny Dumfoodles, one of whom moaned to his high-school coach: "The arithmetics was bad enough—they had to hang letters on 'em." Now that the coaches have pushed their signal equations beyond algebra into trigonometry, their pigskin performers must, more than ever before, be actors and scholars, using their helmeted front ends for something more than battering rams, be adept at razor-thinking and jet-starting. Paradoxically, the younger men will lack some of the speed of the older GIs. Speed requires co-ordination; it takes a few years to produce a self-starting Sitko.

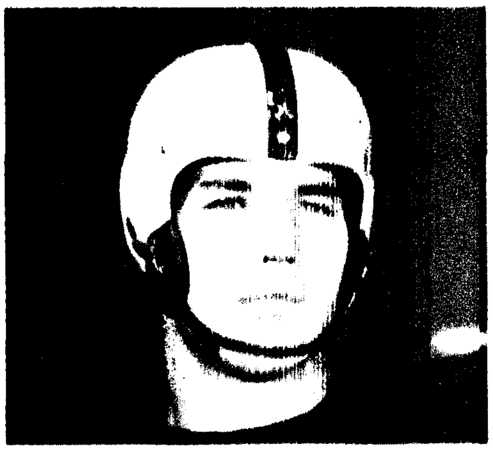
The subject before the coaches' Debating Society has been: The Two-Platoon System—Its Evils and Virtues. Most mentors agree it is more coldly scientific—if enough players and coaches are available, a condition found only at major schools where all varieties of platoons and specialists are still on file. But the drying up of the GI talent pools, plus the fact that the best offensive man often also happens to be best on defense, has already produced the beginning of a trend back to what is now called the Double Duty Player. The boys themselves generally prefer to take their cuts on both offense and defense.

The constant influx of fresh rascals into line-ups had also introduced such an unusual "lack of gentleness" that linemen had begun to requisition protective masks. The Rules Committee has tried to do something about that this year; but their regulations admittedly will be hard to enforce and the dental bills will continue to mount until all coaches come to their senses. The committee also has moved to eliminate those boring conferences between officials and team captains by making certain penalties—chiefly offside—automatic. Substitutions have been liberalized rather than restricted—an even greener light for the platoons.

Another new rule, which all but eliminates the fair catch, will influence playing strategy. Last year Purdue introduced a formation which, by placing the kicker about 14 yards back, released more men to go downfield under the punt. This idea, which held returns to a total of a mere 68 yards by all Boilermaker opponents, will now be widely copied. There will be less deliberate kicking out of

Bill McColl, Stanford, End

Dan Foldberg, Army, End


Bob Gain, Kentucky, Tackle

Bob Toneff, Notre Dame, Tackle

Lewis (Bud) McFadin, Texas, Guard

Les Richter, California, Guard

John Pierik, Cornell, Center

John Karras, Illinois, Back

Kyle Rote, So. Methodist, Back

Leon Heath, Oklahoma, Back

Sectional stars and team ratings on next two pages

The Teams and Players Wallac

bounds and probably more distance on punts as the poor, unprotected safety man thinks of his own safety.

TV or no TV? That has been the electric question for the gloomy faculty deans. Mostly it's no. The reason? Dough. Football pays the freight for the entire athletic program at just about every school; and experience at the 50 or so which televised last year proved that gate receipts were definitely affected in communities where sets were numerous. Small colleges and high schools were drastically hit as cash customers stayed home to watch the big fellows. Some fear that the entire financial structure is endangered. So what to do about progress?

Notre Dame, the powerful lone wolf, will again televise its five home games, as it did last year without damage to its gates. Some of the major conference teams whose sellouts were not disturbed would prefer to do the same but have been outvoted by the Little Brothers in their own leagues. The Big Ten was "agin" it entirely until August, when the conference announced a pilot experiment with theater reproduction that would shut out home viewers. But top Eastern box-office champions—Army, Navy, Penn, BC—will continue video experiments this season. The Southwest Conference permits live showings of sellouts only. The Pacific Coast, after an internal struggle, finally voted in July to sell the 30 games scheduled for Los Angeles, San Francisco and Washington to a sponsor who will make up gate losses below an agreed figure—but will be home free if the minimum is met.

In the remaining sections, except for an occasional large city, the number of sets is so small that the question is still academic; the general

First Flight

Cornell 9-0 Army 8-1
Princeton 7-2

Second Flight

Dartmouth 6-3 Navy 5-4
Penn 4-5 Boston College 7-3
Pitt 5-4 Villanova 6-3
Fordham 7-2 Syracuse 8-2
Boston U. 6-2

Third Flight

Holy Cross 6-3 Harvard 3-5
Yale 3-6 Rutgers 6-3
Columbia 3-6 Brown 4-5
Penn State 4-5 Colgate 4-5

Fourth Flight

Temple 5-4 Georgetown 3-6
Duquesne 4-5 Bucknell 6-3
Lafayette 4-5 Lehigh 6-3
Delaware 6-2 NYU 4-3
St. Bon'v'ture 3-5 Carnegie 5-3
Wash-Jeff Muhlenberg

New England

Williams 7-1 Trinity
Connecticut 6-2 New Hamp. 6-2
Bowdoin 5-2 Wesleyan 5-3
Amherst 4-4 Massachusetts 4-4
Union Tufts Vermont
Springfield Maine Middlebury

STARS

BACKS: (Numbers indicate votes received.) Clayton 92 (Dart.); Agganis 76 (BU); Fleischmann 50 (Corn.); Stephenson 48 (Army); Egler 46 (Colg.); Custis 43 (Syr.); Cain 29 (Army); Kazmaier 25 (Prince.); Gabriel 22 (Lehigh); Spears 20 (Yale); Doheny 19 (Ford.); Petela 18 (BC); Roberts 17 (Dart.); Dougherty 16 (Penn St.); Zastrow 15 (Navy); Bagnell 13 (Penn); Miller, Calvo (Corn.); D'Alonzo, O'Boyle (Villa.); Longmore (Duq.); Chandler, Davidson (Prince.); Isenberg, West (Harv.); Tisdale (Yale); Gallo (HC); Hansen, Tracy (Col.); Higgins (Ford.); LaPrarie, Monahan (Rutg.); Blaik (Army).

NEW ENGLAND BACKS: Kulsar (Wms.); Ferrigno (Conn.); Siroy (Bowd.); Medd (Wesl.); Bennett (Tufts).

LINEMEN: Donan 70 (t) Prince.; Foldberg 50 (e) Army; Pierik 35 (c) Corn.; Root 32 (c) Rutg.; Bolkovac 30 (t), Boldin 25 (g) Pitt; Lemonick 24 (g) Penn; Liotta 20 (g) Villa.; Agocs 15 (e) Penn; Coen 14 (g) BC; Audette 13 (g) Col.; Pfeifer 12 (e) Ford.; Chernak (g), Hill (t) Brown; DeRosa (e) Pitt; Quackenbusch (e) Yale; Tetreault (t) Navy; Monahan (t) Dart.; Sweeny (t) HC; Davis (g) Colg.; Keller (g) Wesl.; Hickok (c), Emery (e) Prince.; Salvati (g), Sulima (e) BU; Shira (t), Kimmel (t), Loehlein (e) Army; Mantone (t) Villa.; Smidansky (e) Penn St.; Kozdeba (c) Ford.; Ramin (g), DiGrande (g) Corn.; Staley (c) Dart.; Murray (t) Bowd.; Salmon (g) Wms.; Osur (t) Spring.; Eberle (t), Bailey (t) Dart.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Pollard 21 (Army); McCauley 12 (BC); Haner 8 (Villa.); Whelan (Corn.); Cameron, Franco, Wilner, (Navy); Reynolds (Pitt); Unger (Prince.); Ryan (Yale); Wetzel (Syr.); Blitz (Harv.); Bettencourt (Conn.); Alessi (Wesl.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Cliggott (e) Corn.; Capuano (e) BU; Stalma (c) Duq.; Evans (t) Penn; Woodsom (e) Yale; Malavasi (g) Army.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Blaik (Army); Caldwell (Prince.); James (Corn.); McLaughry (Dart.).

First Flight

Maryland 9-1 Duke 8-2
N. Car. U. 6-4 Virginia 7-3

Second Flight

Wm. & Mary 7-4 S. Car. 6-3
Clemson 6-3 N. Car. St. 5-5
Wake Forest 4-5 W. Va. U. 5-5

Third Flight

Wash. & Lee 7-3 Va. Tech. 4-6
G. Washington 4-5 VMI 5-5
Furman Davidson

STARS

BACKS: Papit 51 (Va.); E. Modzelewski 42 (Md.); Cox 35 (Duke); Cone 26 (Clem.); Davis 21 (GW); Smith 17 (WF); Wadiak 17 (SC); Hayes 16 (NCU); Mathews 14, Wyndham (Clem.); Bocetti 11 (W&L); Mooney 10 (NCS); Wingo 10 (Va.T.); Lewis 10, Magdziak (W&M); Strickland (SC); Jasonek (Fur.); Stump (VMI); Powers (Duke); Bunting (NCU); Weber (W&M).

LINEMEN: Holdash 46 (c) NCU; Ward 45 (g), Krouse 44 (t) Md.; Ragazzo 34 (e) W&M; Costa 16 (t) NCS; Earon 14 (e) Duke; Wiley 10 (t) NCU; Wingate (e), Rowden (c) Md.; Konstantinos (t) WVU; Gonier (t) W&M; Sparks (g), Jabbusch (c) SC; McCutcheon (c) W&L; Goodwin (g) VMI; Weir (e), Miller (t) Va.; Smith (e) Clem.; Kuhn (t), Dudeck (g) NCU.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Scarbath (Md.); Wallace (NCU); Johnson (SC); Broyles (W&L); Mioduszewski, Connors (W&M); Lohr (WVU); Hair (Clem.); Rosseau (NCU); Chumbley (VMI).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Berkich (t) WVU; Lawrence (t) Duke; Kreamchek (t) W&M; Higgins (e) NCU; R. Modzelewski (g) Md.; Nutter (c) Va. T; Thomas (e) W&L; Scott (e) Va.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Tatum (Md.); Wade (Duke); Guepe (Va.).

First Flight

Tennessee 11-0 LSU 10-1
Kentucky 9-2 Alabama 9-2

Second Flight

Tulane 5-4 Georgia 8-3
Mississippi U. 6-3 Ga. Tech. 6-5

Third Flight

Vanderbilt 5-6 Auburn 4-6
Miami 5-5 Mississippi St. 3-6
Florida 3-7

STARS

BACKS: Dottley 90 (Miss. U.); Parilli 77 (Ky.); Lauricella 67 (Tenn.); Salem 37 (Ala.); Van Buren 26 (LSU); North 21 (Ga. Tech); Hedges 20, Konz 15 (LSU); Avinger 15 (Ala.); Kinek 13 (Tul.); Wade 10 (Vandy); Byrd 10 (Miss. U.); Cook 10 (Ga.); Robinson (Vandy); Leskovar, Jamerson (Ky.); McCoy, Crawford (Ga. Tech); Dooley (Miami); Jones (Tul.); McGowen, Tucker (Auburn); Polofsky, Payne, Rechichar (Tenn.).

LINEMEN: Gain 109 (t) Ky.; Lea 52 (t) Tul.; Mizerany 30 (g) Ala.; Sherrod 28 (e), Daffer 28 (g) Tenn.; Farragut 20 (c) Miss. U.; Bossons 15 (c) Ga. Tech; Campbell 15 (t) Ga.; Beck 14 (t) Ga. Tech; A. Lary 11 (e) Ala.; Stroud 10 (t) Tenn; Curtis 10 (e) Vandy; Yelvington 10 (t) Ga.; Werckle 10 (t) Vandy; Maddox (c), Doyle (g) Tul.; Bauer (t), Banks (g) Auburn; Hannah (t) Ala.; Martin (e) Miami; James (g) Ky.; Walston (e) Ga.; Boggan (t) Miss U.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Hargrove 7 (Ga.); Marlow 5 (Ala.); Sullivan 5 (Fla.); Fortunato (Miss. St.); Rhino (Ga. Tech); Lear, Millette (Miss. U.); Shires (Tenn.); Blackerby (Auburn); Dempsey (Tul.); Rushing (Miss. St.); Stevens (LSU).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Donaldson 5 (g) Ky.; H. Miller 5 (t) Ga. Tech; Atkins (e) Tenn.; P. Miller (t) LSU; Langston (t) Miss. U.; Michels (t) Tenn.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Neyland (Tenn.); Tinsley (LSU); Bryant (Ky.); Drew (Ala.); Vaught (Miss. U.); Frnka (Tul.).

First Flight

BEST: Texas 10-0

SMU 8-2 TCU 7-3
Arkansas 7-3 Rice 6-4

Second Flight

Baylor 4-6 Texas A&M 4-6

Border

Texas Tech 6-5 Hardin-Sim's 7-3
Houston 6-4 McMurry 6-3
Texas Mines N. Texas State
Arizona 4-5 Tempe
W. Texas St. N. M. Aggies
Flagstaff 2-7

STARS

BACKS: Rote 137 (SMU); Smith 57 (Texas A&M); Townsend 41 (Texas); Burkhalter 25, Wyatt 22 (Rice); Rowland 14 (McM.); Champion (SMU); Shannon (Houston); Wilde, Morton (TCU); Glass (Rice); Boydstun (Baylor); Ford (H-S); Parks (Ark.); Gabriel (Tex. Wesl.); Wolgast (Ariz.); Jackson, Thompson (Texas Tech); White (Tempe); Knight (SMU).

LINEMEN: McFadin 101 (g) Texas; S. Williams 27 (e) Baylor; Proctor 18 (e) Texas; Hightower 19 (c), Collier 15 (t) SMU; Giroski 12 (t) Rice; Rowan 10 (c) Texas; Marable 10 (t) TCU; Perry 10 (t) SMU; Moorman (e) TCU; Griffin (c), F. Williams (t) Ark.; Stonestreet (c), Rice; Jackson (t) Texas; Hudeck (t) Texas A&M; Moeller (c) Houston; Glazier (e) Ariz.; Price (t) Texas Tech.; Howton (e), McCurry (e) Rice; Franklin (t) SMU.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Fowler 12 (TCU); Dawson 10 (Texas); W. Forester 6, Musslewhite, Walker (SMU); Bartosh, Floyd (TCU); Hogue (Ark.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Stolhandske 5 (e) Texas; Athey 5 (g) Baylor; McDonald (c) Texas; Hill (e) Texas A&M; Williams (c) Texas Tech; Huish (c) Ariz.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates

Cherry (Texas); Russell (SMU); Meyer (TCU).

Puts on His 1950 Map

attitude is frowning but the individual schools will make their own decisions. And "canned" or delayed pictures will be permitted everywhere the day after the game.

My long-range prediction: You can't stop progress but progress can stop you. As gate receipts become more anemic, the televising companies will be able to make up deficits, along the present Pacific Coast experimental model. The have-nots in the big conferences will share in the TV income of the haves. The smaller "country" colleges will take the rap

(*Continued on page* 74)

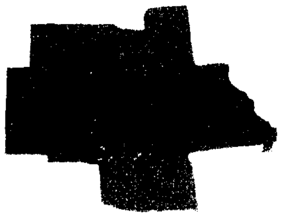
Bowl Prospects

Rose Bowl
STANFORD over MICH.

Sugar Bowl
OKLA. over TENNESSEE

Cotton Bowl
TEXAS over MARYLAND

Orange Bowl
SMU over LSU



First Flight

BEST: Oklahoma U. 9-1

Missouri 8-2 Kansas U. 7-3
Tulsa 9-2 Nebraska 4-5

Second Flight

Kansas St. 5-6 Colorado U. 5-5
Iowa State 5-5 Wichita 7-3

Third Flight

Oklahoma A&M 3-8 Detroit 6-4
Drake 5-4 Bradley
Washington U. 4-5

STARS

BACKS: Heath 82 (Okla. U.); Hodel 27 (Col. U.); Glorioso 24 (Mo.); Weeks 22 (Iowa St.); Bright 16 (Drake); Faubion 12 (Kansas St.); Kriwiel 10, Nutter (Wich.); Graves (Tulsa); Creviston (Kansas St.); Arnold (Okla. U.); Klein (Mo.); Bogue (Kansas U.); Goggins (Det.); Mueller (Neb.); Meisenheimer (Okla. A&M).

LINEMEN: Mayes 25 (g) Okla. U.; Weatherall 17 (t) Okla. U.; McCormack 15 (t) Kansas U.; Doran 12 (e) Iowa St.; Steere 11 (t) Drake; Anderson 10 (e) Okla. U.; Toogood 10 (t) Neb.; Knopick 10 (e) Wich.; Kadlec 10 (g), Ackermann 10 (e) Mo.; Thomas 10 (t) Col. U.; Mullen (t) Neb.; Marusic (g) Mo.; McNabb (g) Okla. U.; Tillo (t) Iowa St.; Schaake (e) Kansas U.; Wood (g) Det.; Oleksak (g) Wich.; Jones (g) Col. U.; Campbell (g) Iowa St.; Tice (e) Kansas U.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Hoag 9 (Kansas U.); Vessels, Crowder, McPhail (Okla. U.); Reynolds (Neb.); Fiss (Kansas U.); Curtis (Col. U.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Boll (t) Neb.; Arns (c) Iowa St.; Lordo (g) Mo.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Wilkinson (Okla. U.); Faurot (Mo.).

First Flight

Wyoming 8-1 Denver 7-3
Utah U. 7-3 Col. A&M 5-4

Second Flight

Utah State 5-5-1 N. Mexico 4-6
Montana 5-4

Third Flight

Brigham Young 2-9 Colorado 7-3
Col. Mines 4-5 Col. State

STARS

BACKS: Talboom 25 (Wyo.); Pfeifer 18 (Denver); Etcheverry 12 (Denver); Faucett 10 (Col. A&M); Bean (Utah); Gale (Wyo.); Earl (Col. Mines).

LINEMEN: Dodrill 28 (g) Col. A&M; Gardner 13 (c) Utah; Hewgley 10 (t) Wyo.; Cooper (e) Denver; Tangaro (t) Utah; Peterson (e), Beauchamp (t) Denver; McKibben (t) Col. A&M; Bills (g) BY; Cahoon (g) Utah; Townsend (c), McConnell (e) Wyo.

SOPHOMORES: Endres (b) Denver; Hugo (c) Denver; Westort (t) Utah.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Wyatt (Wyoming); Baker (Denver).

Top Twenty Teams

National Champion: NOTRE DAME 10-0

2.	CORNELL	9-0	12.	MARYLAND	9-1
3.	TEXAS	10-0	13.	SO. CALIFORNIA	7-2
4.	STANFORD	9-0	14.	SO. METHODIST	8-2
5.	TENNESSEE	11-0	15.	CALIFORNIA	7-2
6.	OHIO STATE	9-0	16.	KENTUCKY	7-2
7.	OKLAHOMA	9-1	17.	ALABAMA	9-2
8.	ARMY	8-1	18.	PRINCETON	7-2
9.	LOUISIANA STATE U.	10-1	19.	DUKE	8-2
10.	MICHIGAN	7-2	20.	WISCONSIN	6-3
11.	ILLINOIS	7-2			

First Flight

Stanford 9-0 Southern Cal 7-2
California 7-2

Second Flight

Washington U. 6-4 UCLA 5-4
Oregon St. 5-4 San Fran. U. 8-3

Third Flight

Washington St. 3-6 Loyola 8-2
Santa Clara 5-5 St. Mary's 2-8
Idaho 4-4 College of Pacific
Nevada 3-6

STARS

BACKS: McElhenny 70 (Wash. U.); Matson 63 (SFU); Monachino 51 (Cal); Hugasian 39, Kerkorian 22 (Stan.); Heinrich 20 (Wash. U.); Brown 15 (SFU); Musacco 12, Klosterman (Loy.); Stelle (Ore. U.); White (Stan.); Kirkby (Wash. U.); Hansen (UCLA); Brogan (Idaho); Morrow (Ore. St.); Macon (COP); Fell (Ore. U.); Benson, Southwood (Stan.); Duff (So. Cal).

LINEMEN: Richter 67 (g) Cal; McColl 54 (e) Stan.; Wilkinson 50 (e) UCLA; Torgeson 11 (c) Wash. St.; White 10 (t) Stan.; McMurtry 10 (g) So. Cal; Daniels 10 (g) Ore. U.; Rotticci (c) S. Clara; Toler (c) SFU; Hatfield (e) So. Cal; Pomeroy (g) Stan.; Watson (e) UCLA; Daugherty (e) Ore. U.; Thomas (e) Ore. St.; Cloidt (e) Wash. U.; Brito (e) Loy.; Lung (g) Ore. U.; MacLachlan (g) UCLA; Gibson (t) Ore. U.; Baldock (e) So. Cal.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Olszewski 12 (Cal); Carmichael 5, Demirjian 4, Cutri (So. Cal); Earley (Wash. U.); Johnson (St. Mary's); Baker (Ore. St.); Jones (UCLA).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: O'Brovac (g) So. Cal; Manoogian (g) Stan.; Moomaw (c) UCLA; Mangan (t) Wash. U.; Williams (e) Ore. U.; Stockert (e) UCLA; Hogland (t) Ore. St.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Schwartz (Stan.); Waldorf (Cal); Cravath (So. Cal); Odell (Wash. U.); Taylor (Ore. St.); Sanders (UCLA).

First Flight

BEST: Notre Dame 9-0
CONFERENCE CHAMPION
Ohio State 9-0
Michigan 7-2 Illinois 7-2

Second Flight

Wisconsin 6-3 Minnesota 6-3
Michigan State 5-4

Third Flight

Purdue 4-5 Iowa 4-5
Northwestern 3-6 Indiana 3-6
Marquette 4-5

Fourth Flight

Cincinnati 9-2 Miami 8-1
John Carroll 8-2 Xavier 7-2
Dayton 6-4 Ohio U. 6-4
Toledo Western Michigan
Western Reserve Bowling Green
Baldwin-Wallace Youngstown
Muskingum Butler Kent State

STARS

BACKS: Karras 105 (Ill.); Williams 101 (ND); Ortmann 66 (Mich.); Janowicz 56 (Ohio St.); Barrett 45 (ND); Koceski 17 (Mich.); Kerestes 10 (Purdue); Gregory 10 (Minn.); Stevens 10 (Ill.); Grandelius 10 (Mich. St.); Gay 10 (ND); Hamilton (Ohio St.); Petruska (Wis.); Reichardt, Faske, Riley (Iowa); Petitbon, Gander, Landry (ND); Dufek, Peterson (Mich.); Miller (NW); Robertson (Ind.); Skrien (Minn.); Engels (Ill.); Dorow, Crane (Mich. St.); Pont (Miami); Ka-Ne (Dayton); Taseff, Schaffer (J. Carroll); Stratton (Cin.); Wilke, Squeri (Xavier).

LINEMEN: Toneff 75 (t) ND; Groom 36 (c) ND; Beletic 27 (t) Purdue; Wahl 25 (t) Mich.; Coleman 21 (t) Mich. St.; Trautwein 15 (t) Ohio St.; Carey 12 (e) Mich. St.; Allis 10 (e) Mich.; Gable 10 (g) Wis.; Mutscheller (e) ND; Johnson (t) Mich.; Cernoch (g), Wietecha (c), Stonesifer (e) NW; Anderson (e), Stebbins (c) Ind.; Mundinger (t) Minn.; Armstrong (e), Watson (e) Ohio St.; Sugar (e) Purdue; Ulrich (t), Siegert (t), Vohaska (c) Ill.; Minarik (e) Mich. St.; Simcic (g) Wis.; Johnston (t) Iowa; Masnaghetti (t) Marq.; Martinkovic 15 (e), O'Brien (e) Xavier; Urich 13 (e), Green (t) Miami; Middendorf 10 (c) Cin.; Nowaskey (g) J. Carroll; Kane (t) Cin.

SOPHOMORE BACKS: Curcillo 5 (Ohio St.); Bachouros 5, Tate 4 (Ill.); McAuliffe 4 (Mich. St.); Howell 3, Hill (Mich.); Skavarka, Hlay (Ohio St.); Gelle (Minn.); Bailey (Miami); Burson (NW); Thrower (Mich. St.); Gedman, D'Achille (Ind.).

SOPHOMORE LINEMEN: Meschievitz (e), Seaman (g) ND; Huizinga (t) NW; Perry (e) Mich.; Hietikko (t) Ohio St.; Berndt (t) Wis.; Kush (g), Tamburo (c) Mich. St.; McVay (c) Miami (O.); Zatkoff (c) Mich.; Elsner (t) Ill.

Coach-of-the-Year Candidates
Fesler (Ohio St.); Eliot (Ill.); Williamson (Wis.); Leahy (ND); Oosterbaan (Mich.).

The Long, Thin Man

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Back of this fantastic murder was a mind as cunning as it was mad. Inspector Chafik knew he must fight fire with fire . . .

THE Inspector knew the Englishman was lying. The knowledge embarrassed him and he fidgeted with his tie. He was nervous, almost defensive, too ingratiating in the presence of this foreigner, and therefore angry. For relief from his embarrassment the Inspector looked at the corpse of Major Wick's brother, lying in the corridor of the big house.

"Robert was attacked by some intruder," the major was saying. "Obviously the fellow got in by the window of the spare guest room. I found it open and the door ajar—"

Chafik J. Chafik, Criminal Investigation Department of the Baghdad police, thought: Yes, but there are no recent fingerprints on the inside knob of the door. It was opened from this side. And the window also. . . .

He resisted an impulse to nibble a manicured fingernail and took out a handkerchief to wipe his swarthy face instead. The Englishman, an old resident of Baghdad, was a leading member of the foreign colony and had powerful friends in government circles; the position of a humble police official was therefore difficult.

"I heard Robert shout as I was coming up the stairs," the major went on. "This house is a barn and it took me a minute to get here. I saw nobody. My wife was in her room and heard nothing—eh, Angela?"

Wick raised a strong chin; it was many years since his army days, but he retained the habit of command. He was a spare man and his thick eyebrows made a silver bar across the yellow of his sun-dried skin.

Inspector Chafik interrupted, "Madam is upset. So natural, of course—" He made a polite bow and thought he had rarely seen a woman so beautiful as Angela Wick, or one so frightened.

The major had married her in England early that year, surprising his friends, for he had been ten years a widower.

Chafik recalled the first Mrs. Wick, a Persian woman whom this emotionally inarticulate man had loved deeply. There was a child, a daughter named Zarifa after her beautiful mother; a girl of twelve would need a foster mother for the companionship and guidance which a father, alone, could not give, and possibly the major had this in mind.

But the Inspector wondered if that was the only reason for remarriage. Angela Wick was young and very lovely. Her slim figure was boyish in well-cut slacks and the pastel bloom of her skin was the rare gift of meadows and misty northern skies.

May she also have gifts of wisdom and patience, Chafik hoped. This man has toiled too long tending a garden of remembrance. . . .

He turned to Wick and asked in precise English, "Who else might have heard the intruder? Perhaps your daughter? I have not seen her, and—"

The major's chin went up again, challengingly. "I'll not have Zarifa brought into this. She's in her room. She knows nothing. I've already questioned her."

"You forget, sir, I am the detective in this case." Chafik's voice showed no impatience; he was still being cautious. But he noted that Angela Wick was on the verge of hysteria. The major was coldly defiant.

Puzzled and disturbed, the Inspector went to look at the body.

Wick's brother had been killed by a stiletto thrust upward under the lower ribs from the front. The initial stab had brought him to his knees, and bowing over, he had fallen on the knife and impaled himself by his own weight. A mark in the chenille pile of the carpet showed where the handle of the knife had been driven against the floor.

A police sergeant who had been bending over the body, stood and announced in Arabic, "Sir, there are no fingerprints on the knife."

"Then it would appear, Abdullah, that the killer had invisible hands."

"No, sir. A cloth has been used and all is wiped clean. Recently," the sergeant added as he packed away his insufflator.

Chafik said complainingly, "Like my morning newspaper, you offer a dismal dish. Is there nothing more appetizing?"

"This?" Sergeant Abdullah asked hopefully, and he held up a wire coat hanger.

"That, too, is indigestible. Where did you find it?"

"There, on the floor," Abdullah said, indicating a spot near the first bedroom along the corridor.

CHAFIK shrugged and knelt to examine the corpse. As he worked, he reviewed what he knew of Robert Wick from the man's visits to Baghdad.

A hearty extrovert with a booming laugh, heavy in humor as in body. Insensitive, but not ungenerous, within the limits of shrewdness which had made him a very wealthy man. He had many financial interests, including investments in his brother's business, an old established importing firm.

There were rumors that the major's affairs were in bad shape, and this possibly explained Robert Wick's current visit.

The Inspector recalled that the dead man had never married and made note to ask who would inherit. "But have a care," he chided himself. "You may find yourself in the coils of a hypothesis—"

He heard his voice and was angered by his bad habit of thinking aloud. Then he was embarrassed, for, looking up, he saw Major Wick at his side and he knew the man's Arabic was fluent.

"You see," Chafik said rapidly to cover his confusion, "there is very little blood, not enough to soil the hand that used this knife. An unusual weapon, by the way. A curio. It should not be hard to trace."

Wick said, "A dacoit's dagger from India. I've had it for years. I used it as a paper knife."

"Then how—"

"I don't know. Robert might have picked it up among some of my papers he took to his room. Perhaps he dropped it, and the intruder—"

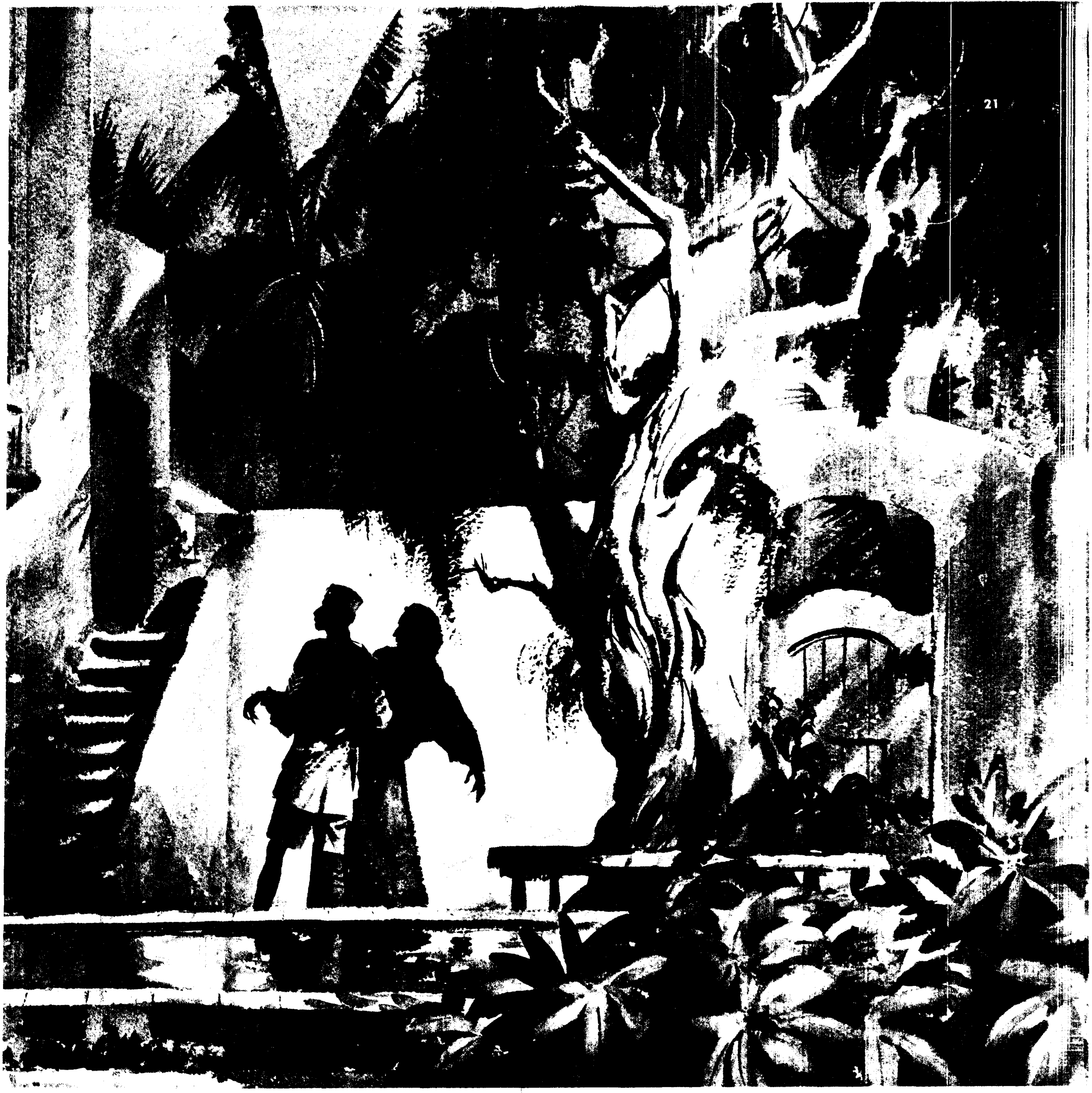
"Ah, yes, the intruder. The one with invisible hands—"

"What the devil d'you mean?"

The little Inspector stood up. He was no longer nervous or ingratiating; confidence gave him dignity and stature.

"I mean," he said, "your story of this intruder is unworthy. Nobody entered by the window of the spare guest room. And the knife was wiped clean. Not by the killer—he had not time. You were already on the stairs—so who wiped the knife, Major?"

He looked from the major to Mrs. Wick; his dun-



Looking up, Sergeant Abdullah said, "I found this woman attempting illegal entry by the way of the spare bedroom"

colored eyes were normally lifeless, but now they were animated by shadows because he clearly saw the woman's fear.

"You've got to tell him, Jack!" Angela Wick said to her husband. "He'll find out—he—" Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and stood peering through open fingers, watching something far down the corridor.

A young girl was in the doorway of one of the rooms. She wore a nightdress and it revealed the soft curves of a figure coming early and splendidly to maturity. Her loosened hair tumbled almost to her waist like a shining black veil. She stood lightly poised on dainty feet.

And then, shockingly, she laughed, peal on peal of laughter. "The long, thin man!" shouted the girl. "I saw him—he killed Uncle Robert! The long, thin man—there he is. There—"

Pointing at nothing, staring with huge and luminous eyes, she laughed again.

Inspector Chafik, who knew fear in every shape, saw the specter once more. He whispered, "God the Merciful, the Loving—" and ran to the child, but Major Wick was before him.

"Don't listen to her!" Wick said almost savagely as he held his daughter. "Don't bother her! You see how it is. She doesn't know what she's saying."

"He's gone now, Daddy," Zarifa said in a clear, quite normal voice. "But he'll come back, he always does. Be careful, Daddy! I love you, Daddy—the long, thin man wants to kill you—he—"

The major swept his daughter into his arms and carried her to her room. Mrs. Wick hurried after them, and as Chafik stood aside to let her pass he heard the Englishwoman whisper, "In God's name, have pity!" She went in and closed the door.

He stood listening to the sound of their voices and the diminishing laughter of the girl. Presently the door opened and Wick came out with a soldier's step. Looking down at the Inspector, he said, "Let's go and talk."

As they went along the corridor the voice of the Englishman's daughter followed, shouting, "Daddy, Daddy, don't leave me! I want Adma. Adma!" Wick turned his head *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

NED TURNER, JR.

Mrs. Kitts in her Memphis office interviewing job applicants. She helps keep a steady stream of labor flowing to the fields, and finds work in lumber mills and other industries during off seasons. Result: City has a consistently low unemployment rate

COTTON Calls on

An efficient young grandmother brings pickers and growers together in a vast "employment agency" which fills as many as 20,000 jobs a day. Under her there's no cutthroat dealing

By MARIE WATHEN

EVERY weekday morning, throughout most of the year, a curious thing happens in the streets of downtown Memphis, Tennessee. At the darkling hour of 4:00 A.M. there gather within the confines of a few blocks, as if hailed there by a magician's wand, from ten to twenty thousand persons.

Simultaneously, as if at another wave of the wand, a great straggling armada of motor vehicles, from 600 to a thousand, also appears in the same area. The vehicles range from sleek new coaches, through a majority of battered, tarpaulin-covered trucks, to ancient jalopies seemingly kept together with baling wire and chewing gum. They somehow line up in orderly fashion, three abreast, bumper to bumper, all facing in one direction.

The masses of humanity churn about the streets, in alleys, on the sidewalks, in vacant lots, apparently aimless in their activities. To the uninitiated spectator a benevolent pandemonium seems to reign. Groups gather around impromptu bonfires, chattering and even laughing at this dreary hour of the day.

Then, arising about the hubbub, come what appear to be methodical chants.

"Right this way, folks," you can hear. "Git thar in a few minutes. Two seventy-five. Two seventy-five."

"Come along with me, folks," comes another rhythmic shout. "It ain't never been picked. You kin grab a han'ful in no time. Two fifty. Two fifty."

Another caller, who collects the largest crowd around him in the smallest amount of time, cries, "Three dollars, and it ain't never been picked. It's hanging right outer the bolls, folks. Three dollars. Three dollars."

The drawling chants come from the drivers of the motley assortment of conveyances. Gradually the packed masses thin out as their members gravitate toward the vehicles. Soon most of the trucks are filled to overflowing with human cargo.

And then, as if by signal, as dawn begins to color the eastern sky, the vehicles, still virtually bumper to bumper, start moving in snakelike queues. The predominance of tarpaulin-covered rigs creates a momentary illusion of a vast covered-wagon train strayed out of its century. Within three hours after their arrival—or by 7:00 A.M.—hardly a vestige of the mighty assemblage of men and motors remains in the area.

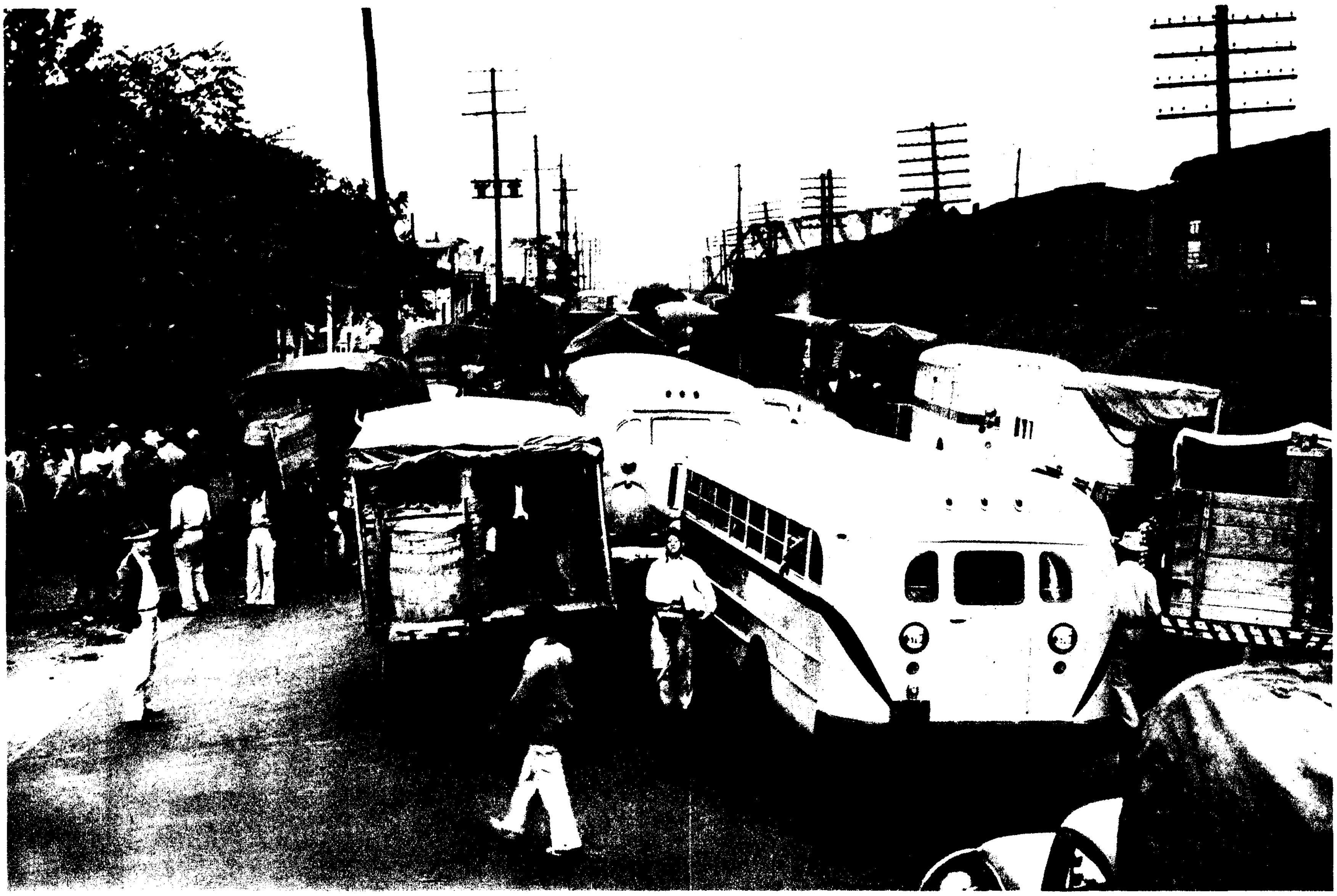
When you have seen this phenomenon, you have seen the workings of one of the strangest labor auctions of the United States.

It is the present-day method, singularly efficient for all its seeming chaos, whereby cotton pickers and cotton choppers (cultivators), are recruited each day for the rich cotton region of the tristate area of western Tennessee, eastern Arkansas and northern Mississippi.

As a matter of fact this particular labor agency is unusual in other ways than the fact that it has got jobs for 20,000 persons within a couple of hours' time and that it finds three states co-operating smoothly in its operation. (Arkansas and Mississippi and Tennessee share the costs.)

The guiding hand behind it is that of a woman who is the mother of two grown children and, at forty-two, also a grandmother.

She is Mrs. Clara E. Kitts, boss of the Tri-State



POLAND PHOTO

Dawn in Memphis finds hundreds of trucks, busses and battered jalopies converging upon Mrs. Kitts's office building to haul workers to the fields. Fond of harvesting the "white gold," many use days off from other jobs for a holiday among the blooms

CLARA KITTS

Farm Labor Division of the Tennessee Department of Employment Security. Mrs. Kitts is at work at four every morning. It is she who is responsible for bringing order out of the seeming confusion. When she steps from the simple, one-story brick building housing the Farm Labor Division to get things moving, slim-looking, with the morning breeze tossing her hair about her face, she could easily represent a young society matron come downtown to have a look at how the other half lives.

But the illusion would have little to do with the actuality. Mrs. Kitts is no white-collar worker in the accepted sense. Beneath the attractive façade is an efficient, trigger-quick mind with a genius for getting things done.

Mrs. Kitts grew up on a farm in Mississippi and knows firsthand about Southern farm problems. She has been in charge of the Farm Labor Division since 1940. She started there as a clerk, but after a few months the bigwigs of the state labor department noticed that virtually everyone who came to the farm labor office asked for Mrs. Kitts.

"She had a habit of getting things done without any fuss," is the way one of them expresses it. "Since everyone seemed to rely on her, we figured she might as well run the place." So one day, despite some outraged protests from a few masculine stalwarts, Mrs. Kitts was appointed the new manager.

A division that had been characterized by large amounts of trouble and confusion practically instantly seemed to come to order. Mrs. Kitts organized the present system whereby all the trucks carrying the cotton pickers are registered with her department. All the farmers of the region also are registered, required to state the number of pickers they need at any particular time, and the prices they are prepared to pay. Trucks with the required number of pickers are then assigned to the fields. A careful record of the whole process is kept by a score of clerks and checkers.

If a driver, checked out to transport pickers to one farm, should accept a better offer from some other farmer along the road and leave the workers there, he would be severely reprimanded. A second offense is cause enough to bar him from bidding for pickers ever again at Mrs. Kitts' giant daily labor auction. The farmer would find that a very effective boycott might prevent his ever getting any cotton picked on his farm again.

This kind of cutthroat dealing prevailed before Mrs. Kitts took over. A promise had come to mean nothing. Drivers would change routes and farms as many times as they had better offers. Farmers were in a fair way toward going crazy. But it just isn't done any more, by either truckers or farmers, for two reasons—Mrs. Kitts and their own economic survival.

Now, in the words of one of them, J. W. Ramsay of the Ramsay-Austin Cotton Company who had a large plantation at Banks, Mississippi: "It would be difficult to estimate the value of Mrs. Kitts to the farmers in this territory. If we hadn't had her help, I don't know what we would have done. She has systematized the service so it works as smoothly as any other well-organized business. Before she took over, it was a case of one planter bidding against another for his hired help, and you never knew what to depend on."

Recently Governor Gordon Browning appointed a new district manager of the Tennessee Department of Labor Security. He spent the major part of his first week in office answering a deluge of telephone calls and letters. "Move anyone else you want," was the gist of the messages, "but don't bother Mrs. Kitts."

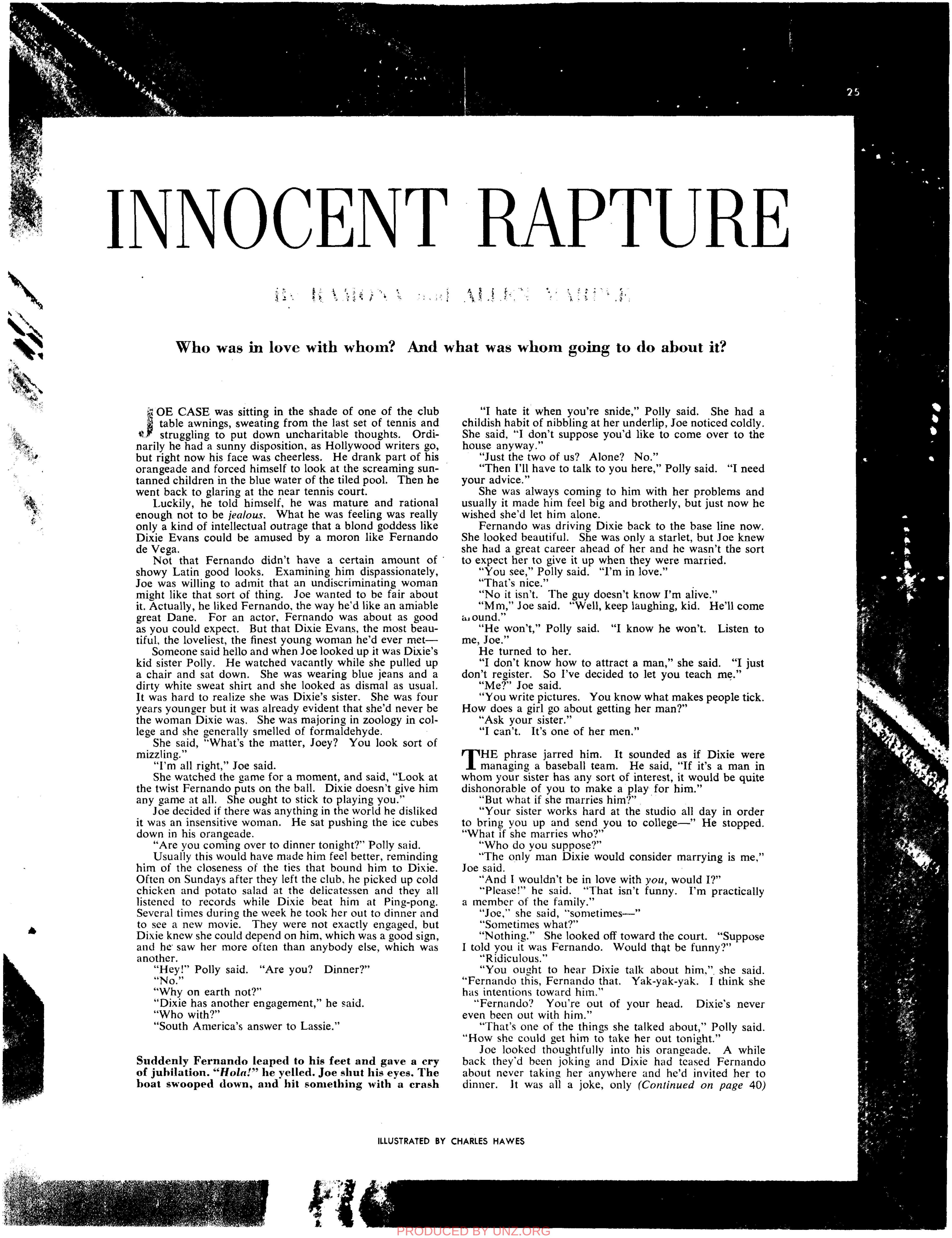
Fortunately for Mrs. Kitts, and for the Farm Labor Division, she seems to care little for social life or, indeed, for much activity outside of her appointed work. She admits to liking such things as horseback riding and bowling, when she gets a chance to indulge in them. But she maintains unaffectedly that her hobby is her job. In fact, quite unabashedly, she is wont to proclaim, "I love it."

Getting up at 3:00 A.M. every day but Sunday is a routine which she takes in easy stride, just as she takes the many complicated problems of keeping labor and the farmers she serves satisfied.

Mrs. Kitts's department operates the year round with two peak periods—the cotton-picking season, September to January, and the cotton-chopping season, mid-April to July. It serves farmers within a rough 50-mile radius of Memphis, which is a mecca for farm labor in the tri-state area. As accessible to eastern Arkansas and northern Mississippi as to western Tennessee, it is the marketing and shopping hub

(Continued on page 85)

CHUTES



INNOCENT RAPTURE

By RAMONA and ALLEN MARPLE

Who was in love with whom? And what was whom going to do about it?

JOE CASE was sitting in the shade of one of the club table awnings, sweating from the last set of tennis and struggling to put down uncharitable thoughts. Ordinarily he had a sunny disposition, as Hollywood writers go, but right now his face was cheerless. He drank part of his orangeade and forced himself to look at the screaming suntanned children in the blue water of the tiled pool. Then he went back to glaring at the near tennis court.

Luckily, he told himself, he was mature and rational enough not to be *jealous.* What he was feeling was really only a kind of intellectual outrage that a blond goddess like Dixie Evans could be amused by a moron like Fernando de Vega.

Not that Fernando didn't have a certain amount of showy Latin good looks. Examining him dispassionately, Joe was willing to admit that an undiscriminating woman might like that sort of thing. Joe wanted to be fair about it. Actually, he liked Fernando, the way he'd like an amiable great Dane. For an actor, Fernando was about as good as you could expect. But that Dixie Evans, the most beautiful, the loveliest, the finest young woman he'd ever met—

Someone said hello and when Joe looked up it was Dixie's kid sister Polly. He watched vacantly while she pulled up a chair and sat down. She was wearing blue jeans and a dirty white sweat shirt and she looked as dismal as usual. It was hard to realize she was Dixie's sister. She was four years younger but it was already evident that she'd never be the woman Dixie was. She was majoring in zoology in college and she generally smelled of formaldehyde.

She said, "What's the matter, Joey? You look sort of mizzling."

"I'm all right," Joe said.

She watched the game for a moment, and said, "Look at the twist Fernando puts on the ball. Dixie doesn't give him any game at all. She ought to stick to playing you."

Joe decided if there was anything in the world he disliked it was an insensitive woman. He sat pushing the ice cubes down in his orangeade.

"Are you coming over to dinner tonight?" Polly said.

Usually this would have made him feel better, reminding him of the closeness of the ties that bound him to Dixie. Often on Sundays after they left the club, he picked up cold chicken and potato salad at the delicatessen and they all listened to records while Dixie beat him at Ping-pong. Several times during the week he took her out to dinner and to see a new movie. They were not exactly engaged, but Dixie knew she could depend on him, which was a good sign, and he saw her more often than anybody else, which was another.

"Hey!" Polly said. "Are you? Dinner?"

"No."

"Why on earth not?"

"Dixie has another engagement," he said.

"Who with?"

"South America's answer to Lassie."

"I hate it when you're snide," Polly said. She had a childish habit of nibbling at her underlip, Joe noticed coldly. She said, "I don't suppose you'd like to come over to the house anyway."

"Just the two of us? Alone? No."

"Then I'll have to talk to you here," Polly said. "I need your advice."

She was always coming to him with her problems and usually it made him feel big and brotherly, but just now he wished she'd let him alone.

Fernando was driving Dixie back to the base line now. She looked beautiful. She was only a starlet, but Joe knew she had a great career ahead of her and he wasn't the sort to expect her to give it up when they were married.

"You see," Polly said. "I'm in love."

"That's nice."

"No it isn't. The guy doesn't know I'm alive."

"Mm," Joe said. "Well, keep laughing, kid. He'll come around."

"He won't," Polly said. "I know he won't. Listen to me, Joe."

He turned to her.

"I don't know how to attract a man," she said. "I just don't register. So I've decided to let you teach me."

"Me?" Joe said.

"You write pictures. You know what makes people tick. How does a girl go about getting her man?"

"Ask your sister."

"I can't. It's one of her men."

THE phrase jarred him. It sounded as if Dixie were managing a baseball team. He said, "If it's a man in whom your sister has any sort of interest, it would be quite dishonorable of you to make a play for him."

"But what if she marries him?"

"Your sister works hard at the studio all day in order to bring you up and send you to college—" He stopped. "What if she marries who?"

"Who do you suppose?"

"The only man Dixie would consider marrying is me," Joe said.

"And I wouldn't be in love with *you,* would I?"

"Please!" he said. "That isn't funny. I'm practically a member of the family."

"Joe," she said, "sometimes—"

"Sometimes what?"

"Nothing." She looked off toward the court. "Suppose I told you it was Fernando. Would that be funny?"

"Ridiculous."

"You ought to hear Dixie talk about him," she said. "Fernando this, Fernando that. Yak-yak-yak. I think she has intentions toward him."

"Fernando? You're out of your head. Dixie's never even been out with him."

"That's one of the things she talked about," Polly said. "How she could get him to take her out tonight."

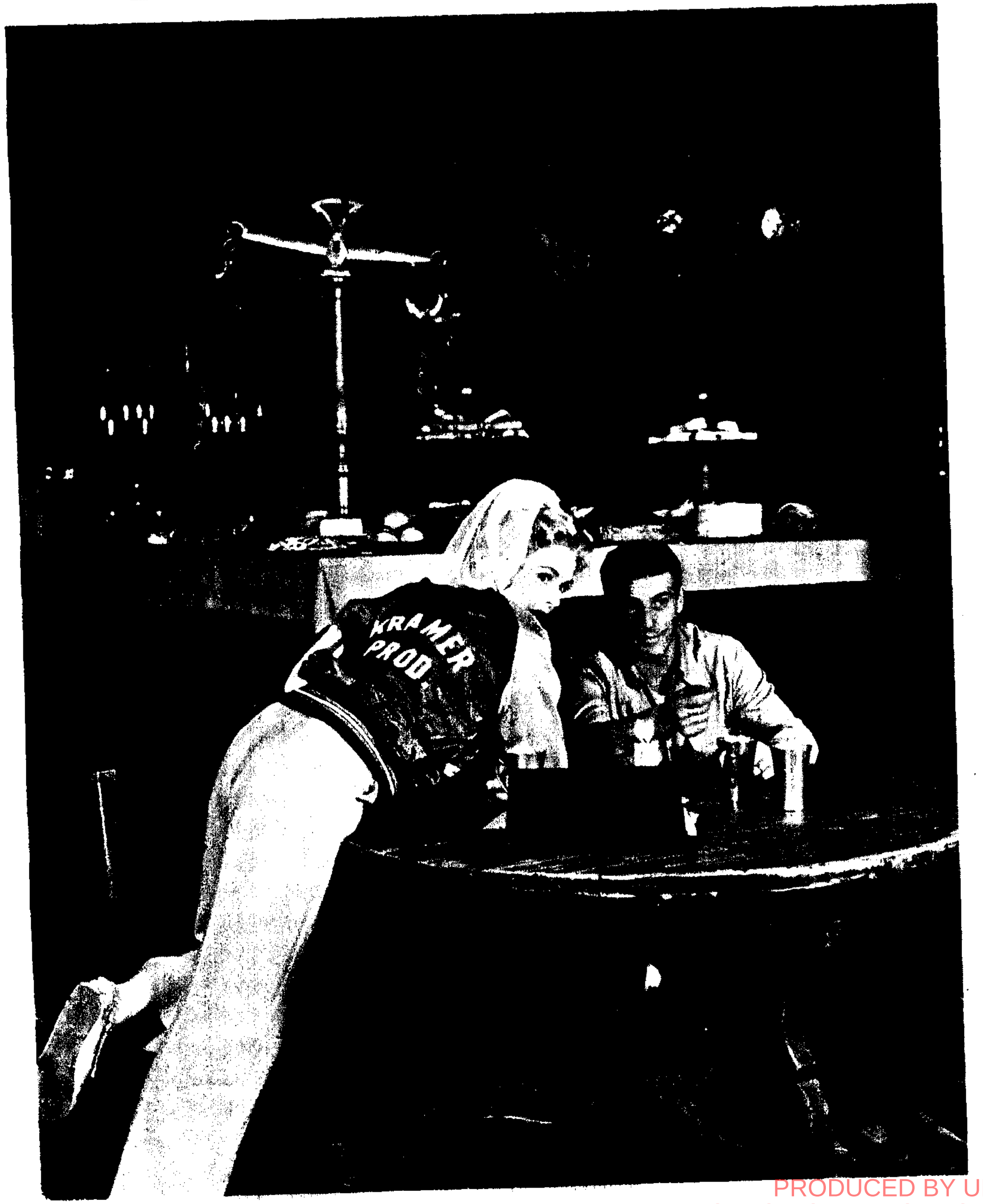
Joe looked thoughtfully into his orangeade. A while back they'd been joking and Dixie had teased Fernando about never taking her anywhere and he'd invited her to dinner. It was all a joke, only *(Continued on page 40)*

Suddenly Fernando leaped to his feet and gave a cry of jubilation. "*Hola!*" he yelled. Joe shut his eyes. The boat swooped down, and hit something with a crash

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Kramer and his new bride, the former Anne Pearce, munch a quick lunch at a Hollywood drive-in. Anne is learning to direct dialogue

Starlet Mala Powers, who got the biggest break of her career when Kramer chose her for Roxane in Cyrano, discusses the role with him



José Ferrer, wearing the most famous nose in history, with Kramer on the 17th-century Paris street set built for Cyrano de Bergerac

GENIUS on a Low Budget

BY COLLIE SMALL

Stanley Kramer, the "poor but honest" movie producer, keeps costs down by shooting an opus in 23 days and hiring actors who don't demand the shirt off his back. But his pictures are smash hits

THE vicissitudes which fall upon various members of the Hollywood community are great, and no man suffers more than the motion-picture producer who yearns for fame and is destined to remain eternally anonymous. A producer, unfortunately, is a man whose name is on virtually nobody's lips and whose face is on virtually nobody's magazine cover. While impressions of Betty Grable's legs or Jimmy Durante's nose can be and have been imbedded in sacred concrete at Grauman's Chinese Theatre and therefore presumably will be enshrined forever, a producer's only tangible trade-mark is a dollar bill. Much as the producer might wish otherwise, any attempt to immortalize him in concrete is bound to result simply in the further immortalization of George Washington and the Treasury Department.

It may be, however, that Stanley Kramer will be the happy exception. Kramer is an intense young producer of thirty-six who is dedicated to the fundamental truth that Hollywood must find a new way for the boy to meet the girl, and it is one of the curious inconsistencies of the motion-picture industry that this simple devotion to logic should make him the man of the hour. Yet that is what has happened. Kramer, simply by pursuing the proposition that quality comes before quantity, has suddenly become Hollywood's fair-haired boy, its knight in shining armor, its white hope, and its dragon slayer.

This is admittedly a bulky package for even a sturdy young man like Kramer to have to carry around, and there is still time for him to stumble and fall. Nevertheless, his achievements over the past three years as a small independent producer in competition with the colossi of the major studios have been singularly impressive, particularly since an independent producer operates in a rapidly changing climate which, at the minimum, calls for superior faith, unfailing courage and, if possible, an indestructible bank roll. Fortunately, Kramer possesses the first two qualities in surfeit and has not been daunted by periodic deficiencies in the third. This, as much as anything, explains why he has tipped Hollywood on its ear.

Kramer is now justifiably famous as the poor but honest producer of three spectacularly successful low-cost pictures—Champion, Home of the Brave, and The Men. The most expensive of them, Champion, cost only $567,000 to make and none of them took more than 23 days to shoot. Yet the really significant thing is that each of them flouted the standard Hollywood story formulas to the point of heresy, and each of them was such an inexplicable triumph that the perplexed heads of several high-powered major studios immediately requisitioned prints of the pictures for required viewing by their own directors and producers, the hope being that some of Kramer's new magic would rub off on the old guard. Such recognition is not common.

Kramer's first success, Champion, made a heel out of the hero, dealt him a violent death at the end, and in addition was a success despite an old Hollywood axiom that fight pictures always lose money. Home of the Brave tackled the racial question as it pertains to Negroes. The Men, most recent of the three and perhaps the best Kramer picture to date, boldly took up the problems of paraplegic veterans. Done less expertly or with less integrity, all of them most certainly would have been dismal failures; as it was, each of them came very close to being a masterpiece of entertainment, and if there were morals involved, they were sublimated to the story itself and were considerably easier to digest than the usual movie preachments.

In view of the excitement with which Kramer's fresh new ideas have been so proudly hailed, it is not surprising that the modest offices of Stanley Kramer Productions have begun to resemble a college trophy room, what with various plaques, cups, scrolls, and citations attesting to his wisdom, courage and foresight. Champion alone drew six nominations for Oscars last year, winning one for black-and-white film editing, and played side by side on Broadway with Home of the Brave, probably the first time that an independent producer scored a double strike on that fickle street.

Champion as Text in UCLA Courses

Besides that, Champion exuded such an aura of indelible artistry that it is being used as a text for courses in the motion-picture arts in the University of California at Los Angeles. Kramer himself was high up in the running, with Darryl Zanuck and Doré Schary, for last year's Thalberg Award, which is given annually to the producer who is deemed to have contributed most to the industry during the year. Unfortunately, the award stayed on the shelf because no one of the three was able to win a clear majority.

Probably the best barometer of Kramer's success to date is an ad which the Essaness Theatres Corporation of Chicago took in Daily Variety last year under the heading So You Think Business Is Bad? The ad pointed out bluntly that bad business comes from bad pictures, a theory which coincides with Kramer's own point of view, and it took Home of the Brave as the prime example of how a good picture can affect the temperature at the box office.

Home of the Brave, although it was a picture without stars and without feminine allure, grossed $46,442 in its first week at the Woods Theatre in Chicago (1,093 seats, admission 98 cents). "This," the ad said, "is an all-time record for any theater in the world." To equal the per-seat record set at the Woods, a 6,000-seat New York theater, according to the Essaness Corporation, would have to gross, at current admission prices, more than $350,000 a week.

All this, of course, has been a rather heady experience for a young man who three short years ago would have been lucky to be told the time in Hollywood. Even now the laurel wreath does not rest so easily on his head that Kramer has forgotten the painful days, which he refers to as his own personal "bucket of blood" era. He still denounces Hollywood as "a jungle," is still addicted to wearing blue denim jackets despite his exalted station as a producer, and is still inclined to redden perceptibly when he is accused of being a genius.

Transforming Unknowns into Stars

Nonetheless, he suffers the compliment, and with good reason. Although he dislikes the star system because of the way it bends plots to fit old familiar faces, and although he himself has deliberately used unknowns or semiunknowns for the most part in his pictures, he has, ironically enough, created new stars.

Kirk Douglas, for example, appeared to be finished almost before he was started when, against the advice of his agent, he accepted the leading role in Champion and forthwith became a leading Hollywood light. Ruth Roman seemed destined to be a perpetual starlet until her role in Champion won her a contract at Warner Brothers. Actor Steve Brodie had been dropped by RKO; after his performance in Home of the Brave, RKO offered him several times his old salary if he would only let bygones be bygones.

Others have been caught in this happy surge to prosperity. Carl Foreman, Kramer's writer, is worth possibly $2,500 a week on the talent mart, whereas his previous best effort was $500. Kramer himself was recently offered the job of supreme commander at one major studio, an offer he declined in order to preserve his independence, and he could undoubtedly take home from $4,000 to $5,000 a week now as a producer on almost any lot in Hollywood.

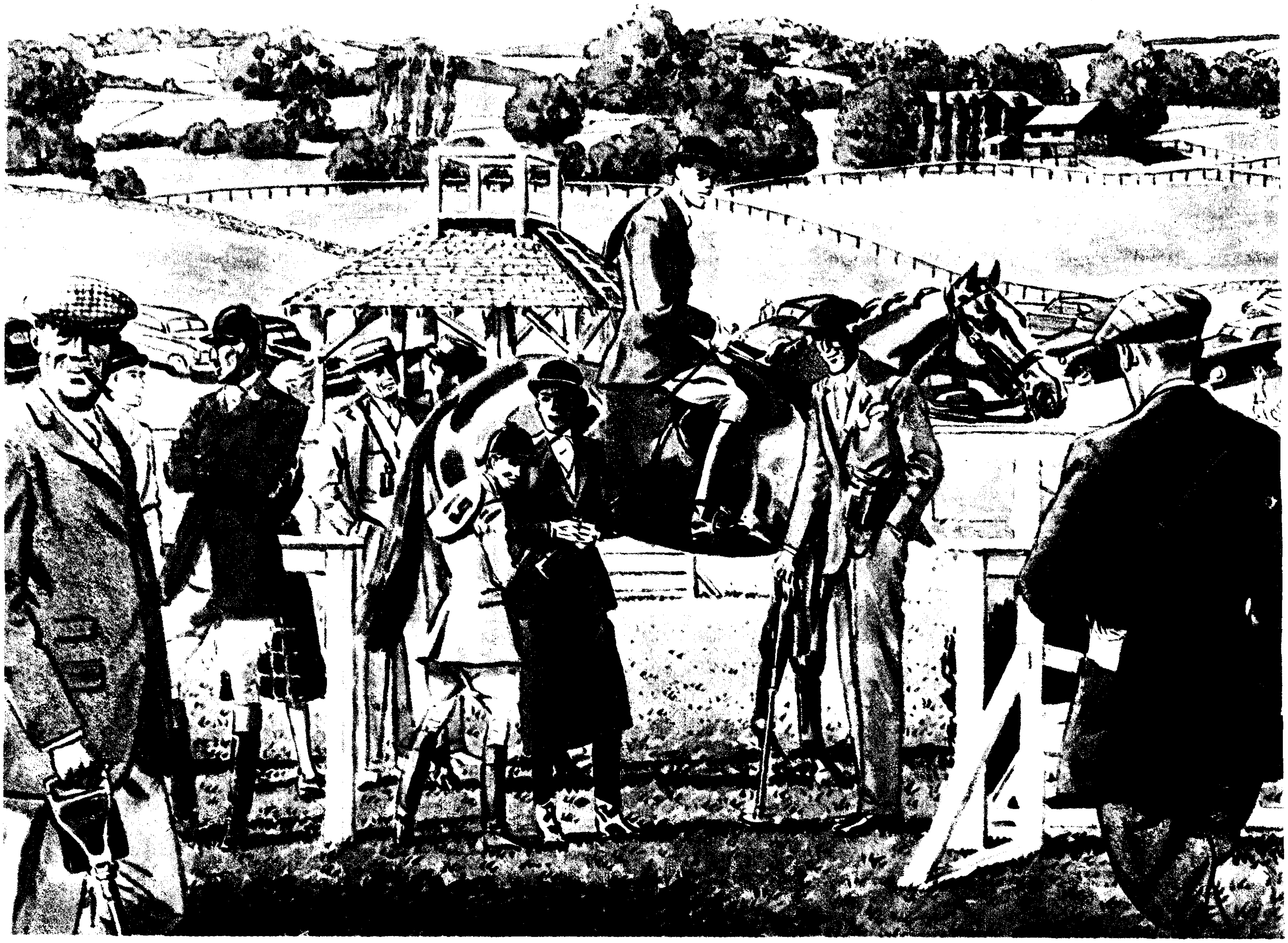
With the plums, however, have come the inevitable sour grapes. This is a sure sign of success. After Champion, the consensus was that Kramer was lucky. After Home of the Brave, the Hollywood oracles began to say, "We could have done it better." After The Men, they said, "*Now* he'll fall on his face." Inasmuch as he is currently involved in producing the classic Cyrano de Bergerac (with José Ferrer as Cyrano and the starlet Mala Powers as Roxane), the scoffers are once again predicting his collapse. And, however successful Cyrano turns out to be, they probably will be making the same forecast about a picture he'll begin producing late this year, probably to be called The Children.

Kramer and his two closest associates, Carl Foreman and publicist George Glass, both of whom are stockholders in and officers of Kramer Productions, know that sooner or later *(Continued on page 82)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

The FADED BLUE

By NEWLIN B. WILDES



There was Mickey Tor, still on the filly, trying not to let anger show in his face.

THE Hunter Stake was the last class, and there was as much sense in running it off as there was in holding an election in a dictatorship. But I sent the ten horses around the outside course, brought them into the ring, had them stripped for conformation, jogged them for soundness, and then went over each one in detail.

I gave them the whole act—hands down their legs, a look in their mouths. I even got up and rode two of them. I tipped my hat and was very polite to the two lady riders, and asked the right questions. When I got to Mickey Tor and the gray horse, Mickey winked at me.

The ringmaster was right at my shoulder, and I didn't know whether he saw the wink or not—or if he was smart enough to know what it meant. But I could have killed the Mick. I'd fix him later. Then I made a lot of marks on my score card, turned it in, and the ringmaster brought out the ribbons.

He gave the blue ribbon, the first prize and the purse, to Mickey Tor's gray. Some of the crowd didn't like the decision, and showed their disapproval by a cold silence. I started out of the ring. I was hot and tired, and the dust in there had been awful. My car was parked at ringside, and Helen was there, but I didn't go there first.

I went up to the committee booth to collect my pay. It's a good idea to get your money while they have it. Later they may find that the show has gone in the hole, and your dough with it. The chairman counted it out to me in cash.

"You did a nice job, Mr. Carey," he said. He was big, fat, rich and harassed. He didn't know whether I'd done a good job or not.

"Thanks," I said. I counted the money and started for my car. A small man in summer tweeds and a button-down shirt touched my arm. He was quality.

"Mr. Carey," he said, "may I ask you a question?"

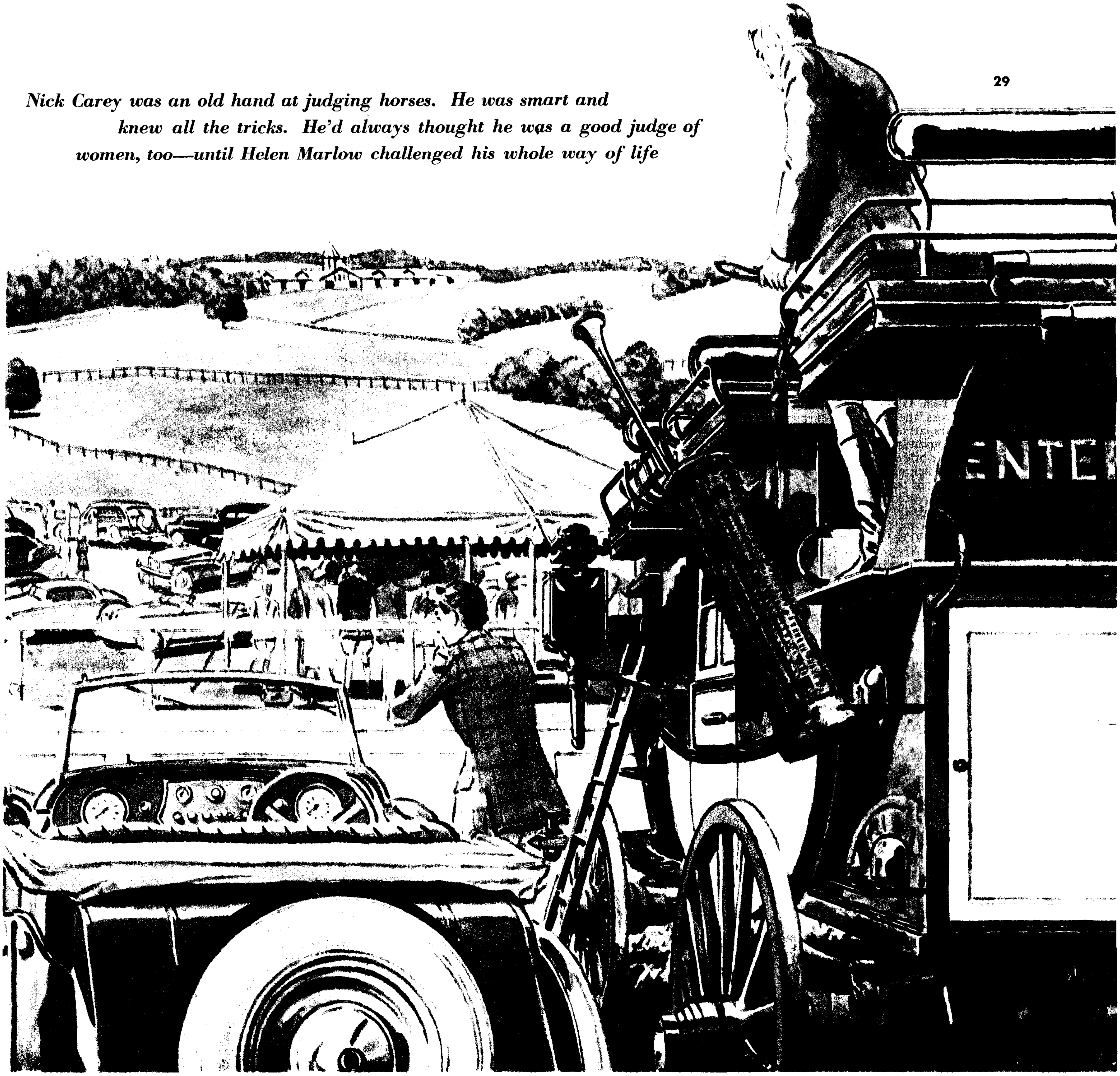
"Certainly," I said, very short. You have to start out short and abrupt with these guys. Set them back. "What is it?"

The slight man was embarrassed. In his book you didn't question the judge's decision. You were a sport. You took it—whether you liked it or not. You carried on. Someone had put him up to this. His wife, likely.

"I—er," he said, "would you mind telling me what was wrong with my horse in the Hunter Stake?"

"What was your horse's number?" I said. "They're just numbers to me." I knew which his horse was, all right.

Nick Carey was an old hand at judging horses. He was smart and knew all the tricks. He'd always thought he was a good judge of women, too—until Helen Marlow challenged his whole way of life



So I had the chance to tell Mickey something, indirectly. To give him an out

"Twenty-six," he said, "the chestnut. I thought he—"

"I'd have to look at my card," I said. I could feel Helen watching me from the car.

"Would you mind?" the slight man persisted.

"Not at all," I said sourly.

We went over to the announcer's booth, and found the score card. I examined it. It had more marks on it than a bachelor's shirt. They didn't mean much.

"Your horse," I said carefully, "your horse made a fine round. He's a top horse. But—" I looked at the guy; it would have helped if I'd known where he had been standing when his horse was going around the course. "But he wavered at the fourth jump, the in-and-out. He didn't quite come at it true and eagerly—not with hunting courage. I'm sorry," I said. I didn't know whether he would take it or not. He might have been at the fourth jump. He took it.

"Oh," he said, "oh, I see." I snapped the card back.

"Keep on working him," I said, "he'll win for you." I left the guy and went over to my car. It was covered with dust from the ring. It had been a long day. Helen was sitting in the front seat.

"Hi," I said. Helen moved over. She smiled at me, but the smile had something in it that I didn't like. Or didn't have something that I wanted.

She's a small girl, Helen Marlow, very blond and with a skin that's always just brushed lightly with tan—just honey-perfect. She doesn't say a great deal, and when she does it counts. You can tell that by her eyes. They're blue and level; they don't miss things. Sometimes I wish they did. Like today.

"Let's get out of here," I said. I was throwing my hat in the back seat when Helen said, "Nick," very quietly. But urgently. I looked around.

He was a big beefy guy, about 210 pounds I'd say, with no coat and no tie and his sleeves rolled up. He had arms like soil pipes. He was standing about thirty feet away, and the two guys with him were half holding him back and all glowering at me. I walked over to him slowly, sizing him up. By the time I got there I knew.

He was a pro, but he didn't belong to the inner group. He'd have a horse or two, and he'd train them with a whip, and then he'd shoot them into shows and hope for a break. I knew the kind.

"Did you want to see me?" I said. He outweighed me by seventy pounds, and he was really mad. Well, we'd see.

"You're damned right I do!" he said. He was so mad that there were little *(Continued on page* 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE SAALBURG

BONANZA BY MAIL

By JAMES STEWART GORDON

WHATEVER you think about the immediate financial future of the country, there is one type of business which has been enjoying a dizzy boom. It is the small specialty mail-order business, where you take an ad and try to sell an item to Tom, Dick or Harry, all on your own.

Clear across the country—in kitchens, spare rooms, cellars, attics, icehouses, lean-tos and park benches—thousands of enterprising Americans are cudgeling their brains in an attempt to get a slice of the millions which are changing hands through this spurting geyser of trade.

There's an ex-sailor in Kansas City who in two years sold $800,000 worth of surplus parachute nylon; there's a man in Rutland, Vermont, who started with $1,500 of advertising space and is now selling $10,000 worth of sporting goods a week. There's the famous firm of Harry & David, producers of those big juicy Oregon pears, which started at scratch and now, with 1,100 employees, markets by mail about $1,000,000 a year of assorted fruits and fruit products; there's a Catskill man-and-wife team which specializes in smoked turkey to the tune of $500,000 a year.

This particular surge toward economic freedom via the mailbag was in a state of suspended animation from 1920 to 1943. In the latter year, it suddenly burst from its cell and began to grow in startling fashion. Each year since then it has been acting with more and more confidence in itself and its future. Two thousand individually owned "little mail businesses" have prospered and some of them begin to look very much like Big Business.

But don't jump to the conclusion that the owners have found an infallible road to wealth, which anybody can follow without toil or trouble. Nineteen out of every 20 fall by the wayside. Of course, 15 of those starters were halfhearted about it anyway; they were just taking a fling at something new, and they dropped out as soon as it failed to develop into an effortless overnight bonanza. Sometimes a new mail-order venture hits the jack pot instantly. More often, however, success takes time and patient effort—with a keen awareness that the profits must come through repeat orders from satisfied customers.

Alex Green and his wife Adele are the owners of a thriving enterprise called "Green Gable Gifts." He was a veteran studying economics at Columbia University; she was a devoted helpmate who thought it would be nice to own one of the plushy gift shops which flourish in the vicinity of the campus.

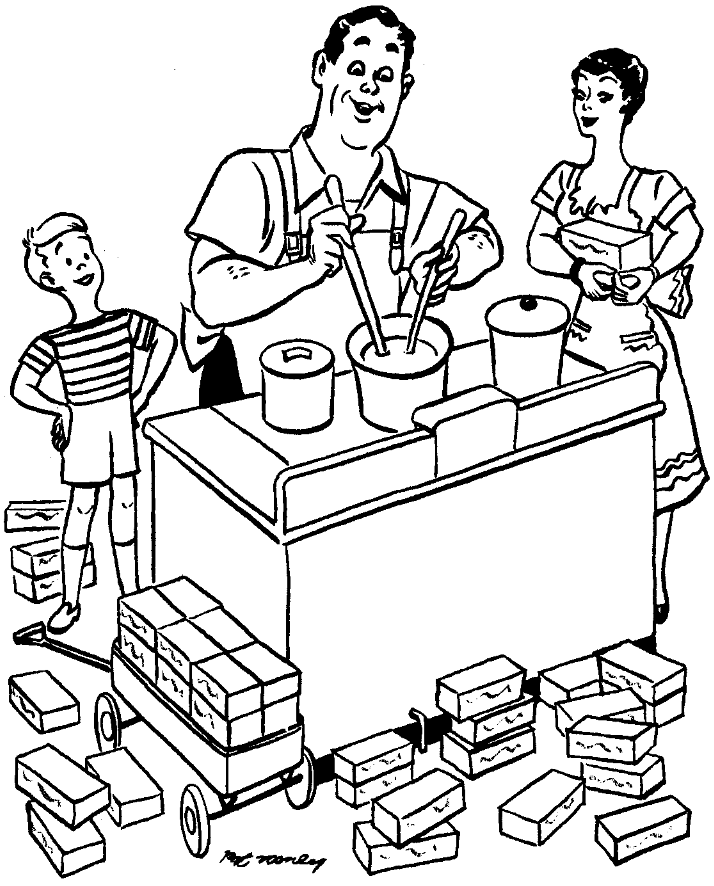
One evening when they were sitting quietly at home and she was imaginatively picturing the glories of her dream shop—if she only had the necessary capital—her husband brought her back to earth with the suggestion, "Why not make your dream come true by starting a mail-order gift shop?"

"Won't that need capital?" she asked.

"Not too much," he answered, "if you go slow and feel the way from item to item."

They went at it together, most of their bank roll being put into their first advertisement. People who bought their first gift novelty received a folksy letter from Adele, with offers of two or three other novelty items. All the profits went back into the business to expand the advertising budget and pay for catalogues and folders. Within a year they were selling 50 different items. Now they have a hundred, and their gross income is about $100,000 a year, with a net profit of about 10 per cent.

A rather unusual success story is that of Mr. and Mrs. Max Blitzer. Max is a retired college administrator who drifted into the mail-order business by sheer accident. Having served his time at venerable William & Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, he bought a farm in the Rip van Winkle country north of New York City.



On occasional trips to the metropolis he liked to visit a famous old restaurant, where he could exercise his talents as a cheerful connoisseur of food and drink. At Ye Olde Chop House in Cedar Street, New York's oldest restaurant, which dates back to Alexander Hamilton and other worthies, he found a dish that proved highly pleasing to his palate. It was turkey which tasted as though it had been smoked. He begged the restaurant man to tell him where the delicacy could be obtained, but he was refused on the ground it was a trade secret.

That merely whetted Blitzer's appetite. He had almost resigned himself to a lifetime of commuting so that he could revel in his favorite dish when by chance he discovered that a neighbor of his smoked turkeys, a Catskill farmer of German extraction whose father had brought the formula over from the old country.

Max found that everybody liked smoked turkey. He tried it on all sorts of people—university trustees, garage mechanics, cityfolk and countryfolk, railroad men and aviators. The vote for smoked turkey was unanimous. At his wife's suggestion he timidly took an ad, describing the delicacy in his most eloquent prose. The response was excellent, and what was once just a gourmet's delight has put Max in the upper surtax brackets.

Blitzer has made quite a study of the small mail-order business. He says that 90 per cent of its volume is in three main categories—food, gifts and gadgets.

"It's as full of surprises," he explains, "as a box of kittens. For one thing, you've got to watch the calendar. Certain months are harvest months; others are duds. Best results come in the last four months of the year, winding up with a bang at Christmas. Then there's the completely unpredictable matter of advertising; certain media work well for certain products; other media are productive for other products. You've got to test them over and over, until you find which ones suit your particular enterprise."

The story of Webb Young, Trader, is another illustration of odd beginnings. Webb is an artist who went out to Santa Fe to paint. He opened a small curio shop to help pay his way. Anybody who came in was asked to sign a guest book. Then one Christmas he decided to get out a circular and try for some mail orders. He sent his list of offerings to all the names in his guestbook, and as an afterthought he slipped in some sample swatches of a woolen cloth woven by the mountain people around Santa Fe, suggesting that neckties from these unusual fabrics would be excellent Christmas presents for male relatives and friends.

Few people ordered the turquoise earrings and hand-beaten thunderbirds which he featured in his circular, but nearly everybody fell for the ties. They were so successful that Webb decided to concentrate on them. The rest is what loosely may be called history—merchandising history of the million-dollar variety.

A man named Ed Myers, in Damariscotta, Maine, got an idea that the rest of the country was pining for real live Maine lobsters. His first advertisement brought orders from Akron, Ohio;

Thousands are making money in the lush mail-order business. All you need to start is a little capital and a big assist from the postman. But you have to be smart to click

Topeka, Kansas; and numerous intermediate points. The product was shipped successfully by express, well iced. There were plenty of repeat orders, and within a few months the business was making good money.

Many small gift shops are able to extend their trading area by means of the postal service. This helps carry them through dull periods and lightens the overhead.

A woman in upstate New York found that her town of 9,000 was hardly large enough to support the kind of swank gift shop which she wanted to give them. She started her mail-order department with a fancy diaper bag, which any mother would be proud to carry over her arm. It sold for $5, a pretty steep price, but there were plenty of people willing to pay, after they had seen the bag pictured in a cleverly conceived ad. From this first tryout, the gift-shop lady moved into other novelty items which had done well across her counters. She believes that "every small gift shop ought to emphasize its mail-order business, if for no other reason than to help with the overhead."

Embarrassed by Too Much Success

There is such a thing as being too successful with a mail-order advertisement. An Italian shoemaker in New York City, who specialized in handmade ballet slippers, was induced to put an ad in a national magazine. It happened to hit the market at a time when ballet slippers were a fad among the teen-agers. He received several thousand orders—equivalent to two years' work for his little shop. He was about to throw up his hands and return all the money, when some friends arranged to help him distribute the work and get the orders filled with only a few weeks' delay.

Then there was a small job printer in a big city cellar. He had found the going so hard that he advertised "100 letterheads, printed with your name and address, for $1." He was sure no other printer could match that price, because it barely covered his net costs. He hoped to garner additional business, which would be more profitable, from satisfied letterhead customers.

Unfortunately his ad pulled 41,000 orders—more than his little shop would ordinarily produce in three months. By hiring extra help and working his presses 24 hours a day, seven days a week, he contrived to fill the last orders with a delay of only four weeks. But his extra labor was costly, so that he actually lost $3,000 on the operation.

The U.S. Department of Commerce, which has made a thorough survey of the small mail-order field, suggests five important considerations for those who are thinking of trying their hand at it:

First, have a starting capital of at least $1,500 which you can afford to lose in experimentation.

Second, sell only articles that you like and know something about, so you can judge their value.

Third, be sure you have articles that people can't get easily in their own neighborhoods.

Fourth, make a thorough study of your packing and postage costs. You'll get as many orders from the Pacific Coast and the Far West as from New England, and your parcel-post charges will be high for distant points.

Fifth, be certain that you can get repeat orders—that's where the profits will be.

If these five considerations are met, then the consensus is that you should go ahead boldly, no matter how many people laugh at you and your plan. They laughed at Robert Fulton once, and now he has a street named after him in practically every city from Maine to California. THE END

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HERB GILES

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Green started with a novelty gift, now sell 100 items, gross $100,000. Here they are with baby Barbara and Cherie. Below, the Max Blitzers, whose smoked turkeys made them rich

Stitch Your

NOBODY could sew a straighter seam than Granny, but she traditionally got her dream clothes out of a box from New York or Chicago. Not so her modern granddaughters—high fashion has come to the hearthside in a glamorous revival of home sewing.

New patterns and fabrics have given the lady of today the power to create the triumphs of her wardrobe with her own hands. And she is rediscovering the satisfactions of this womanly art.

She is also finding that her dream clothes are not as expensive as Granny's; they catch her husband's interest, yet leave his capital intact.

Rare is the man who is not soothed by the sight of his wife or daughter plying a needle, but the father who can watch his darling daughter step with light expense from a new afternoon dress to a wedding gown of her own making is doubly blessed.

The upsurge in home sewing has brought about a happy economic situation. For fabric manufacturers, pattern companies and makers of such necessaries as zippers, buttons, thread and binding, it has meant an annual business now estimated at $750,000,000. At least 100,000,000 patterns will be sold this year and each one will be used one-and-a-half times along with an average fabric sale of $3 and notions sale of $2 more. If these home-wrought clothes were purchased ready-made, it would cost the family budget more than $1,800,000,000.

The American male won't overlook the savings or the lady in the striking clothes, but he is sure to play still another role in this excitement.

The time will come when it will not be unusual to find the master of the house on his knees with a mouthful of pins getting his lady's hem straight.

An indication of the galaxy of fabrics and designs that are available can be seen in these illustrations from an elaborate Fabric Fair that Macy's in New York is holding from September 11th through September 23d.

Collier's will provide complete information on any pattern illustrated in this article. Readers will please address their requests to Fashion Editor, Box 222, Collier's Magazine, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York City 19, New York.

Dream of you as Belle of the Ball. For the gay season of parties just ahead, the young sophisticate may make this wine-red silk taffeta gown, bright with sequins, for $50

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

Dream of you and your daughter, as you both get dressed up for a great adventure in her life—first day at school. Navy linen bib fronts and belts contrast with red printed cotton. Total expense is $6.75

Own Dreams

In a resurgence of home sewing, women are dressing themselves as *they* want to look—and saving money

Dream of you at a cocktail party, in this silvery sheath of novelty rayon, with velvet trim. Can be made for $12

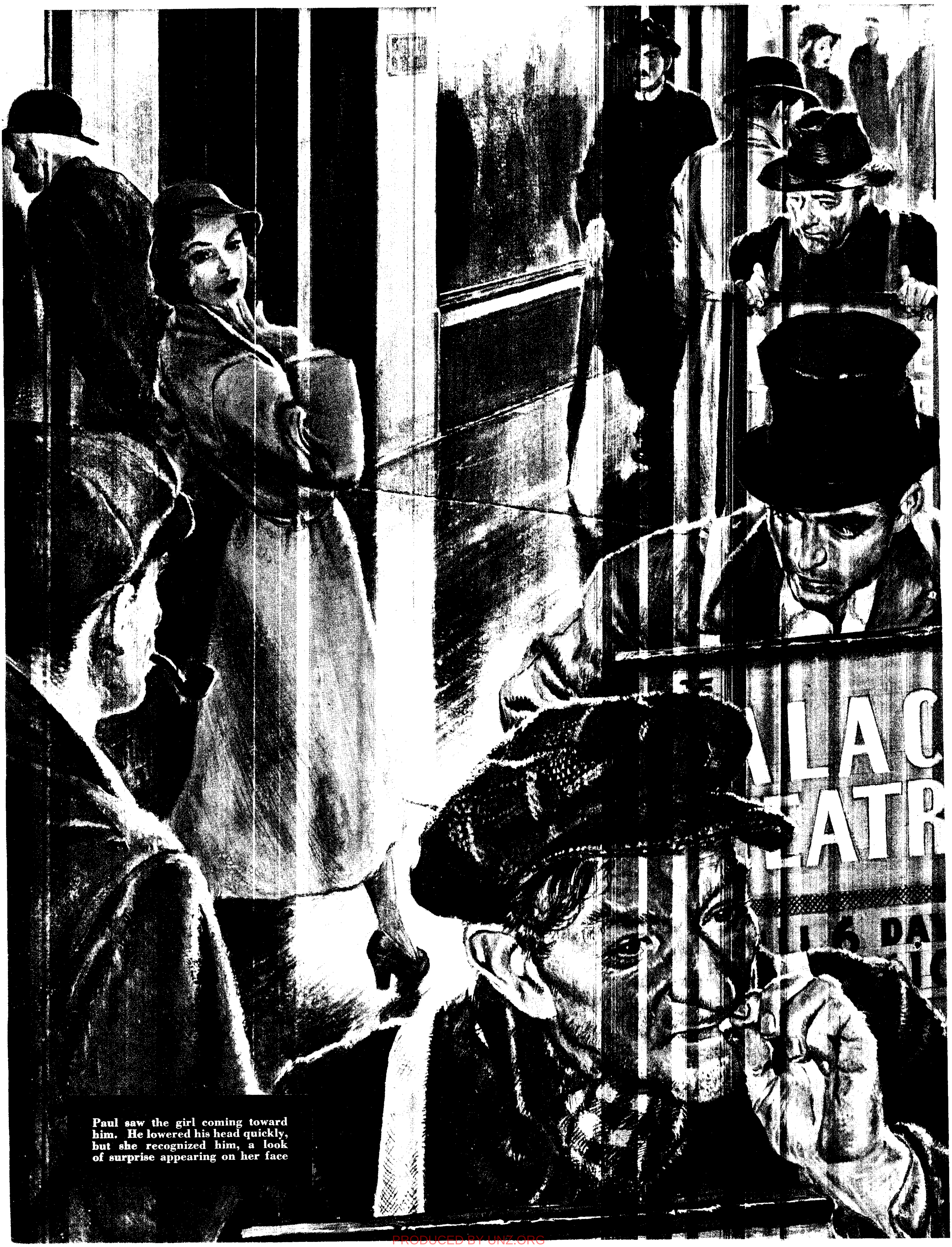
Dream of you as a bride gowned in romance. New fashion note this fall is pouf sleeves, extending to the elbow. The dress is rayon satin, the cap is head-hugging. Gown, hat, veil, gloves cost $60

Dream of you as an outdoor girl, in reversible chinchilla over a two-piece gray wool—for $45

Dream of you as a smart career girl, in rayon-flannel suit and rhinestone-buttoned velveteen vest. All for $12

Dream of you as a smart hostess at a television party. Over the tapered mock-fur slacks is worn a dramatic turquoise tunic. The neckline is slashed to the waist. You can make both for $18.50

Dream of you as a clubwoman, in a dress of rayon tissue faille with slim, paneled skirt, at $10



Paul saw the girl coming toward him. He lowered his head quickly, but she recognized him, a look of surprise appearing on her face

6 DAYS
WARWICK

Face to face with Sir Matthew Sprott at last, his fingers clutching the pistol concealed in his pocket. Paul was ready to kill the man who was responsible for all his suffering . . .

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

The Story: PAUL ENGEL, preparing for a teaching career in Belfast, Ireland, was shocked to learn that his father, LEON ENGEL, was not dead, but was serving a life sentence in Stoneheath Prison in Scotland. PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, a family friend whose pretty daughter ELLA wanted to marry Paul, told him the story. Fifteen years earlier, on the eve of sailing for America with his family, Engel had been arrested for the murder of MONA SPURLING. Positive identification was made by JANET CROMBIE, her maid, and young LOUISA BURT; only ALBERT PRUSTY, a neighbor, had been uncertain. But the case, as presented by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE had been sufficient to bring a verdict of guilty.

Despite the apparently convincing evidence, Paul could not believe his father was guilty. He visited Prusty, who still lived at the old address in Winton, where the crime was committed, and learned about an unknown man at the murder scene, and that Swann and a lawyer, WALTER GILLETT, had begun some investigations of the evidence, and had their careers blasted as a result.

Gillett had died, and Paul found Swann in a hospital dying. He learned from him that the Engel case was a frame-up sanctioned by SIR MATTHEW SPROTT, who had been prosecuting his first case for the crown. Paul took a job to support himself, while he continued his investigation, and found himself attracted to lovely LENA ANDERSEN, a fellow employee. He got Louisa Burt's address from Swann and talked to her, pretending to be an admirer. She turned out to be a self-dramatizing liar, and Paul was picked up by the police while he was trying to see her again. He was brought before Urie, who warned him to let things lie. Instead, Paul wrote a complete statement of the case, and persuaded PARLIAMENT MEMBER GEORGE BIRLEY to reopen it officially. But Paul's appeal was denied in Parliament. Then came a new blow: he heard that Lena, though unmarried, had a child.

Sprott urged Urie to get Paul out of the way. Louisa at last revealed that her testimony at the Engel trial had been false, and talked to Paul about her employer, ENOCH OSWALD, famous for his philanthropies. Paul got into a fight with a detective and then lost his job because he was on the police list.

Prusty received a note for Paul from a man who looked like a convict, and Paul was convinced his father had written it, directing his son to look up a man named MONK in a slum neighborhood called the Vennel. While Paul and Prusty were talking they heard footsteps in the empty apartment that had been Mona Spurling's. Prusty investigated, and Paul overheard him talking with a man he said was the landlord.

V

NEXT morning, Paul woke up early, eager to begin his investigation in the Vennel, but as he finished dressing, his landlady knocked on the door and abruptly demanded payment of her rent.

It was an unexpected snag and, after a pause, he said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Coppin, I'm a bit short. I'll pay you next Saturday."

Standing in the doorway, her soiled wrapper clutched across her flat bosom, she scrutinized him doubtfully. She realized that he had lost his job and, although she was not heartless, the struggle for existence had hardened her.

"I won't be put upon," she said finally. "I'll give you till this evening. If you haven't got work by then, out you go, and I keep your things in settlement."

He had no intention of seeking regular work—all his efforts must now be bent upon the case. At the same time, he did not wish to victimize her. When she had gone he opened his suitcase and considered his few possessions. If Mrs. Coppin sold them they would more than pay what he owed her. Beyond what he was wearing, he took only his papers relating to the case, stowing them carefully in the inside pocket of his overcoat. Then, with a last look round the room, he went out.

The Vennel, which he reached toward ten o'clock, was the worst section of Winton, a network of narrow, twisted streets. And all that day he combed these streets, trying, without success, to locate the man named Monk. When evening came a steady rain began to fall. He made his way to the heart of the district, where for ninepence he was admitted to a lodginghouse for transients.

IT WAS a poor place, consisting merely of a long upstairs room, with bare boards, approached by a broken wooden staircase. The beds were strips of sacking, stretched out like low hammocks on two long master ropes which ran the entire length of the dormitory. At one end was a dirty kitchen where, clustered round the stove, a crowd of ragged men with frying pans were pushing and elbowing in a cloud of rancid steam for places to cook their supper.

With a glance toward this crowd, Paul stretched himself, fully dressed, on his hammock and pulled up the thin gray blanket.

"Not dining tonight, matey?"

Paul turned. In the adjoining hammock an undersized man with a shrunken, humorous face was lying on his elbow with two soiled paper bags before him. He wore a torn overcoat, burst canvas tennis shoes, mud-stained and stuffed with brown paper, and an incongruously gay muffler. While his bright eyes remained on Paul, his bony fingers dipped into one bag, took out a cigarette butt, split it, shook and shredded the tobacco into the second bag with practiced rapidity. Paul watched him before replying, "No, I'm not hungry."

"Ah, you're lucky, matey. Me I could eat a bull." He added, with his death's-head grin, "Horns and all."

When he had finished he closed the full bag and carefully tucked it away under his shirt. From the shreds that remained he rolled a cigarette and stuck it behind his ear. Then he rose, and with a knowing glance at Paul and a nod toward the notice which said No Smoking, shuffled briskly toward the latrine.

When he returned Paul leaned toward him.

"I'm looking for a man called Monk. Have you ever heard of him?"

There was a pause. Paul's neighbor stared at him queerly.

"Sure, I've heard of him. Who ain't?"

"Where can I find him?"

"He's away right now. At the Doncaster races. Should be back in a few days. If he ain't nabbed again. Hang around and I'll give you an introduction." He paused oddly. "You know who he is, don't you?"

(Continued on page 61)

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE

Colonel Carl now heads the Carrier Section of the Flight Test Division at the Naval Air Test Station, Patuxent River, Maryland

FABULOUS FLIER

By Lt. Col. CLARKE NEWLON, USAF

Test pilot Marion Carl, Marine Corps lieutenant colonel and World War II ace, is one of the world's best—if not the best—natural-born aviators

THE lights in the cockpit and on the wing tips had gone out about five minutes before, but it wasn't as dark as you might think, for at 25,000 feet he was well over the cloudcast and the stars were brilliant.

He had waited perhaps a full minute, feeling the pulse of the Panther's jet engine through the control stick in his hands. It was good, he reflected, that this ailing Panther was over the West Coast of the United States and not over, say the Korea Straits. He fished the slender flashlight from the left breast pocket of his flying suit and turned it on the instrument panel.

The remote compass wasn't working. The magnetic compass and the altimeter showed that he hadn't deviated up, down or sideways. That was habit; straight and level. The tachometer showed the r.p.m. at 90 per cent, about right. So was air speed. The whole electrical system was out.

The landing gear he could get down manually. Fuel was still feeding properly, although the boost pumps were not functioning. Missing were radio, dive flaps, wing flaps, landing lights—any lights.

"I probably should have landed—and quick," admits Lieutenant Colonel Marion Carl, U.S. Marine Corps. "I could have. There are other fields between Portland and North Island at San Diego. But North Island was the only place I could get repairs. I had filed my flight plan for North Island and, since they were expecting me, I kept going."

Flying largely by dead reckoning, instinct and flashlight, he was still 40 miles from North Island when the jet flame went out and the Panther's engine died. At 25,000 feet and pushing nine miles a minute ground speed, the only sound was the shrill whine of air past the cockpit, filtered through the solid bulk of his crash helmet.

Now his choice was clear-cut. He could make a powerless dead-stick landing without radio, without lights and without any kind of flaps to brake his air speed. Or he could use his parachute.

Most pilots would have bailed out. "I probably should have," says Carl. But most pilots hadn't practiced dead-stick landings time after time, by day and by night—just in case. And most pilots hadn't logged nearly 5,000 hours of single-engine time. And most pilots aren't practically nerveless.

Carl put the Panther on a long glide for North Island, the proper glide to produce maximum distance. Minutes later he picked up the lights of San Diego and the airfield.

He had plenty of altitude left and he dived straight for the tower, streaked above and in front of it and then coasted swiftly back up to 2,000 feet. It was actually the downwind leg of a normal landing pattern, if a little unorthodox in execution.

The colonel and his lady, the former Edna Kirvin, and their daughter, Lyanne. Carl met her during a 30-day leave from Guadalcanal in 1942

The men in the control tower had heard him in the dive, but by the time they got to the window he was out of both sight and hearing. The runway lights were on anyway. There wasn't much they could have done except get the ambulance and crash truck out, and he didn't need those.

Carl judged his altitude and speed, kicked the landing gear down and made a swift, banking 180-degree turn. He hit the runway just above stalling speed and rolled to a stop.

He was worried about leaving the plane on the runway, and unhappy about the mile and a half he had to walk to the tower.

The Marine and Navy aviators he flies with were impressed, but they weren't surprised. At Cherry Point, the Marine Air Base in North Carolina, where Carl did a tour of duty, they say:

"We could always tell when the field was socked in. That was when Marion went up to get in his flying time."

They will tell you there, and elsewhere in both the Marines and the Navy, that Marion Carl is one of the best—if not *the* best—natural-born aviators in the world.

Carl is a fabulous flier, fitted by temperament and training for the most exacting job of them all—test piloting. As head of the Carrier Section of the Flight Test Division at the Naval Air Test Station in Patuxent River, Maryland, he and the dozen men working with him have the job of testing naval planes designed for use on carriers. This used to mean light planes. Since the end of World War II, however, they have been getting progressively heavier. On his judgment—and on the judgment of a few others like him—the Navy may risk $1,000,000,000 in aircraft orders and the lives of hundreds of pilots in a shooting war.

The Panther which conked out on him over San Diego is a good airplane. ("If it hadn't been good I could never have made that landing.") Carl helped test it and knew it was good. The Navy bought it and it came about that the Panther was the first Navy jet lifted off the decks of plunging carriers by Carl's brother officers to help the Air Force bomb, rocket and machine-gun North Korean supply lines.

Marion Carl got where he is and how he is in just one way—by flying. Since he won his Marine wings late in 1939, he has rarely been out of an airplane for as long as five days at a stretch. One big exception was when he was shot down at Guadalcanal.

That war started for Carl on December 8, 1941, just one day after Pearl Harbor, when he went aboard the carrier Saratoga. He arrived at Midway Island on Christmas Day. He got his first kill in June, 1942, and three months later he had shot down 15 more Japanese planes.

From Midway it was Guadalcanal, the Solomons, the New Hebrides and back to the Solomons until he had piled up a score of 18 Jap aircraft shot down in the air during three years in the Pacific theater.

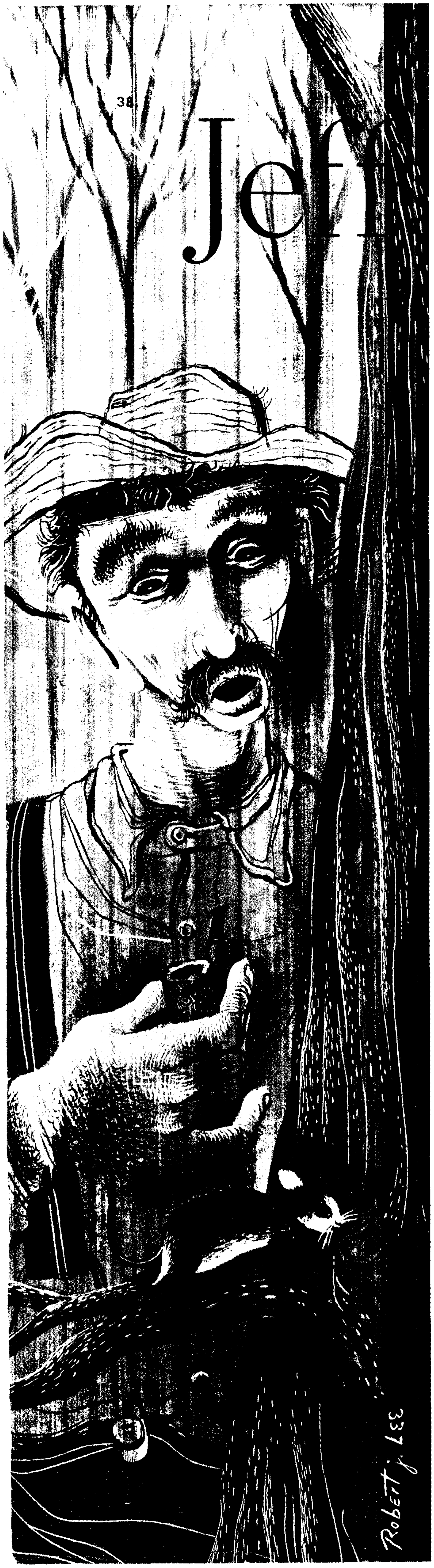
Home after the war may have been anticlimactic to some. It wasn't to Carl. In January, 1945, he went to Patuxent as a test pilot and he remained there for more than two and one-half years, going up day after day to make hazardous checks on the Phantom, the Fury, the Bearcat and others, including the Navy tests on the Air Force's F-80 Shooting Star. From there he went to Cherry Point for two years to command a squadron of Marine fighters.

Now, on his second tour at Patuxent, he has been involved in testing the Navy's jet Panther and the Marine's F4U-5, latest model of the famous Corsair. It has been in production about a year. He is still helping test the Navy's Banshee, Skyknight and Cutlass, all three jet fighters.

He celebrated his thirtieth birthday on November 1, 1946, by taking the F-80 off a carrier. It was the first time an F-80—originally not designed for such use—had been operated aboard a carrier. He took it off the deck and brought it back. Then he took it off by catapult and brought it back.

On August 25, 1947, he rode the Douglas Skystreak to a new world record of 650.8 miles an hour over Muroc Lake—a record that stood for a year, until Carl's friend, Major Johnny Johnson of the Air Force, also a test pilot, upped it 20-odd miles an *(Continued on page 55)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN



Then I saw something I couldn't scarcely believe. There was mice climbing up that tree

Jeff and the Grateful Mouse

By WALTER KARIG

THESE days architects call it a "breezeway" and contractors get a lot of money putting six feet of roofing over nothing, but where I come from we called it the dogtrot—a passage between buildings—and that's where Jeff Doolittle was sitting trying to clean a twice-turned paper collar with the soft side of a crust of bread when my sister Elizabeth Anne and I found him to complain there was nothing to do. Jeff ran my lawyer uncle's farm, constantly pitting his experience against Uncle's book learnin' in order to raise a crop or a calf. It kept Jeff pretty busy, but never breathless. Anyhow, all the time his hands were busy, and so was his tongue.

"Nothing to do? Nothing to do? Well, I be dog! I don't expect to be able to say that even when I'm dead and gone to heaven. Looks like this collar is as clean as it'll ever get."

"Well, I'm sorry but I can't help you youngsters out any. I got a chore to do. I'm going to pick potato bugs. I make a game out of it. I take me two lard tins and go down a row spraying the bugs. I knock the harder-shell bugs, the striped ones, into one can and the soft-shell red ones in tother can, and see which has the mostest. If the harder shells win, I buy 'em a cigar—but on account of they don't smoke, and are dead anyhow, I always get it back. If the soft-shell ones win, I buy a plate of ice cream in their honor, next time I'm down to the General Store.

"No, I don't think I want you to play the game. Well, because what'd you do with a cigar if the harder shells won? Yes, I reckon we could possibly make the prize something else. Yes. I do think we could make it strawberry ice cream if the harder shells won and chocolate for the soft-shell prize. You find a couple lard buckets on the trash pile, and meet me in the tool shed."

Later, in the potato patch, Jeff showed us how to do it.

"You don't have to touch 'em, see?" Take yourself a little stick and knock 'em into the can . . . Did God make potato bugs? I reckon He did, Lizbeth Anne. He made everything else. What good is they? Well, that'd be hard to say. I guess there's some good in everything if you look for it.

"Take mice, for instance. I heard tell about a mouse once—shucks, why should I fib to you? I seen this with my own eyes. These here buckets remind me of him.

"This here mouse, by name of Willie— How'd I know his name? Why, 'cause I named him. Anyhow, Willie fell into a bucket once trying to lick the lard offen the sides, and he couldn't get out. Well, I seed him there in the bucket, racing around and scrabbling at the greasy slick tin sides of it trying to catch a-holt so I picks up one of Sophie's kittens. I dropped that kitten into the five-pound bucket and waited around to see the fun. But the kitten had just et his supper and didn't feel like catching mice. He just batted at the mouse with one paw. Willie, he— What was the kitten's name? Name of Astrofy. Short for Cat Astrofy.

"Well, Willie, he seed that Astrofy hadn't got his heart into the mouse-catching business so all of a sudden he sat up on his hanches and put his little front paws together, and he squeaked and he squoke like he was begging off. And I be dog if that Astrofy didn't tuck in his feet and prick up his ears like he was listening, then he nodded, and rared up agin' the side of the bucket so it tipped over, and mouse and kitten both scampered away.

"After that, Astrofy seemed so ashamed of hisself he never caught another mouse, but he sure became death on rats. He'd ketch more rats than the whole cat-and-caboodle put together, and got to be worth his weight in pure gold as a ratter. One evening a strange dog comes into the yard and took out after Astrofy. The cat streaked out for the nearest tree, that tall spindly sour gum down by the calf shed, with the dog snapping so close behind him Astrofy got a permanent wave in his tail hairs. He hit that tree just a snatch ahead of the dog and going so fast he had to dig in deep with his claws to keep from shooting right off the top. And there he stayed, fifty feet up, too scared to move.

"Well, I druv off the dog and set to work to coax that cat down, but like all treed cats he wouldn't budge. Every time he looked down he got dizzy. I tried to climb after him, but thirty foot off the ground the trunk started to lean under my weight. I brung out fresh liver and even broiled it over a stick fire so's the smell would coax him down. All the other cats rallied around and meowed at him, like saying 'Just shut your eyes, you tarnal fool, and back down,' but he just clang there, so they et the liver and went back to the barn because it was coming on to rain. I went home, figuring the rain would fetch Astrofy down, but it didn't.

"Next morning he was still up in the tippy-top branch, which the wind was whipsawin' like to fling him off like a stone in a slingshot. So I swallered my pride and asked the boys down at Phoenix Hook and Ladder to help me out, which they tried to and drank up a gallon of good cider whilst trying, but their longest ladder didn't go up halfway.

"One of the boys who tried to shinny up till the tree bent come down and said, 'Funniest thing I ever saw, but that tree's got mice.' "

" 'Mice?' says I. What do you mean?' "

" 'Just what I said,' says he. 'Bet six of 'em passed me up there.' "

" 'Passed you?' says I. 'I reckon you had too much cider.' "

" 'Might be,' he says, so the fire laddies finished the rest of the jug and druv off, leaving me sitting there wondering what to do. All of a sudden there's the dangedest commotion in that treetop. I backs off to look and there's Astrofy cutting up like crazy. He's hanging on that spindly branch with one hind foot and one front foot and waving the other legs in the air like a circus acrobat. Then I seen him do a handstand, and try a headstand, but the branch bends too much so he grabs it with his forepaws and chins hisself a couple of times, all the while he's singing to himself something that sounds like Sweet Adeline. And then I saw something I hadn't noticed but couldn't scarcely believe, 'cept I smelled it, too. There was mice climbing that tree and each one had in his little mouth a sprig of catnip from that patch behind the springhouse.

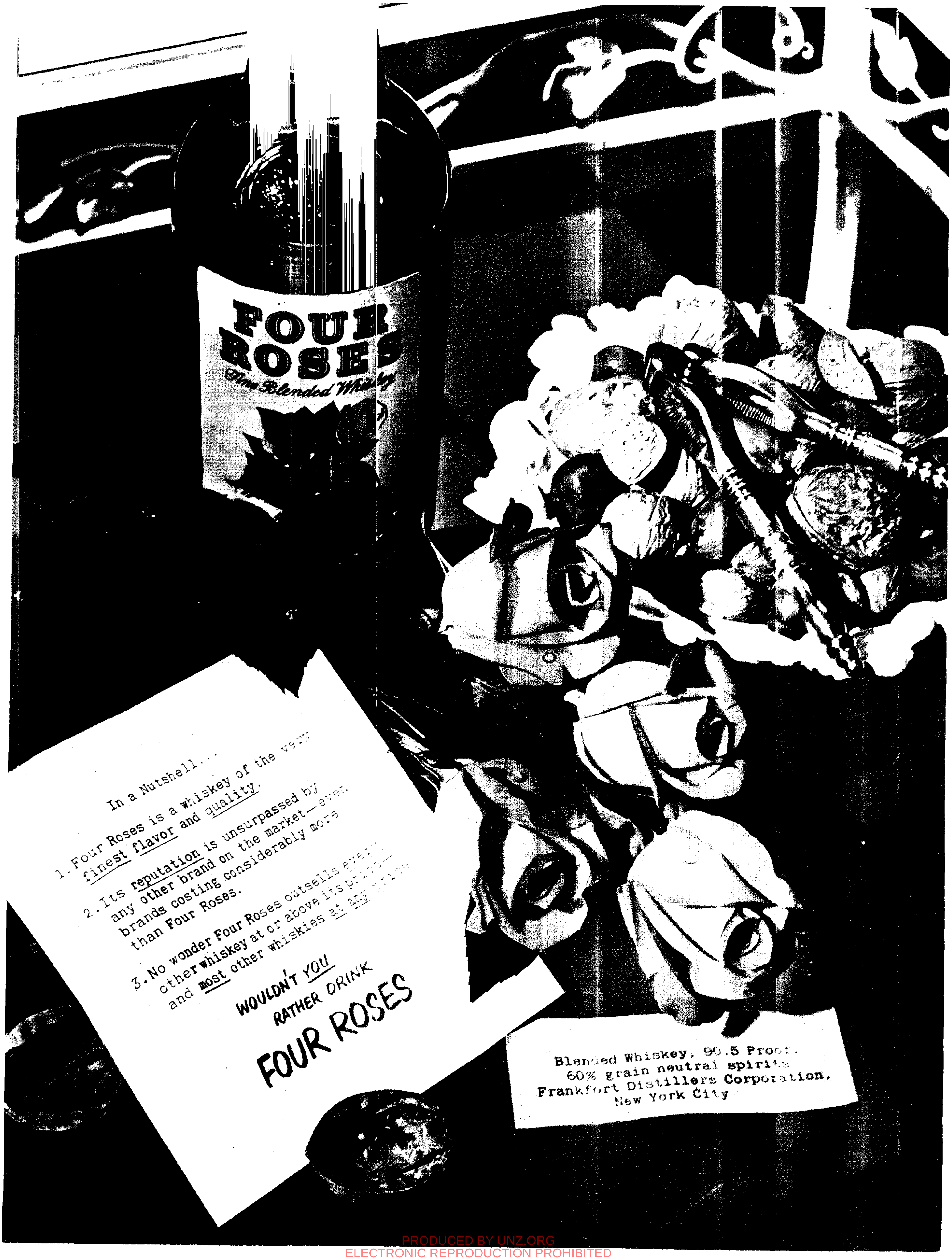
"That Willie mouse had organized a rescue team to pay for having his life saved! I seen them mice climb right up to Astrofy's face and stick their catnip under his nose. I did.

"Pretty soon Astrofy is feeling so happy and devil-may-care he come spiraling down that tree trunk like a squirrel, singing and whooping joyous-like every step of the way. When he hits the ground he tries to jump on my shoulder but misses by a good two foot, and falls asleep where he flang hisself purring to the tune of Glorious, Glorious. And all the mice come scrambling down and heads for the corncrib. But I didn't care, I was that glad to have Astrofy back.

"So you see, even the meanest, low-downest critter can be powerful useful.

"Well, it looks to me like the soft-shell potato bugs have purely won, haven't they? We must of picked a quart of them. And they learned you they had some use after all, giving you young'uns something to do, and Mister Hoskins gets to sell two extry plates of ice cream. Experience is the best learnin', I always say." THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT



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Innocent Rapture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Fernando had no sense of humor and Dixie couldn't very well back out.

Or was it? Did this loathsome child know what she was talking about? He weighed the chances. Then he heard cries of girlish laughter from the court and before he could turn around a strong hand crushed his shoulder.

"Ha! Did you see what a magnificent game I played just now, my friend?" Fernando flashed his teeth, and then flung an arm about Dixie's waist. "And little Dixie. She played well for a woman. Of course, I did not extend myself."

"My backhand is getting better all the time," Dixie said happily.

"Did you see the execution of my last play?" Fernando asked. "I coax her to the net. Boom. I drive her to the base line. Boom. Back to the net. And then I let her have it at the base line again. Boom. Boom. It's all over."

"I think with a little more practice my backhand *will* be perfect," Dixie said. "Do you all want to watch while I practice my half gainer on the high board?"

"I will do full gainers," Fernando said. "Everybody wait while I change to my trunks."

Joe hated diving: high places made him giddy. He watched darkly as Fernando strode off toward the lockers. When he turned back to Dixie he was pained to see that she was watching Fernando too.

"That build!" she sighed. "That build in bathing trunks!"

"I think he's getting the least bit fat," Joe said.

"He's perfectly beautiful," Polly said. "Don't you think so, Dix?"

Dixie breathed deeply. "Man, oh, man!" she said. "Zowie!" Then she ran off.

WHEN Dixie and Fernando finished diving they lay down beside the pool to attend to their sun tans and permitted Polly to rub them with oil. Every ten minutes they turned over in unison and Polly repaired their oil coatings.

The third time she came back from the side of the pool, Polly set the sun tan oil down on the table with a bang. "Get busy, Joey," she said. "Things are moving faster than I figured. She's promising to try his health diet—raw tomatoes and buttermilk."

Joe snorted.

"Please," she said. "Everyone knows the way to an actor's heart is through his diet. I can see their children now, all pepped up with cold showers and Finnish baths, doing nip-ups all over the place."

"Am I supposed to kidnap him for you?"

"No," Polly said. "You plan the campaign. I'll handle the rough stuff."

"Go away and leave me alone."

"You've got to help me."

"Look, Polly," he said gently. "You're a nice child and you're bright enough. But there are certain—uh—tangibles that Dixie has and you don't have. Let's not try to buck Mother Nature."

"You're no Samson yourself," Polly said.

"I'm not under examination," he said with dignity. "You asked me for my honest opinion and I gave it to you. So let's have no more nonsense."

"Okay. But it's a darn' shallow measure of judgment, falling for a girl just because she has tangibles," she said. "But if all you have to do is buy an uplift and false eyelashes—"

He glanced at Fernando, his shining back tan against the blue and white tiles of the pool. "I don't know why you bother."

She followed his gaze. "Man, oh, man!" she said. "Zowie!"

He felt as if he'd caught a fingernail in a wool blanket. . . .

He didn't see Dixie on Monday because he had to go to a guild meeting that night, and on Tuesday, Polly answered the phone and said that Dixie was out. Ten minutes before noon on Wednesday, Joe was lying on the divan in his office, trying to figure his way through a story jam, when Polly came to call on him.

"Hi," he said. "How's Dixie?"

"Having lunch with Fernando." She stepped ahead of him into his office and spun around. "How do I look?"

She was wearing a yellow dress that fitted close above her waist. Her lips were red and her eyes looked larger. "You're wearing false eyelashes," he said.

"I don't have to. I just dyed the ones I have."

"That's disgusting."

"At least you noticed." She sat down on the desk and picked up the telephone. "The Gay Conquistador set, please."

"What are you doing now?" Joe asked.

"Hello," Polly said. "When do you break for lunch? Thank you." She hung up and smiled at him. "Fernando's company just left. If we hurry, we can run into him and Dixie in the commissary."

"Are you sure you want to be saddled with a lunkhead like Fernando?"

"Man, oh, man—" she began.

"Quit that. It gives me the creeps." He took a deep breath. "If I agree to help you, Polly, you've got to do as I say."

"Oh, I *will.*"

"The first thing is to preserve the illusion of—uh—femininity. You've got to quit chasing him."

"What do you think Dixie's doing?"

He managed a smile. "You will be different," he said. "You don't go in much for swimming or tennis or high diving, so we'll have you the old-fashioned type. You're too fresh for your own good, so you won't do much talking—"

"What on earth *will* I do?"

"You'll languish. You'll sit under an awning and watch him swim and play tennis. You'll smile gently and think he's wonderful and listen to him."

"Oh, brother," Polly said. "What slush!"

He gave her a stern look. "We might as well start now," he said. "Remember, you're at the studio because I invited you for lunch. And if Fernando asks us to sit down at his table, you refuse."

"Hey!"

"This time you refuse," he said.

"When's next time?"

"Sunday. At the club. That gives me a chance to get you ready."

POLLY stopped by the studio on Thursday after her classes and he told her about posture and about smiling rather than laughing when somebody told a joke. Friday they covered the difference between unpleasant wit and having a sense of humor. When he dropped by Saturday night Dixie was out so he told Polly about quiet confidence of manner, graciousness, and subtle flattery.

Sunday afternoon Joe was sitting at the side of the club pool, watching Fernando and Dixie race, when Polly arrived.

She paused at the clubhouse door, gave Joe a gentle smile, and then floated toward him. "Hello, Joe dear," she said. "You look wonderful."

"You sure follow orders," he said grudgingly. "You're half an hour later than I told you to be late."

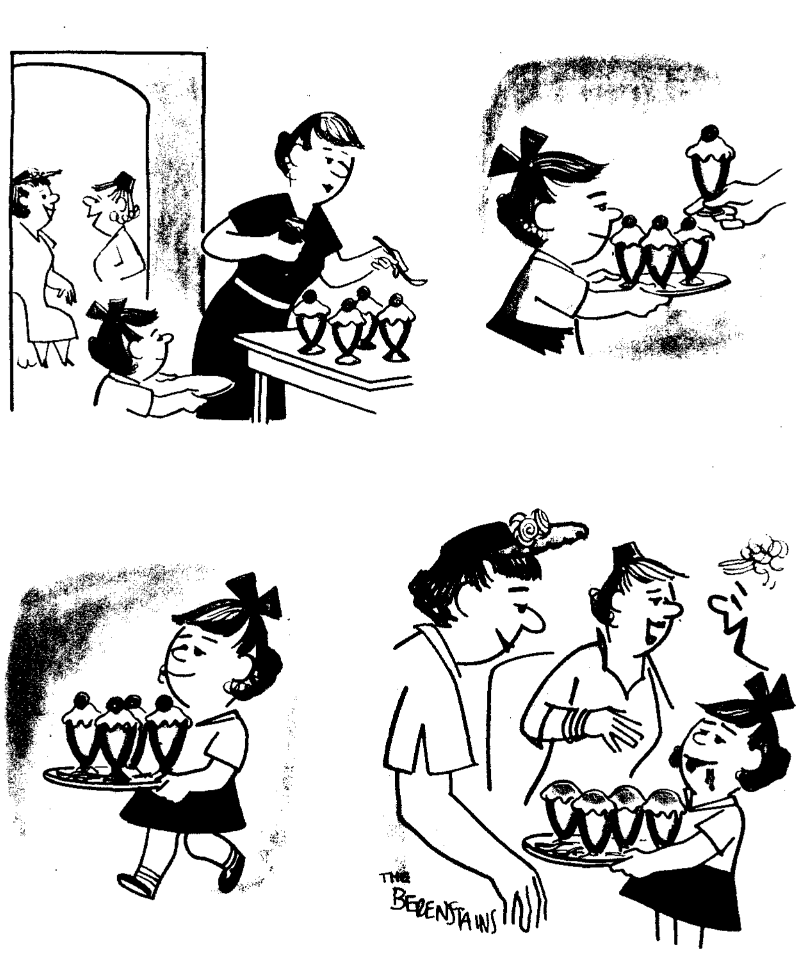
She gave him a look of admiration. "That's a lovely tie you're wearing."

He gave a reflex beam of pride before he remembered he was wearing an open-necked sport shirt. "What did you do—practice that before a mirror?"

"Yep," she said. "I've got a whole routine worked up. I register all the way from maidenly surprise to ardor. You ought to see Innocent Rapture."

"Ho." A deep voice shouted and Fernando pulled himself out of the pool and stood beside them, rippling his muscles. "I gave her a lap handicap and still I won. Hello, little Polly. Did you see me win?"

SISTER



COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"You're so powerful," she said. "You do the most magnificent crawl I've ever seen."

She gave him Deep Admiration and he came right back with Modest Satisfaction. Just then Dixie reached the side of the pool and hung there laughing up at them with Joy of Living.

"Hey, isn't anybody going to help me out of the pool?" Dixie yelled. "Fernando, you crowded me. That's why I lost."

"You lost because you don't swim as fast as I do," Fernando said. He pulled her out of the pool. "Next time I give you a two-lap handicap."

"Next time don't crowd me," she said. She tore off her white cap and tossed her blond hair back from her face. "Where'd you get that dress?" she asked Polly.

"It's one of your old ones," Polly said. "Of course I had to take it in a bit."

They all examined Polly's figure.

"You're growing up, I think, little one," Fernando said.

She looked down modestly and then directly up into his eyes. Joe felt as if he'd stuck his finger in a light plug.

"Dixie," he said nervously. "Ready to go home?"

"Golly, Joe, I guess I should have told you," Dixie said. "Fernando and I are going to have dinner at the beach."

"Oh," Joe said. "Oh, well."

"Gee," Polly gave a girlish cry. "It'll be beautiful—the lights on the water." She looked up at Fernando again in that objectionable way. "I suppose you'll be riding on the roller coaster."

"Hey, that's an idea," Dixie said. "I love those things."

Joe said, "Roller coasters! Kid stuff!"

Fernando smiled. "The little cars that go up and down. Zoom. Zoom. Zz, around the corner. There was a process shot of me riding one in Latin Quarter."

"You were wonderful in Latin Quarter," Polly said.

The perfect teeth flashed brightly. "Listen to me, Dixie. I have an idea. We will take the little sister to the beach with us. We will make a party."

Dixie frowned. "Don't you have to study, Polly?"

Polly didn't seem to hear. She said, "Do they still have the Shoot the Chutes?"

The frown wavered and Dixie's eyes grew dreamy. "Oh, man!" she said. "The Shoot the Chutes!"

"Can Joe come too?" Polly asked.

"But of course," Fernando said. "If little sister wants her young man with her, Joe is invited. Naturally."

"I'm not her young man," Joe said hotly. "And if the Shoot the Chutes is that thing that goes way up and dives into the water, I won't set foot in it."

He looked around belligerently, but no one was listening.

THE flat boat made its turn and slithered toward the edge of the greased incline. Joe took a deep breath. Dixie and Fernando were in the seat ahead of him, laughing merrily, full of childlike cheer, but all he had beside him was Polly.

She said, "That puddle down there is where we're supposed to end up. I hope we make it."

"It was your idea," he said.

"Well, I got us invited along, didn't I? I had to get Dix off her guard somehow."

He gave a bitter laugh. "It's a shame you didn't think of Russian roulette."

They sat and stared, the boat teetered on the crest of the slide, and suddenly Fernando leaped to his feet. He put a hand on Dixie's shoulder and gave a cry of jubilation.

"*Hola!*" he yelled. "Watch!"

Joe shut his eyes. The boat whistled straight down, dipped, and hit something with a crash, swooped in the air, hit something else, and began to slow down. Finally

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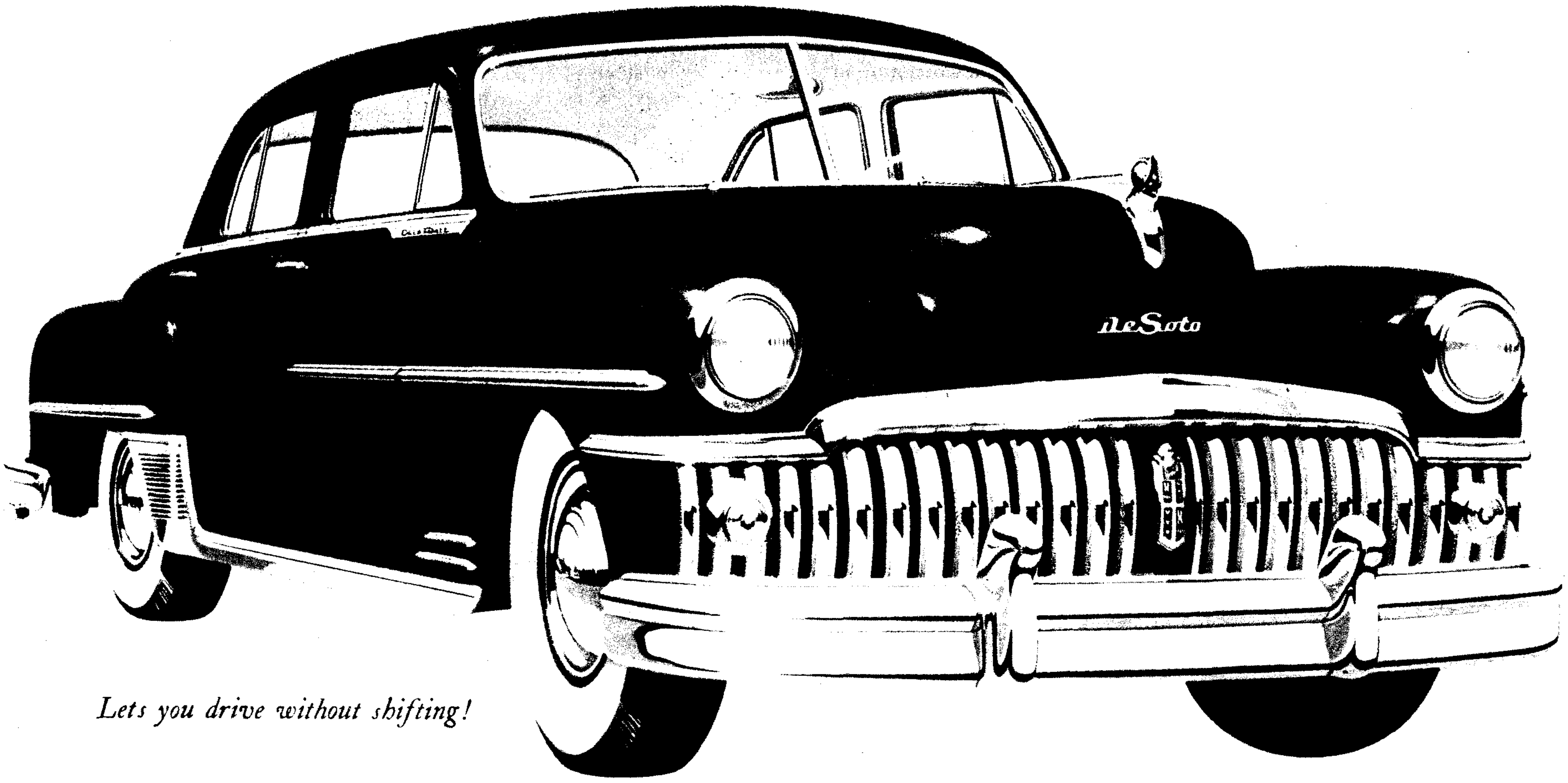

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there was a thud, a scraping, and then quiet. The boat had stopped.

Joe opened his eyes and saw Dixie and Fernando spring nimbly to the concrete embankment. He felt something stirring in his arms, looked down, and discovered that it was Polly.

"Say now—this is sort of fun," she said.

"Excuse me." He disentangled himself with dignity. "I thought for a second you were going to fall out."

"Oh," she said. "Nothing personal about it."

"Not in the least."

"I don't suppose you were scared."

"Don't be ridiculous," he said.

There was a short silence; then she got out of the boat.

"You see?" Fernando called to her. "You see, Polly, little sister? I stand up the whole ride."

She went over to him. "Fernando, you *shouldn't* have," she said. "You might have been killed."

He laughed. "Ah, little one. For me it is not so dangerous. I have a magnificent sense of balance."

Dixie pushed between them. "If you hadn't held me down I would have stood up too." She came over to the boat and said, "All right, Joe, you can't sit there all night."

He got out and she seized his arm.

"Come on," she said. "Wait till we get on the roller coaster. Just you wait."

AS THEY walked down the pier, Joe began to wonder if something hadn't changed. For the first time since he had known her, being grabbed by Dixie Evans didn't carry the old heedless pleasurable wallop.

He had a feeling about her and the roller coaster, an unpleasant feeling. He saw a shooting gallery and tried to lure her in, but she didn't even hear him. He had no better luck with the rabbit race, or the midget cars, but at the roller coaster ticket window he came up with an inspiration.

"I just remembered," he said. "We can't go. It hasn't been an hour since we ate."

She plunged on. "That's swimming, you dope."

He tried Fernando. "Listen," he said. "You're in the middle of a picture. Suppose the car jumped the tracks. Think what it would cost the studio to shoot all your scenes over with another man."

"What's wrong, my friend?" Fernando smiled. "It cannot be that you are afraid, no?"

"Don't be crazy," Dixie laughed. "Who's scared of a roller coaster?"

"In case anyone cares," Polly said, "*I'm* scared to death of roller coasters."

Joe examined her and for the first time he realized that she was sort of attractive. She had character, too, coming right out and admitting she was scared. Come to think of it, there was something tragic about her being infatuated with Fernando; she needed someone brighter, somebody who could teach her things, guide her young mind on the proper path.

"Dixie," he said. "You and Fernando take a nice long ride and I'll buy Polly a frozen custard or something. We'll meet you right here when you're through."

Gratitude shone in Polly's eyes, but before Joe could do anything about it, Fernando put an arm around her shoulder and began walking her through the gate.

"Dear little sister," he said. "There is no reason to be frightened if you are with me. Come. I will sit with you and you will see how easy it is."

"Hey!" Dixie yelled, pulling Joe along. "Wait for us."

By the time she got him to the cars, Polly and Fernando had the last seat and most of the others were filled, but the first seat in the first car was empty. When Dixie saw it, she gave a shriek of pure joy.

"Oh, boy!" She shepherded Joe into it and sat down beside him. "We'll have it better than they will. The front seat is really rugged."

The car clacked up the grade and Joe set his teeth and got a firm grip on the safety bar. As they lurched over the top, he took one look down and was shutting his eyes when the bar jerked in his hands. Dixie was trying to stand up. He loosed one hand and grabbed the back of her skirt. He held on and pulled, and when they hit the bottom of the dip she sat down hard. He caught her around the neck, shut his eyes, and hung on. She was yelling something, but he couldn't hear her above the roar.

Finally the car shuddered to a halt and Dixie broke away. She jumped out onto the platform. "Who do you think you are?" she asked furiously. "Gorgeous George?" She pulled her skirt straight, whirled and started toward the back car. "Listen, Fernando, I was going to do it standing up and backward, but—"

She stopped in mid-sentence and Joe got out on the platform to see what was wrong. In the last seat, Polly and Fernando were locked in a complicated Latin embrace.

"Hey, what's going on?" Dixie yelled.

Polly pushed Fernando away and jumped out of the car. She stood on the edge of the platform and when he got up she leaned over and hit him in the eye. He sat down with a thump.

Dixie ran and stood over him: "Listen, you! What do you mean, attacking my little sister?"

Fernando got to his feet in a kind of daze. "A pretty girl," he said. "A man of temperament. Alone in the back seat of a roller coaster. Is it expected I should have ice water in the veins?" He paused. "Anyway, she came into my arms herself."

Dixie turned on Polly. "So. It was you. Making passes at Fernando."

Polly looked at Joe. "It isn't true. I told you I was scared, and when we started down I grabbed the nearest thing. You know how it is. But he thought I was—"

FERNANDO stepped out of the car and faced Joe. "My friend, what would *you* think? A young girl throws herself upon you, holds you close—"

"I did not," Polly said.

Fernando shrugged. "My friend, I ask you. As a man of the world."

It was the shrug that did it, or maybe it was something in Polly's eyes. Joe said, "Don't call me your friend, you big ham."

"Ham!" Fernando stiffened.

Joe let himself go. "If Polly says she was scared, she was scared. Who wouldn't be scared? I was scared. Anybody'd be scared except a moron or an actor."

"Moron!" Dixie yelled. "Actor!"

Joe stepped up to Fernando. "Apologize, or I'll punch you in the nose."

"Ha!" Fernando said. "*You* will punch *me!*" His eyes flashed. "Ho! We shall see who punches!" He took off his coat and handed it to Dixie. "Remember," he said, "in Scourge of the Border I killed a man with my bare hands."

"Give it to him," Dixie said fiercely.

Joe stared at her, his blond goddess gone berserk. He stared at Fernando, the wide shoulders, the biceps, the slim waist. He had a sinking feeling, and looked down for a rock, a piece of plank, but there was nothing handy. He had one arm out of his coat when Polly gave a sharp cry.

"Fernando! Look! Your eye!"

Fernando drew back. "My eye?"

"Where I hit you. It's turning black."

Fernando put a hand to his face. "My eye. My picture." He turned to Dixie. "Quick. Am I all right?"

She ran to him and put her hands on his shoulders. "I can't tell," she said. "In this light I can't be sure. We'd better get you to a doctor."

Joe began to feel better. "A doctor?" he said scornfully. "For a black eye?"

"Hurry," Polly said. "It's turning purple."

Joe took a step toward Fernando. "I don't see anything." He gave a bold, scoffing laugh. "It wouldn't be that you're scared of me—eh, Fernando?"

Fernando turned on him, scowling, and Joe moved back quickly. Not in fright, nothing like that. Just the natural quick-footed grace of the wary boxer. He danced a step or two, a will-o'-the-wisp, and somehow his feet went out from under him. He fell, his arms flailing, and lighted on the end of his spine. When the shock wore off he found himself in the last seat of the roller coaster with Polly.

"Hey," he said. "What happened?"

"You slipped."

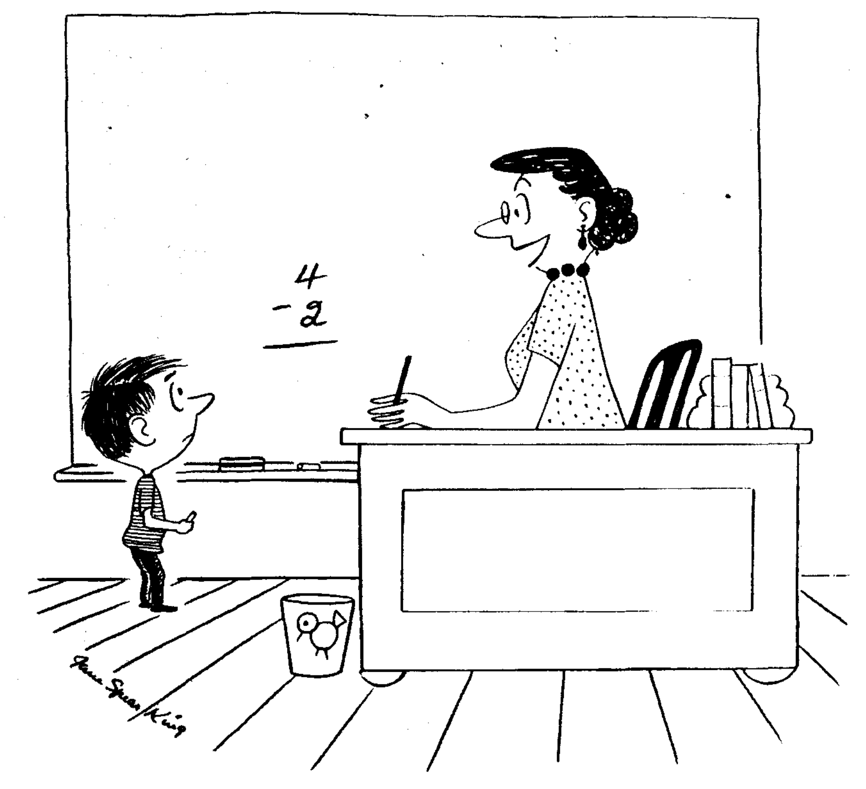
"You pushed me."

"Maybe a little," she said. "I had to save you somehow."

"Save me?"

"From yourself," she said quickly. "Think how sore your studio would be if you cut him up in the middle of a picture."

"You had no right—" He paused. "Well, yes. I see what you mean."



COLLIER'S "Let's put it this way—if a batter drives a hard low fly in the slot between third and short and on the overthrow he steals second base, how many bases are left?" JANE SPEAR KING

He heard an ominous clacking. Then the car lurched, and when he looked past Polly the pier was sinking away beneath them.

"Hey," he yelled. "This thing's moving."

"Oh, no, Joe!" She threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Joe—I'm scared."

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey, somebody! Get us off of here!"

"Please, Joe," she said. "Hold me."

INSTINCTIVELY he grabbed her and held on, his eyes shut, and somehow their lips came together. The train of cars dived over the top, there was a mounting roar, a girl screamed, his stomach hit him in the throat, and the next thing he knew there was a great silence all around and Polly was stirring in his arms.

"Joe," she whispered. "Joe, darling. Are they gone?"

He straightened up and looked at the platform. No Fernando. No Dixie. "Yes," he said, "they're gone." He had a feeling of vertigo. He looked back down at her and then it came to him. "Hey, wait a minute," he said. "What's this 'Joe, darling' stuff?"

She said, "Here comes the ticket man. Let's ride again."

He jumped out of the car. "No."

She let him help her to the platform and stood looking down. "It's funny," she said. "This last time I wasn't the least bit scared. Were you?"

"Don't change the subject," he said. "You can't go around kissing everyone and calling them darling. What about you and Fernando?"

"Please, Joe," she said. "Don't tease me. You knew all along it wasn't Fernando."

She dropped her eyes and looked up at him through the lovely dyed lashes, and something about the way she did it gave him a familiar shock.

"Hey," he said. "Stop it. Stop looking at me that way."

She said, "I should have remembered you're a writer. You're analytical. Intuitive. I guess you saw through me from the very first."

He knew that look—Innocent Rapture—and he tried to frown. He said, "Polly, quit it—quit it this instant." But his voice didn't have the old authority.

"You know all about people," she said. "About women. About love."

He knew he ought to do something drastic. She didn't realize what she was saying, and he ought to stop her before she made a fool of herself. He ought to laugh the whole thing off, but right now he felt a little giddy.

She said, "It was sweet of you to make me over."

"What? What's that?"

"You know. The illusion of femininity."

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course."

"Am I all right now, darling? You're sure you like me as an old-fashioned type?"

"Yes. Yes, dear."

He looked down into her eyes, and he had a feeling that something had gone wrong somewhere, somehow the situation was getting out of control. It was time for him to assert himself, but he found he was getting short of breath.

He said, "Now look, Polly, you mustn't get ideas."

"What ideas?"

"Well, uh—" It was going to be difficult; he shut his eyes and tried to think. "What I mean is, you're awfully young."

"Yes, darling?"

"You've got to finish college."

"Of course, Joe. If you want me to."

"Well?" He opened his eyes. "We've got to be sensible. You see?"

At first she frowned a little, and he thought maybe he hadn't been very tactful. Then she cried, "Oh, Joe—of course!" and her face lighted up in a way that made Innocent Rapture look like a paper match held against a sunrise.

"Darling!" she said. "It's a stroke of genius. A wonderful long old-fashioned engagement."

Oh, well, he thought, if he'd known she felt *that* way. THE END

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The Long, Thin Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

distractedly and then increased his stride.

When they were in the study below, the major asked, “Where shall I begin?”

Chafik did not answer immediately. He was looking at an oil painting above the fireplace, the portrait of a very beautiful woman who had the shining black hair and luminous eyes of Zarifa. “Tell me about the long, thin man,” he said.

“The long, thin man doesn't exist.”

The major's voice was reserved.

Chafik, who considered controlled emotion a form of masochism, perched himself on the edge of a chair and began, “I had heard your daughter was ill, but I did not know what illness. When did it start?”

“After we returned from England. I left Zarifa here with her old nurse while I went away to be married.”

“The nurse is the woman for whom she calls?”

“Yes. Adma. She was my first wife's personal maid and raised Zarifa after Mrs. Wick died.”

Chafik wondered what had happened to the nurse. He asked, “What does Zarifa see?”

“She says she sees a long, thin and shadowy man. That's her only description. At first she was always alone when it happened, but recently she's been seeing him even when we're there. Her mind—has gone.” The major's voice was calm.

Chafik said, “But children live in a world of fantasy. I, too, am a father and my small son constantly shocks me. Only yesterday he informed me he was a corpse and demanded I should solve his murder!” The Inspector smiled faintly at the memory, then went on gently, “Seeing things you do not see is not proof of Zarifa's insanity.”

Wick reached for a decanter and poured himself a stiff drink. It was his only concession to feeling. “You must find her insane!” he said harshly.

Inspector Chafik stood up, staring at the man in the chair.

“You have a peculiar desire. It means only one thing—”

“Yes,” Wick said. “I was a fool to try and hide it. A fool to wipe the knife, to fake that story about an intruder. But what else could I do? Wouldn't you, as a father?”

He reached for the decanter and then pushed it aside with repulsion.

“My daughter killed my brother.”

THE INSPECTOR went to the window and leaned out. He dared not look at the oddly calm man, not until his own distress was less evident. The garden outside was peaceful and the air came cool and clean from the nearby desert.

He had pity for the man in the chair, and pity for the new wife. Angela Wick had come to Baghdad dazzled by marriage to a distinguished man, and had found, not romance in a fabled land, but the tragedy of another woman's child.

Reluctantly Chafik turned his back on the night. He said quietly, “May I have the details?”

The major shrugged. “You'd find out anyway.”

“I am attentive,” the Inspector said.

“It seemed advisable, because of her illness, to send Zarifa to England,” Major Wick began. “Robert was prepared to take her there, to a proper place—”

Chafik interrupted, “I confess surprise. Forgive me, but your brother had a reputation for hardness.”

“He was a very hard man. Not with Zarifa, though. She was his only niece and he adored her—willed his fortune to her. She is his sole heir.”

“So?” Chafik said, and lighted a cigarette.

“I kept hoping her condition might improve,” the major said. “Last night we discussed it all again, Angela, Robert and I. They almost convinced me special care was necessary.”

“Madam could do nothing with Zarifa?”

“She tried. She was wonderful. My first wife's child, you know—not normal—inflicted on her—”

Wick stopped. When he was incoherent there was warmth in his voice, but he went on formally: “Afterward, Angela went to her room and Robert and I talked business, the reason for his visit. Suddenly we heard Zarifa screaming and then she came tearing in here, babbling about the long, thin man. The usual nightmare. Sometimes so convincing that I've almost believed—”

Chafik nodded. “Up there in the corridor I also wondered.”

WICK softened and said, “She opens a door. She goes into another world. I tried to explain that to Robert, but he wasn't the sort of chap to take it seriously. He always teased Zarifa about her long, thin man. It was foolish of him to laugh at her when she came in babbling. I'm sure that's why she snatched up the knife. He made her so furious, you see.”

“The anger of a child is normally primitive,” Chafik said.

“My wife came in at that moment,” the major went on. “She caught hold of Zarifa's arm and tried to take the knife away, but Zarifa tore loose and ran out, shouting at Robert, ‘The long, thin man will *kill* you!’ She locked herself in her room, refused to come out, so we all came back here.”

“And then what?” Chafik asked.

“Oh, finally I told Angela to get some rest and Robert and I tried to get back to business. But we couldn't, so he went up to his room and I followed, stopping to put out the lights. That's when I heard him shout.”

“There were words?”

“Yes. He shouted, ‘You little devil!’ ”

Chafik clasped his hands.

“I found Zarifa standing over him,” the major said. “She was babbling about the long, thin man. I got her into her room somehow. Then I woke Angela. She'd taken a pill, mercifully slept through it. I told her what had happened and we cooked up our story.”

The Englishman sat drained of words, frozen in the chair.

There were voices in the garden, an excuse to go to the window again. The Inspector saw his assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, come out of the shadows forcibly propelling a woman.

“What have you?” he asked.

Looking up, Abdullah said, “Sir, I found this woman attempting illegal entry by way of the spare guest room.”

The woman, who was as tall as her captor, and as gaunt, cried, “May a dead mother's ghost curse you! Let me to the little one! She cries for me—my Shiraz rose cries for me.”

Wick joined the Inspector, and explained, “She's Zarifa's old nurse, Adma.”

“She is no longer the child's nurse?”

“No. She lives in a cottage on my grounds and we keep her away from Zarifa as much as possible. Angela thought she was a bad influence, might even have turned Zarifa's mind. I suppose the woman heard what happened tonight, and—”

“Why was Adma's influence bad?” Chafik asked. He looked across the room and saw Mrs. Wick in the doorway and repeated the question to her. “I seek an explanation for all this fantasy,” he said.

“Adma is the explanation,” Angela Wick said furiously. “She was filling Zarifa's head with rubbish, fantastic stories—”

“But,” said the Inspector, “surely the mind of a child needs the nourishment of make-believe? I find no harm in it.”

“It depends on the child. Zarifa is highly strung and imaginative. You don't seem to know much about modern psychology,” Mrs. Wick said. Then she added wearily, “But what does it matter now? She's calling for Adma. Let the woman go to her. She might calm the child. She can do no more harm—not now.”

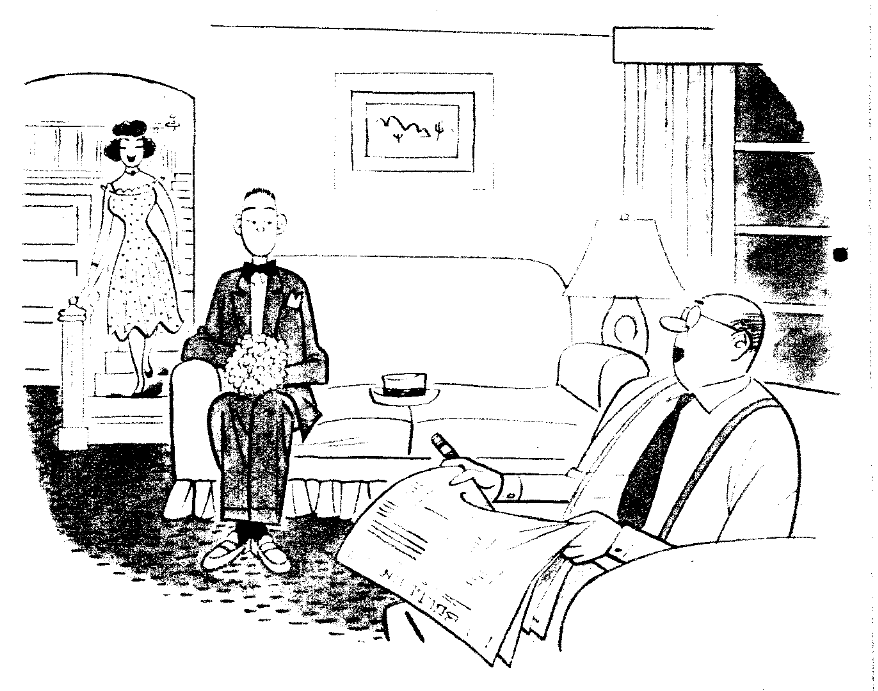
The calm voice suddenly broke and Mrs. Wick threw herself on a divan. The major went to his wife and put his arms around her.

EMBARRASSED, the Inspector slipped from the room. He was a religious man and his lips moved as he sought comfort in the Koran. But this time prayer failed him. “The Devil has made me a policeman,” he said, and went slowly up the stairs to continue a policeman's work.

The corridor had dim lights and a high ceiling. The Inspector paused to study the layout of the rooms.

On the left was Mrs. Wick's bedroom, which communicated with her husband's. A third room on the same side belonged to Zarifa. Chafik could hear the crooning voice of the nurse, and he listened, for he was multilingual and understood Persian.

“This Adma encourages the fantasy about the long, thin man,” he told Sergeant



COLLIER'S

“I don't place your face. Have you been on the hook long?”

DON TOBIN

Abdullah, who stood guard. "Encourages, or does not disbelieve," he said.

"Sir, I have seen many long, thin men since I have been here. The shadows are deceptive."

"Have a care, Abdullah. They may not be all shadows!"

The Inspector listened again and heard Zarifa's chatter, which sounded quite normal. He was relieved because he had a final and difficult interview before closing the case. He knocked on the door.

Adma opened it. Her angular shoulders were on a level with his head as she stood barring entrance. "It it not seemly to enter the sleeping chamber of a maid," she shrilled.

"With such a chaperon the maid has nothing to fear," the Inspector answered. "Furthermore, I am a father."

ZARIFA was sitting on the bed. She wore a dressing gown and her black hair was neatly combed and tied back with a ribbon. Her face was lovely, classic in its own way as was Angela Wick's. The nose was delicately chiseled, the eyes large and wide apart. She had a creamy skin, faintly touched with rose-petal duskiness—her Persian mother's coloring.

The girl said, looking calmly at Chafik, "Did you find him?"

"Him?"

"The long, thin man, you silly. I don't know what's wrong with you grownups," Zarifa said. "*Anybody* can see him."

Chafik said, "Alas! The eyes of grownups are often blurred. But I am attentive. Tell me, and I will search."

He sat by the child's side, smiling, and praying for her.

She stared at him and what she saw she liked, for he had a way with children. "He's long, you know," she confided. "I don't call him tall because he isn't. He stretches."

"How, Zarifa?" Chafik asked.

"Well, sometimes he's sort of dumpy. Then he grows, up and up, until he's very thin and his hat touches the ceiling."

"Ah, so he wears a hat. A hat like mine?" The Inspector indicated his black *sidarah,* the brimless hat worn by Iraquis.

Zarifa said, "That's a silly hat. No, I mean a proper one, like Daddy wears. And my thin man always has on a sort of coat. His walk's funny, sort of slinking, and he always keeps close to the wall. You never see his face. Sometimes I think he hasn't got one, or arms—but he must have arms because he killed Uncle Robert—"

The nurse interrupted, "Enough! Enough! Go you, man!"

Chafik wondered at Adma's sudden agitation; she had been calm enough until the dead man's name was mentioned.

"Did you like your uncle?" he asked Zarifa.

"Oh, yes."

"But *you* didn't!" Chafik challenged the Persian woman.

The nurse answered fiercely, "Should I have love for him when he would take away my dear one?"

"Your ear," the Inspector said, "has been applied to an informative keyhole." He turned back to Zarifa and asked, "Did you like your uncle better than your new mother?"

"Well, he played games with me and she didn't," the girl said. "But he did tease. He made me so angry, I—" She stopped, shuddered, then whispered, "The long, thin man came tonight. He opened my door and stood there. I was so frightened I hid my face and when I dared look he was gone, and I ran down to Daddy. Uncle was there and he laughed. That was when I became angry—so naughty."

"I heard about that," the Inspector said. "It *was* naughty. And then what did you do?"

"Ran back here and locked myself in."

"You had the knife?"

"No, I threw it away. I hated it. Oh, and I hated myself. I cried and cried, I was so sorry. I wanted to tell them, so I unlocked the door and went out. He was there—"

Perspiration trickled down the Inspector's back. "Uncle Robert?" he asked.

"The long, thin man—the long, thin man! He was there."

The girl's voice was suddenly shrill, wild with terror, and the nurse moved swiftly toward her. The Inspector intervened.

"Show me where you saw him," he said quietly, and taking Zarifa's hand he led her into the corridor.

She pointed to a spot near the door of her father's room.

"There," she said, calm again. "He was right up to the ceiling, bending over and creeping along the wall. Then Uncle came and shouted something. He saw him all right—he saw my long, thin man."

"And?" prompted Chafik.

"I don't know. I closed my eyes tight. There were funny sounds, thumps and a door shutting—I don't know—but when I peeped only poor Uncle was there. I ran to him. He—"

"Have done, man!" shouted the nurse.

The Inspector's swarthy face was gray. He said, "I am finished. But you, Adma, have *you* seen him?"

"He never appeared when I was about. He did not dare! But if the Little Rose says he comes, then he comes."

"Fantasy—" Chafik said in a carefully lowered voice and glancing at Zarifa; she was not listening.

"It is not fantasy!" Adma said fiercely. "So the foreign wife said. She blamed me and banished me. They planned to send my sweet one far away. But that they will not do, not now that he is dead!"

She moved to claim possession of Zarifa and her dark, thin face suddenly filled with emotion and horror. "Look!" she exclaimed. "Look what you have done, man!"

Zarifa was standing tiptoe, beckoning urgently. The Inspector bent and the girl slipped an arm around his neck and put her cheek against his. She turned her head and he looked into her eyes, very dark, under smoky brows. He saw the pupils dilate and the eyes escape him to peer into the shadows.

"You see?" Zarifa whispered. "The long, thin man—there—"

And she pointed with sureness down the empty corridor.

THERE was no denying Adma now; she took Zarifa away. The Inspector stood fingering his wilted collar.

He said to Abdullah, who had been a witness, "You understood?"

"My English is imperfect, sir, my Persian confined to essentials, but I gathered the substance. God have pity on the child!"

"I looked into her eyes," Chafik said. "They are peepholes to another world, but not mad eyes."

"Sir, the evidence—"

"Abdullah, I think there is a devil in this house!"

The Inspector looked around distractedly and entered the room occupied by Robert Wick, to the right of Zarifa's door.

They had put the corpse on the bed, but Chafik gave it only a passing glance; he went to examine the dead man's papers, stacked on a desk under the window.

There was confirmation that the major was in financial difficulties. Robert Wick's investment in the importing business was small for a man of wealth; he could have taken loss, yet there was a copy of a letter he had sent to the major demanding repayment of a recent loan.

"You were his brother," Chafik said reprovingly to the corpse. "It would seem commercialism dilutes blood to the consistency of water."

He went up the corridor to Mrs. Wick's bedroom and was distressed by feminine disarray. To the Inspector, tidiness was a virtue; he reminded himself with chagrin that his own wife, an excellent woman in other ways, was as haphazard as Angela Wick.

"Surely," he said to himself, "primitive woman was equally careless with her gewgaws of tiger's teeth and pots of woad! And the trophies of a husband's prowess,"

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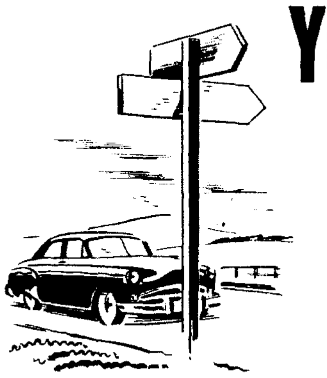

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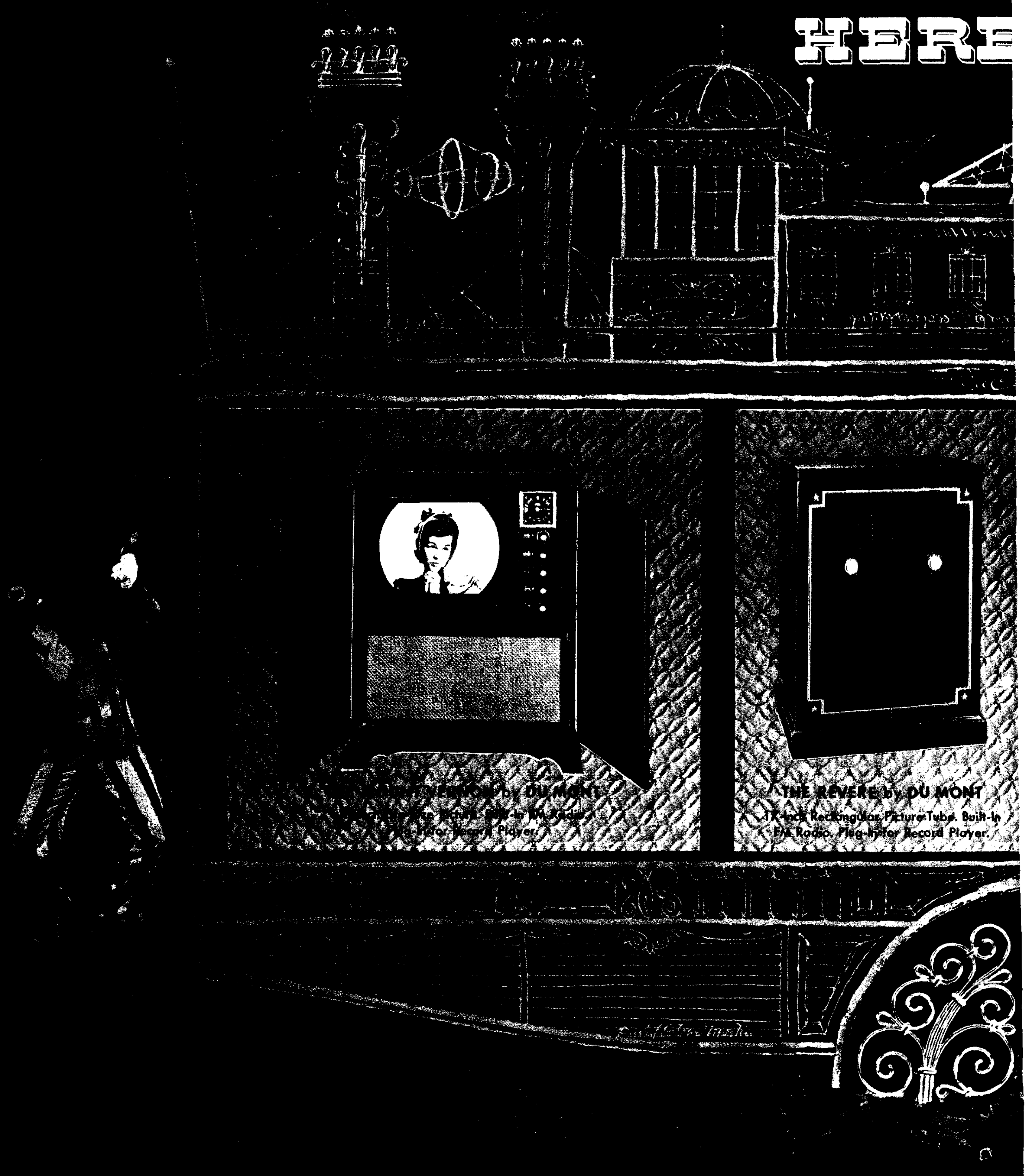

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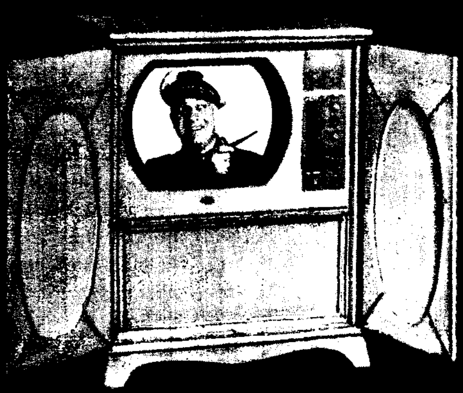

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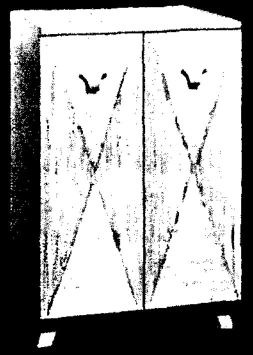

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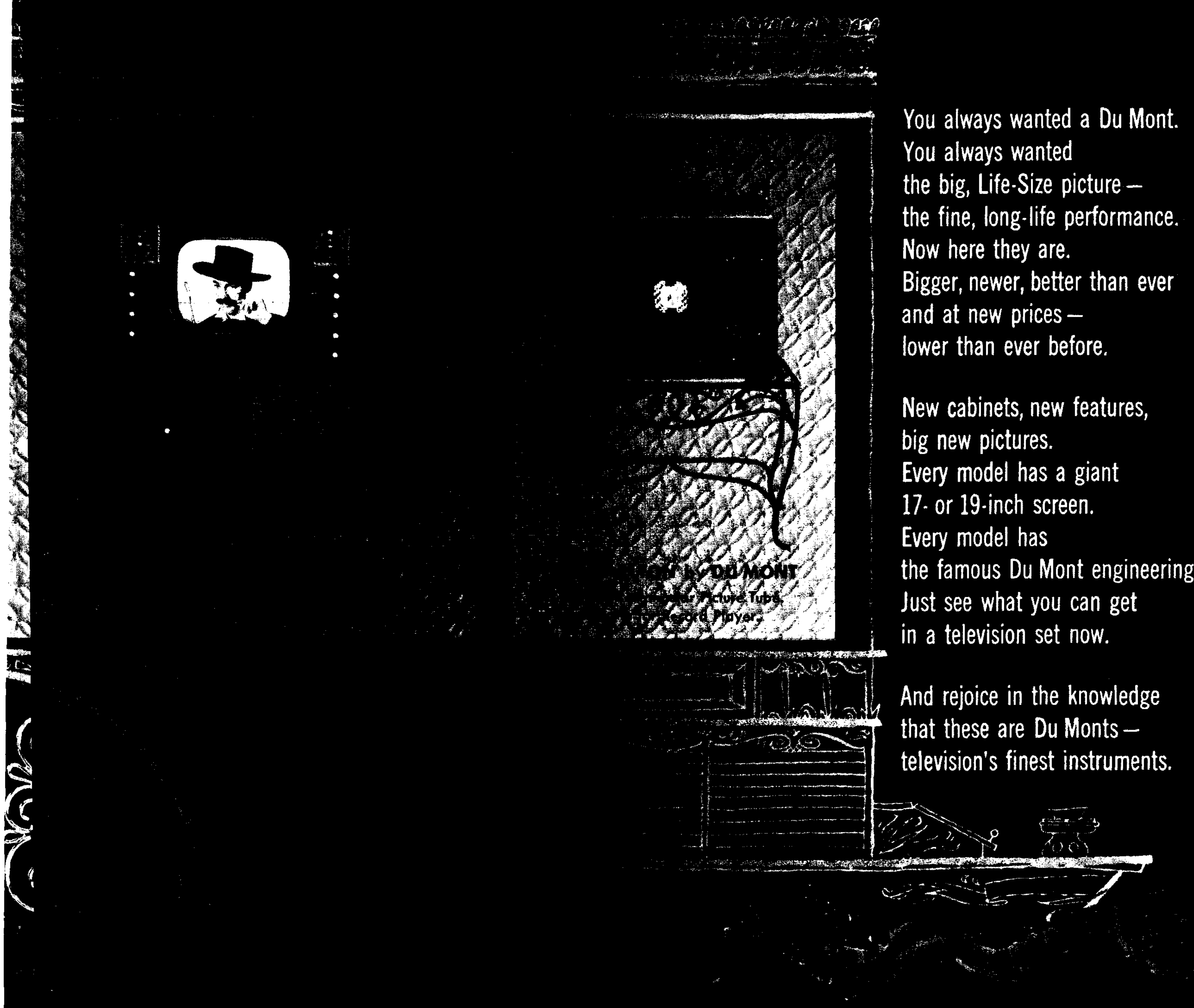

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he added, reaching under the bed for an ivory walking stick.

Chafik took the stick with him, through a communicating door, into the other room. Here was order—even the toilet articles on the dressing table were neatly arrayed.

The single bed had been made ready for sleeping, and the Inspector, who considered even twin beds unromantic, was shocked by this evidence of connubial aloofness. He was disturbed, too, by a photograph in a silver frame, the picture of a dark-haired woman and her baby. The woman was Major Wick's first wife.

"Ah, poor Angela Wick!" Chafik said.

A closet door was open and he went to close it. The major's suits hung on wire hangers, neatly arranged, and his shoes were lined up for inspection below. A bundle, however, had been pushed into a far corner and the Inspector was struck by this one odd piece of untidiness. The impeccable Major Wick would never dispose of a bundle in such a way.

Chafik shook it out and saw it was a military raincoat. Returning to the closet, he used the ivory walking stick to hook out a hat, which had been crushed under the bundled coat. It was old.

Chafik put the hat and coat on the bed. He studied them a long time and finally added the stick; that, too, interested him. He went back to the closet and noted a gap in the review of clothes.

Then he left the major's room, using the door into the corridor.

"What did you find near the corpse?" he asked Sergeant Abdullah.

The Inspector's voice alerted Abdullah and he came to attention. "Sir," he answered. "I found a wire coat hanger."

"Exactly where?"

"Between the doors of these two rooms, sir. Nearer the first one."

CHAFIK said savagely, "There is indeed a devil in this house." He went downstairs to Major Wick's study. The major was holding his wife's hand.

"Your daughter," Chafik announced abruptly, "is not mad."

Wick said, "She must be. Look what she did—"

"A father should have faith," the Inspector chided. "Surely you love Zarifa?"

"Love?" the major repeated in an odd voice, and released his wife's hand. "Zarifa means something—very wonderful," he said softly, and it was as though a key had turned in the lock of his reserve.

"A rose budding in a garden of remembrance," Chafik suggested, in Arabic.

Wick answered in the same tongue, "A Persian rose." He looked at the portrait above the fireplace, then became aware of his young wife, who was puzzled by the unfamiliar language. He said in freezing English, "Stick to your work, Inspector!"

"I try. It is hard." The Inspector played with the signet ring on his left hand. "Hard, your brother was hard," he went on with association of thought. "To have repaid that loan would have ruined you, business being what it is."

The major flushed. "So you have pried into his papers."

"I am a policeman. Major, you have already told me Zarifa inherits your brother's wealth. Who is the trustee?" Chafik spread his hand and added ingenuously, "I am so ignorant. A minor inheriting must have a guardian, that much I know. But if there is insanity—"

The major stood up in anger. "If you're trying to suggest—"

"Ah, that dangerous hypothesis!" the Inspector said quickly. "But let us take ourselves to Zarifa. I invite you to take part in an experiment."

"On my daughter?"

"With permission, sir—"

Mrs. Wick interrupted, "Don't let him, Jack! Don't let him play about with the poor child's upset mind."

"Madam," Chafik said. "An upset mind often returns to normal when violently agitated."

The Inspector stood aside and bowed Mrs. Wick and her husband up the stairs with the smooth urgency of an usher in a darkened theater.

When they were in the girl's room, Chafik faced them gravely. Zarifa, again lost in a world of fantasy, laughed gently while Adma the nurse tried to quiet her. The major's reserve was in shreds and the Englishwoman was near hysteria.

Chafik said in voice of command, "Wait here until I call you." He posted Abdullah at the door and went away.

The silence of the big house was oppressive; minutes passed, Wick became restless and was on the verge of challenging Abdullah's authority. Just then, they heard the Inspector call.

THEY all went out, the major first, then Mrs. Wick, Adma and Zarifa. The lights had been lowered, and the corridor was a place of many shadows.

But something not a shadow was near the door of Wick's bedroom.

It had the shape of a small, hunchbacked man who wore a cloak loosely over his shoulders; the collar was turned up to meet the brim of his hat. He stood motionless and facing the wall.

Zarifa's laughter stopped.

The dumpy form by the wall extended itself. Abnormally narrow shoulders lifted and the hat tipped back on the invisible head. Steadily growing, the thing became a long, thin giant, draped coat too short for the elongated body, sleeves flapping.

It was Mrs. Wick who screamed, not Zarifa.

The girl's voice rang out in triumph, "There! Now you all can see him—my long, thin man!"

The long, thin man moved with a swaying sideways walk like a crab. He sidled toward them—a figure oddly disembodied, empty, and seemingly without a face. His hat wobbled precariously and Mrs. Wick screamed again.

"Jack! Jack! Don't let him! Jack!" She clung to her husband's arm.

The long, thin man turned, then disintegrated. He became a hat, a raincoat, an ivory walking stick and a wire coat hanger. Inspector Chafik, who held these things, looked only at Zarifa.

"You see, I found him," he said gently to the girl. "Look, I will build him again for you, your long, thin man."

He forced open the twisted wires of the coat hanger just below where they met to form the hook. Into this gap he jammed the tip of the walking stick. Next, he draped the coat with the collar turned up, then balanced the hat on the hook so that it overlapped the edge of the collar.

"A scarecrow, eh?" Chafik said to Zarifa. His laugh made it a game.

"It's not my thin man—"

"Oh, but it is!" he told her, and added: "You shall see how it is used to scare crows—and imaginative girls."

He lifted his creation carefully by the stick and lowered it over his head and shoulders until the coat hanger rested on the nape of his neck. He bent his knees.

"You see how simple?" Chafik said to Zarifa. "Always keep your back turned to the crows you wish to scare and always stand in shadow against a wall. My knees are bent, but now I straighten them. Now what do you see?"

Zarifa said, "It's when he starts to grow!"

"Yes, and now he grows higher. I push up the stick, lift the coat on the hanger above my head. You see how the hanger becomes shoulders? Up, still higher—and the hat on the hook, you'd think there was a head under it, wouldn't you? And doesn't the upturned collar seem to hide a neck? See, Zarifa—I am hidden to the hips by the skirts of the coat."

He turned to the girl, absorbed in his anxiety for her, and his hope. "Now what do you think?" he asked.

Zarifa smiled. "I think it's a very silly trick," she said, clearly and normally. "Was that what frightened me? Was that what I saw—always?"

"Nearly always. Sometimes you imagined you saw him, a sort of wide-awake dream. It is nice to play make-believe, and all right so long as you don't frighten yourself with parlor tricks. But you won't be frightened any more," Chafik added in a sure voice. "Now you know what the long, thin man is, you will never see him again."

Zarifa frowned. "What a naughty thing to do, to scare me that way. Who did it? Uncle Robert? He did love to tease."

"Go with Adma, Zarifa," Inspector Chafik said gently.

He heard the girl's door close. Then he turned to the major and said, "Not Uncle Robert. No, obviously not. Uncle Robert died because he met the long, thin man."

"Who the devil—" the major began.

"The devil," the Inspector told him, "comes into the story. You see, you loved Zarifa too much. You never forgot her mother. You walked in a garden of remembrance, a place where a man must walk alone, where a new bride cannot enter—"

Angela Wick moaned. The major looked at her and then away. "Go on," he said.

"Jealous love conceived a monstrous plan. Inheritance played no part in it. To break the chain of the past it was necessary to break the strongest link, to remove the child who reminded you of the mother. So the imaginative state of Zarifa's mind was noted, the long, thin man created."

"Go on."

"The desired result was nearly achieved. Your brother offered to take the distracted child and place her in an institution in England. You were almost convinced after poor Zarifa's attack on your brother. But the devil chafed at waiting. So the long, thin man walked again—"

The Inspector paused as an actor would. He did not look at the major or at Mrs. Wick; his drab eyes watched the shadows.

He continued: "Your brother went upstairs and met the long, thin man, and when he cried, 'You little devil!' it was with recognition and understanding. The knife lay in the corridor where Zarifa had dropped it. Coincidence or fate?" The Inspector shrugged. "Many crimes are committed because a weapon comes to hand in a moment of impulse. In this case terror; because a secret had been discovered—"

"Go on," the major said again.

"The attack was made. Without premeditation," Chafik added hastily. "Also the thrust would not have killed your brother had he not fallen on the blade. A wise judge may even find it manslaughter, not murder."

"Go on." The small harsh phrase made Chafik wince.

"Listen," he said bitterly. "I do not try to excuse. One who would not hesitate to murder the mind of a child is beyond excuse. But you are not without blame, Major. There is a cherished ghost in this house. A portrait above the fireplace and dominating the room below. A picture by the bed, where you sleep alone. Pardon, I speak as a man, not a detective—you should never have remarried—never—" He stopped with embarrassment.

ANGELA WICK had turned to the wall. Her head was cradled on her arms, her body convulsed with sobs, more tearing because they were silent.

"Go on," the major said once more. His voice was no longer harsh; he stood frozen, and Chafik shivered, feeling the cold.

He cried in Arabic and with anger, "By the Compassionate One, be flesh! What more must I tell you? Of a coat hanger dropped near the body? The hat and coat bundled untidily in your very neat closet? The ivory walking stick thrust under Mrs. Wick's bed?"

The little man stopped, then asked delicately, "Does she always wear slacks in the house? I ask, because trousers were essential to give the long, thin man legs." Inspector Chafik did not look at Angela Wick.

Nor did the major. He turned away and went slowly into his daughter's room. He did not look back. THE END

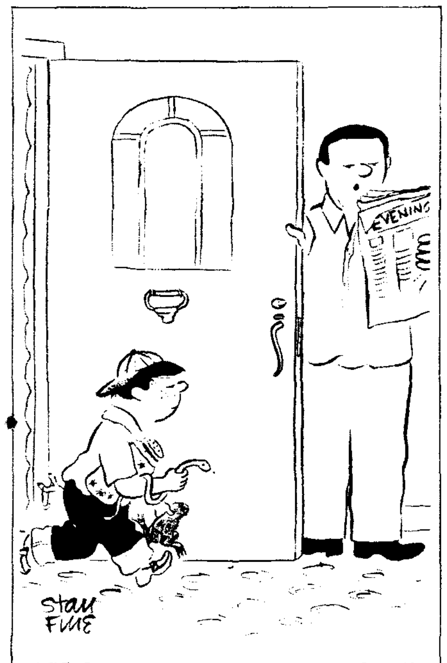
The Faded Blue

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

flecks at his mouth. “You're a cheap crook,” he said. “You pin up those horses by their owners' names. You don't need a score card—you just need a list. You—” I recognized him now. I'd seen him walking his horse. You notice things from the ring. You notice things all over the grounds. It's a good idea.

“Okay,” I said, “now I'll tell you something. And you listen—before you get in trouble.” I stood just close enough to him, and watched his eyes. If he was going to hit me, it would show there first, and I wouldn't wait. I'd get the first one in, and it would be in his middle.

“You bought that horse of yours,” I said, “a month ago. He'd never hunted. You put him in a chute, and chase him up and down over jumps for a few days, and then you bring him out here and put him up against real hunters—really top stuff—and you have the nerve to expect him to win. Isn't that right?” I kept it on him. For a second I didn't know. Then his eyes dropped, just a shade.



“Make sure you wipe your feet”
COLLIER'S STAN FINE

“My horse deserved to be two or three,” he said. “He went clean. He—”

“He didn't deserve a thing,” I said. And I was right. “But I'm going to give you a break. I'm not going to turn your name in to the association. I'm not going to bar you.” That was just a bluff. “Take your horse home and school him with some brains and maybe you'll have something. And don't go around yelling at judges. It doesn't pay.”

I turned and went back to my car. That one was easy. The first one, the nice guy in the tweeds, had been tough. I felt almost righteous. I expected Helen to say something. She didn't. She just sat there beside me, and we rolled on down to the shore and up to a lobster place where the breezes blew in cool from the ocean, and you could relax and have a good time. Some evenings. Not this one.

We had two drinks and I felt better. I leaned back. I grinned at Helen. She had on a white dress, and it was still fresh and crisp, and her eyelashes were very dark. “That sun was wicked out there today,” I said. She turned a fork over very carefully.

“It must have been,” she said. “It certainly faded that last blue ribbon.” I looked at her.

“What do you mean?” I said. “Don't be cute.”

“And don't you play dumb, Nick,” she snapped at me. “Don't you think I know what's going on—even without seeing Mickey Tor wink at you? Do you think I've been going around to these horse shows with you for two years, watching everything, hearing things, and still not know the score? Stop it, Nick.”

We looked at each other hard and straight for seconds, and I loved her more then than I ever had in those two years—which was a lot.

“Okay,” I said, “let's get it straight. Let's get it on the line. I judge horse shows. Once I used to ride them—the hunters and the jumpers. Now I judge them. I do it to make money, so that you and I can eat in spots like this, and I can have the car and decent clothes—stuff that my pay in the office won't allow.” She started to break in there, and I wouldn't let her.

“Let's be grown-up about this thing,” I said, “let's not kid around. There are two kinds of people who make horse shows—who show horses. First, there are the rich ones, the ones with dough. Some of them may love horses to ride, to hunt. I won't deny that. But most of them hire some pro to ride their stuff, to do the work, and they sit on the side lines and only come out to collect the ribbons. When they win, they get their pictures in the paper, and a write-up as sportsmen, and they feel good at the office and at cocktail parties and wear Tattersall vests and mumble about breeding and conformation. Once in a while they have a bad nightmare when they dream that they're riding a horse over jumps themselves. That passes. To them, a blue ribbon is just a swelled chest and canceled checks. Then there's the other bunch, the pros.”

I STOPPED for a second, and Helen was watching me very close. She wasn't disagreeing with me—not yet. And I couldn't help but think what a swell gal she'd be to have around whether the going was rugged or easy. Particularly when it was rugged. Then I went on.

“The pros,” I said, and I knew, “the pros are in this thing to make a living. For themselves, and for their families. Maybe they're crazy to be in the business, but it's got them. Go out some morning—you've done it—and watch them doing the real work, the dirty work. Watch them take the green ones, the rank green horses, and work and work with them, hour after hour, day after day. Watch them take the falls and the risks, weep with 'em when a good prospect goes sour or lame, and you write it off and start again. You start again and keep going and then, one day, if you're lucky, one day you've got something. You've got a horse that's really up there—that's ready—that can perform.

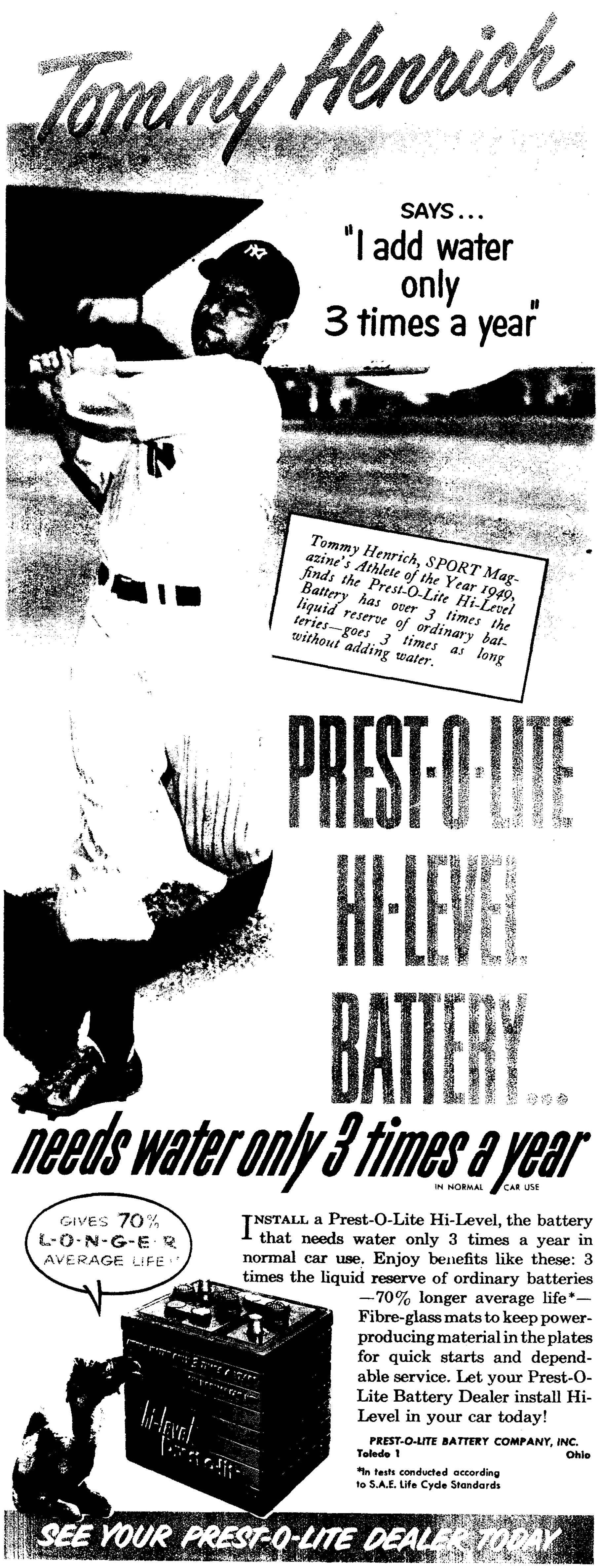
“It isn't often the best horse in the circuit,” I went on; I was really going now. “It isn't perfect. Few of them are. But—it's good. You've got a chance, a chance to make some money that you need, that will get you up even. So what happens?” I took a drink of water.

“What happens,” I said, “is that you get in touch with some owner, some checkbook guy, and you say, ‘Mr. So-and-So, I've got a made hunter down at my place that would be just right for you.’

“You tell him the horse is four or eight years old, depending on which age he prefers, and you ask him to come down and have a look. If he's hot, he'll come down. You try to find out what time he's coming, if you can, so you can have the horse really ready, and, if he's dumb, he'll set a time. If he's smart he'll just arrive unannounced.

“And you hope and pray that on this day your horse won't refuse a fence or put in a big buck, as they all will some days, and you put the horse around and he happens to do good. And your prospect says, ‘H'mm. What do you want for him?’

“You tell him the starting price. He says it's ridiculous. He goes away. But you can tell if he's on the hook or not. You know.” I ate three shrimps, and they might have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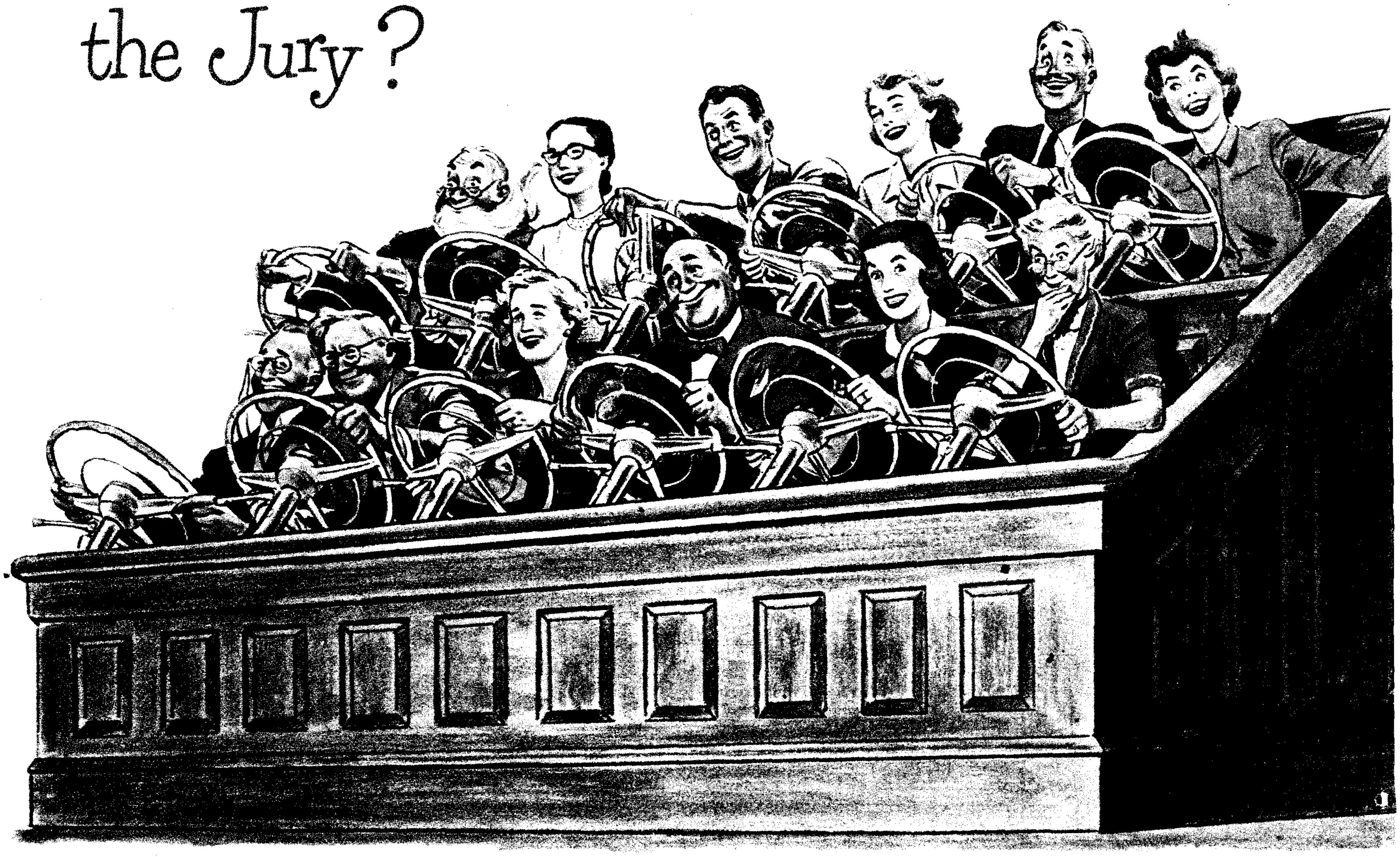

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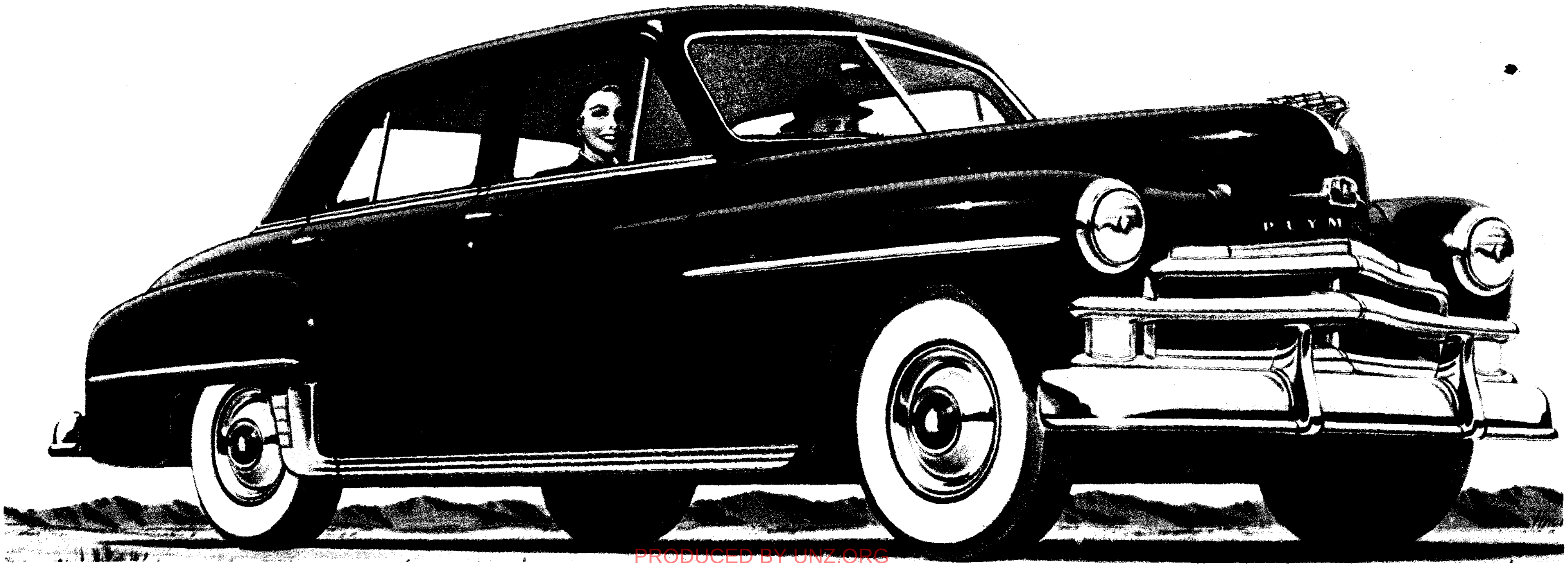


been baked potatoes, I was that warmed up.

"So," I said, "so you smooth your horse up some more, and then you put him in a couple of gymkhanas, little shows off in the sticks where no one will see you, you hope. And then you enter him in a good show in your prospect's neighborhood. But first you find out who the judge is going to be. And, if you fit and if he fits, you have a talk with him."

"The way Mickey Tor did with you, before today," Helen said, very quietly.

"Okay," I said, "the way Mickey Tor did with me." I was suddenly on the defensive. I didn't like it. "But get this straight," I said. "Mickey's horse has to be good. He can't make any real mistakes. He—"

"Mickey's horse wasn't the best one out there today," Helen told me. "The chestnut that belonged to the little man in tweeds—that was the best horse. Wasn't it?"

I could feel my face getting red. "Mickey's is a good horse," I insisted, "it—"

"Would you pick it for yourself, over the other one?" Helen kept on.

I sat back. I frowned. "All right," I said, "I wouldn't. You know that. But to Mickey it meant a sale, money, his livelihood. To the other guy—just a ribbon."

"How much is Mickey paying you for that blue?" Helen said. She never had gone that far before.

"He hasn't paid me anything," I said. It was just a dodge. Helen knew. At least I was honest with her always. "But," I said, "if he sells the horse, I get five per cent. So what?" She didn't answer me. She just sat there.

"Look," I said, "look, it doesn't hurt anyone. It just helps someone. Don't you see?" She shook her head, very slowly.

"No," she said, "I don't." She ate her dinner. After a while I did too. It was the worst lobster I had ever had. It was like sawdust. And I made things worse, later on.

I SUPPOSE that when you're upset you do dumb things. I do. I did that night. We drove away down on the shore after that dinner—away down to where there was no road, and wheel tracks ran off into the sand, and on out until there was a great sandy bluff and the ocean lying there, shifting quiet under the white moon. The breeze was very soft overhead and it ruffled Helen's hair, as she sat there beside me.

I kissed her and said, "Look, kid, when are you going to break down and marry me? I love you. You know that."

She was very close beside me, and as I looked down at her, she was crying. "What's the matter, kid?" I said. I should have known. I guess I did, really. The moonlight doesn't change those things. Maybe it makes them worse. She only shook her head, hard, and with the tears coming down over her cheeks.

"I can't, Nick," she said. "I can't marry you." Her face came up to mine and it turned me over inside, seeing those tears. "Oh, you know that I love you. We've both known. Only—I just can't." Her hair was very soft against my face.

"Because of today," I said, "of that stuff?" And she nodded.

"Maybe it's silly of me, Nick," she said. "We both know our way around. We've both had to take care of ourselves for years. Maybe that's it. Maybe it's because we've seen so much of these things that are—are smart and sharp and clever and—and faded. Maybe it's because we've seen so much of it that I don't want it for us. I want it bright and clear and clean for us, Nick. And not crooked."

I sat up quickly, then, my arms dropping from her. Words are funny things, the way they hit you. That word crooked.

"I'm not crooked," I said sharply. "No one can say I am." She looked at me, and the moment was gone. Maybe it was gone for good. Forever.

"I think it's crooked to take money for a blue ribbon that a horse doesn't deserve," she said quietly.

"Listen," I said, "that's not the way it is. That's not the point. I thought I—" Then I stopped. I shrugged. "What's the use?" I said. I started the car and drove her home and left her at her apartment house; the big outside door clugged shut so firmly, so finally, that it might be the end. The end of everything.

I went on back to my apartment and sat there for a while, saying good-by to a lot of things that were awfully important to me. To the hopes and plans for a little place in the country, with Helen and maybe a couple of kids that I could do things with, that I could ride with and make them pals. You get lonely for that, after a while. I was thirty now, and most of those years had been tough, with a father and mother who had broken up when I was twelve, and my own line to ride.

Horses were all I'd ever really known, since I was fourteen—horses and the pros. They had been my crowd, my friends. Good guys, most of those pros, but with no money, and getting sharper because they had no money. I'd slept in stalls, and walked hot horses, and rode the flighty ones that turned over with you once or twice a day, and finally I rode in the shows. Then came a job in an insurance office, and, at last, a judging card, and a chance to lay away a little cash—if I played the game. And I played it for two reasons.

First, because I was on the pros' side. They were my crowd. I knew them, knew what they were up against. Oh, not all of them, of course. Some of them wouldn't look at a judge—some of them played it straight and starved. And not all judges would play with them. In fact, most wouldn't. But I did.

My second reason was that I couldn't see how it hurt anyone. I never did anything raw. Nothing that you couldn't stretch a few points and justify, but when there was a chance I threw it the right way. It didn't hurt anyone, except—and I had to smile wryly, sitting there in the dark—except maybe me, if I lost Helen. If that was what it was going to be. . . .

I didn't see Helen for the next two weeks. I didn't call her. And I didn't do much at the office. I wanted to be alone. Mickey Tor had a place back in the hunting country and I went out there. He gave me a horse, and I wandered around the countryside by myself. It was September, and the fields were big and still, with no one else around. Until that most important day.

I had ridden far back that day, loafing along on a good horse, and, after an hour, I was lost. And it didn't matter—until my horse pricked up his ears and stood looking into the open woods. A horse and rider were coming out toward me. I waited. It was a kid—a girl.

She had on dungarees, a blue shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and her hair was one of those easy-to-care-for bobs and she wasn't any special beauty. Thirteen or fourteen, I guessed, and you just had to grin back at her and feel good. Because she had a snub nose with freckles on it, and a wide mouth and brown eyes that were just as friendly as a pup's. A good kid, having a good time on a horse that you wouldn't have turned your head to look at.

HE WAS a dark and rusty gray old horse, with a pair of eyes that were quiet and lazy-happy, and he was having fun too. He could have been cleaner, and he could have been clipped up, but he couldn't have been more relaxed or having a better time. Neither of them could.

"Hello," she said, with that grin, and I said, "Hello," and her old gray horse got his nose into the grass.

"Aren't you pretty far out?" I said, and she shrugged.

"Oh, no," she said, unconcerned. "Topper and I come out here all the time."

"Alone?" I said, and she nodded. Then she frowned.

"There's only one trouble—I'm not allowed to jump when I'm alone." She looked at me. "Are you alone?" she asked. I said I was.

"Would you like to jump a few?" she said eagerly. "Just a run or two?" I had to grin again, she was so keen.

"Why, sure," I said, and she gathered her reins.

"Topper loves to jump," she confided. "Do you want to go first?" She wanted to go first, obviously.

"No, you," I said. "I'll follow. You know the country." She was up there now, thrilled, and the old horse seemed to feel it too, and they were off across the field. For the next half hour, I had more fun than I had ever had before in all my life.

That old gray horse hit a hunting pace, a steady, long and sure, ground-eating pace. They rode down to the corner of the field and over a wall that was stiff and tricky and they never paused. Her hair was out behind her and her balance was just something to see. I really had to roll to keep in sight. Out through the woods we went, and took a post and rail, and I got to watching that gray horse until I most forgot my own.

The gray horse never made a mistake; he never came close to one. He was in right every time, and he jumped steady and sure and his head was out on a loose rein and he was always looking for that next fence. He was having the time of his life and so was I. And I thought: Gee, to have a kid of my own and to do this with her and have her grow up this way—isn't that your dream? And it was. Give a kid a horse she can trust and that trusts her, and you've built something. After about three miles and fifteen fences, she slowed and waited for me.

Her eyes were sparkling bright, and the gray horse wasn't even puffing. I was. We walked along, and when I got my breath I said, "That horse of yours is one of the best across country that I've ever seen. Have you had him long?"

She rumpled his stringy mane. "Seven years," she told me, "since I was six. We taught each other to jump."

"Do you hunt him?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "all the time." She frowned just a little. "My mother," she said, "that is, my stepmother, doesn't like me to hunt him."

"Why not?" I said.

She patted the gray horse's neck again. "She says," she explained, "that he's too homely. That he looks funny in the field, with all the stylish horses." I gave one snort, disgusted.

"Look," I said, "I shouldn't go against your stepmother, but I know horses, and you keep that one. He may not be the showiest one in the world, but he won't let you down. He'll take care of you, always. And that's the most important thing there is. You hang on to him."

And her face went down against that lanky old gray neck, and there was a look in her eyes that caught your throat. "Oh, I will," she said. "I'll keep you always, won't I, Topper?" I dropped behind. I wasn't seeing too good—just for a second. We came to a fork in the trail, and she stopped.

"I go this way," she said, "and—and thank you. It was fun. Maybe, maybe we can do it again, sometime."

"I'd like to," I said, and she went off down the lane, throwing me that last smile. The little gray was bustling in his walk, thinking of his oats ahead. I went on back to Mickey Tor's. Mickey was there, waiting for me.

MICKEY TOR was a wiry, sandy, lightweight guy, about my age, always in riding clothes. There were a lot of things about the Mick that I didn't like, but his courage wasn't one of them. He'd broken most of his bones riding the leapers, the steeplechasers, and he was always just a jump or two ahead of the grain bill. I guess not having money makes you stretch a point now and then. But he could ride. That was his life, his business.

Give him a horse, let him school it for a while, and then, when he was in the saddle, it would perform. It would go where he headed it, and jump what he asked, and it would move evenly, surely, come back to him when he asked it to, go on when he wanted. That is, for him it would. Not for every rider. He was a showman. He knew his stuff.

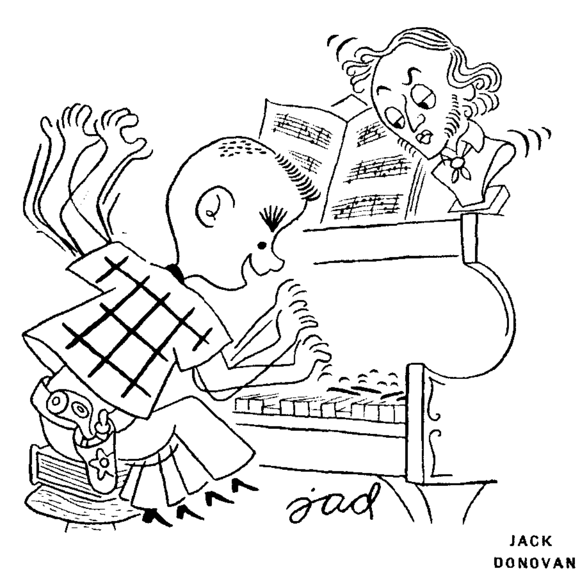
"Hi," he said, lounging in his stable door, "have a good ride?" I nodded. I didn't tell him what had happened to me. He wouldn't have understood. And he had something on his mind. There was no one else around.

"Look," he said, "they're having a show at the Hunt Club in a couple of weeks. I think we can get it for you. Want it?"

"Okay," I said absently, stripping the saddle from my horse. I wasn't thinking about judging shows, at the moment. I was thinking about the kid, about how I'd like to talk to Helen about her, about my afternoon. Then I noticed the Mick watching me with that wise grin.

"All right," I said, straightening up, "what's the story?" The Mick's grin just went a little wider.

"Come out in three or four days, and I'll show you," he said. He had something hid-



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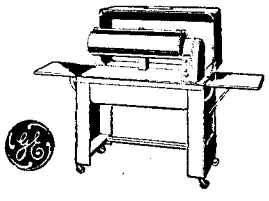

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den out. I went home, thinking about Helen. But I didn't call her. . . .

I went back to the Mick's a few afternoons later, and he brought out the filly. She was a pretty thing, a chestnut lightweight, and put together. Short back, good bone up front, a chest and a neck that had lines and that fitted at both ends, a nice sloping shoulder—everything. Class. I looked her over. And, suddenly, I didn't like her.

I didn't trust her somehow. It was in her head, especially her eyes. They were small and narrow, they didn't bug out, and they were too close together, with a look in them that told me she'd be flighty, that when you needed her most she'd fall apart. You can't always put those things in words, you feel them.

"Uh-huh," I said to Mick, "showy. Very showy. Get her braided up, and she'd be hard to beat. For looks." The Mick climbed into the saddle.

"You watch her go," he said confidently.

THE Mick walked the filly out and toward his practice course. I followed. The filly moved all smooth and dainty. And the Mick took her around.

His schooling course is not an easy one. Stone walls, log-topped, some stiffish posts and rails, a ditch or two, a coop that takes a little climbing. But the filly cleared them all. She didn't stop at one. It was a perfect show—to the average spectator. Only I wasn't average. I'd been at this thing for a long time. I watched that filly. I watched the Mick. And I saw things.

I saw that her ears weren't up, and that she wasn't looking at her jumps, not carefully, not eagerly. She was waiting for the Mick, doing the things because he was making her, and not because she loved it. Not like that old gray horse had done. The Mick had her firm between his legs and he was driving her, dominating her, pushing her. Oh, not so that you could notice it, unless you knew. Nothing obvious. But it told me what I wanted to know, what I had suspected—from her eyes.

I didn't want this filly for myself, not for a tough place, not where she'd have to think for herself. No. Sooner or later she'd let you down, she'd pile you up at a jump. Those things you know, after years. And Mickey Tor brought her back to me.

"She can perform, can't she?" he said, and I nodded. Yes, she could perform. The Mick looked down at me.

"I think," he said, "that I can get her sold. And right. If," and his eyes were tight on mine, with that flick of grin, "if she should do well at the Hunt Show, coming up." I looked away from him.

"They called you about that show, didn't they." he said, "about judging it?"

"Yes," I said, "they called me." He waited for a minute, and then he took the filly on into the stable, and I got in my car and drove away. Days can be so different—this one and the one I'd spent back in the country with that kid. This one left me sour. I didn't feel good. . . .

The Hunt Show came up ten days later, on a Saturday. It was a perfect day, cool with bright sunlight, and just a cloud or two scudding high. I drove on out alone. The ring was big, with springy turf, and the outside course, where the hunters showed, ran over through the fields and wound back, into the ring again, with good hunting jumps and a chance to move. Tricky, but fair. A real test.

It wasn't a big show, just medium, but the crowd was gathering, bringing their picnic lunches, scattering on the hilltops, parking their cars close to the ringside. Maybe three thousand people would be there that day, a good crowd, a nice crowd. Hunting people. The big horse vans were rolling in and so were the little trailers. The horses started working out in the practice ring and in the fields above.

I looked for Helen, but I didn't see her. Somehow I thought she might be there. I hoped so. They gave me my judge's badge, introduced my ringmaster, and at ten sharp, we started.

The morning stuff wasn't much. A walk-trot class or two, even some palominos. All right, but not what the real crowd would come to see in the afternoon—the hunting stuff. And Helen still wasn't anywhere in the crowd, so far as I could see.

I kept thinking about her and about Mickey Tor and that chestnut filly, the filly with the tricky eyes that I would have to judge that afternoon. Then it was twelve o'clock, the luncheon recess, and I was walking up to the luncheon tent—that's when it happened to me.

I'd had that kid on my mind too, the one that I'd gone larking with that day—the kid with that old gray hunter. They were all wrapped up in the way I was feeling, and it wasn't good. And then, suddenly, I did see the kid. There in front of me in a big field. She was mounted on Mickey Tor's filly, the chestnut filly.

Just sitting on the filly, she was, just walking her around, and it hit me hard and sharp across the face, like a slap, and I thought: No, no. That couldn't be it. It couldn't. I went over to her.

"Hello," I said, "remember me?" and that smile broke out across her face like warm sun. She nodded.

"Of course," she said. "We went larking." She could have been a kid of mine. She liked me. And she was on that filly. "How do you like my new filly?" she said. And there it was. You have to be careful. You have to be very careful.

"Well," I said, watching each word, "well, she is a handsome thing. Have you bought her?" I had to know. I had to. The filly shifted nervously, and the youngster talked to her, trying to quiet her.

"No," she said, and I could feel my breath come back, "no, we haven't yet. But my—my stepmother thinks she's lovely, showy, and she wants her for me." She leaned down just a little, and her smile was just for me. We were friends.

"I don't really want her," she said confidentially. "I like Topper better. I know him. He—he's country-wise. He takes care of me." And that was it. That was the important thing.

"Yes," I said, "yes, that's what you want to look for. The right horse for you, one that you can count on, that won't let you down." I was trying to tell her, and I didn't know whether she understood or not. I'd have to make her understand. "When are you going to decide?" She shrugged a little.

"When they see how she does in the show, I guess," she said. Then her face was interested once again. "Shall we go larking again, next week maybe, you and I and Topper?"

"I hope we can," I said. The filly moved away impatiently, and I went on up and tried to eat something. But I couldn't.

I SAW now how I'd feel if this kid were mine, if she belonged to me really, were a part of me, and if she were up on this jittery, flighty filly with no brains, and the things that might happen to them. I'd seen some of those things happen. I'd picked them up.

And I thought: You've done some of that. You've helped sell horses that were wrong for the people who bought them, and you didn't think you were hurting anybody. Well, take a look now, and see who you might be hurting. And they called me back into the ring to start the show again. . . .

It came fourth in the afternoon, the lightweight hunter class, the one the filly would show in, and I saw something before that class came in. I saw Helen's face down there at the ringside, in the far curve. I looked at her, but I couldn't go over. I was on my own now, very much on my own. They brought the lightweights in.

There were nine horses in that class. Four were nothing. They refused at fences, ran out, were pullers—they made it easy for me. But four others, scattered in between, went round the way they should—a good pace, sure, steady, watching their jumps, standing off enough. They were real hunters that you could trust. Not the most perfect ones for looks, for showy conformation; but they were field hunters who knew their way around and would keep you up there. Then Mickey Tor brought in the filly, all shined and braided.

He was a smart guy, Mickey. He'd kept the filly out of sight until it was her turn—away from the other horses, from the jumps, so that she wouldn't lose her head before she had to go, wouldn't get worked up and excited. Then he brought her down and went to work, and I watched as I had never watched a horse. I was going to be fair to him, but I was going to be fairer to that snub-nosed kid. I saw what I knew I'd see.

Mickey had her ears up now, when she started around, but when she came into a jump those ears would go back, flicking, and I knew that Mickey had his far heel into her, the heel that I couldn't see, urging her on, forcing her. I could see him bring her back when she tried to pull, to get away, his wrists scarcely moving, so that few would know the hold he had on her, and her pace went barely choppy once or twice, as if she didn't have any eagerness for what she was doing. I saw all that, but the crowd, most of them, didn't see it. They thought she was wonderful. They gave her a big hand. And Mickey looked at me, and I lined them up.

She had it over the four others in looks, in conformation, and that counted. But not enough—with me. This time I was really judging. I marked my card and turned it in. The ringmaster brought out the ribbons, and Mickey Tor kept watching me.

There were four ribbons in that class, and I gave them to the four sure, steady hunters. I didn't give the filly a thing. I could hear the crowd gasp. A murmur of amazement ran through it, and Mickey Tor's face went tight. He rode on out. There was one more class and I judged it, but I was looking for two other things.

I was looking for Helen's face, and I found it. But she was too far away and I couldn't tell whether she knew. How could she, really? And I was looking for the group that would be around the chestnut filly. I found them too. I had to talk to them. And, when that last class was finally over, I went out to them.

There were four of them in the group. There was that youngster, my pal. There was an empty-pretty woman, with features that were too perfect; that would be the stepmother. There was a tall, a gaunt lean man who looked as if he might have ridden once, and who had a twisted, friendly smile, not too happy. And there was Mickey Tor, still on the filly, trying not to let the anger show in his face. I was going up to them when the tall lean man saw me, and made it easy for me.

"Mr. Carey," he said, "I wonder if you'd give us a minute." I moved in. There was a ring of people around. "I wonder," the tall man said, "if you would mind telling us just why you put this filly down, why she didn't place, or perhaps win her class?"

HE WASN'T mad at me; he just wanted to know. So I told him. And I had the chance to tell Mickey Tor something too, indirectly. To give him an out.

"The filly," I said, "is a lovely thing. But she's not ready yet. She has to be ridden every minute—she has to be watched. She isn't a seasoned, steady hunter. She's unpredictable." I looked at Mickey.

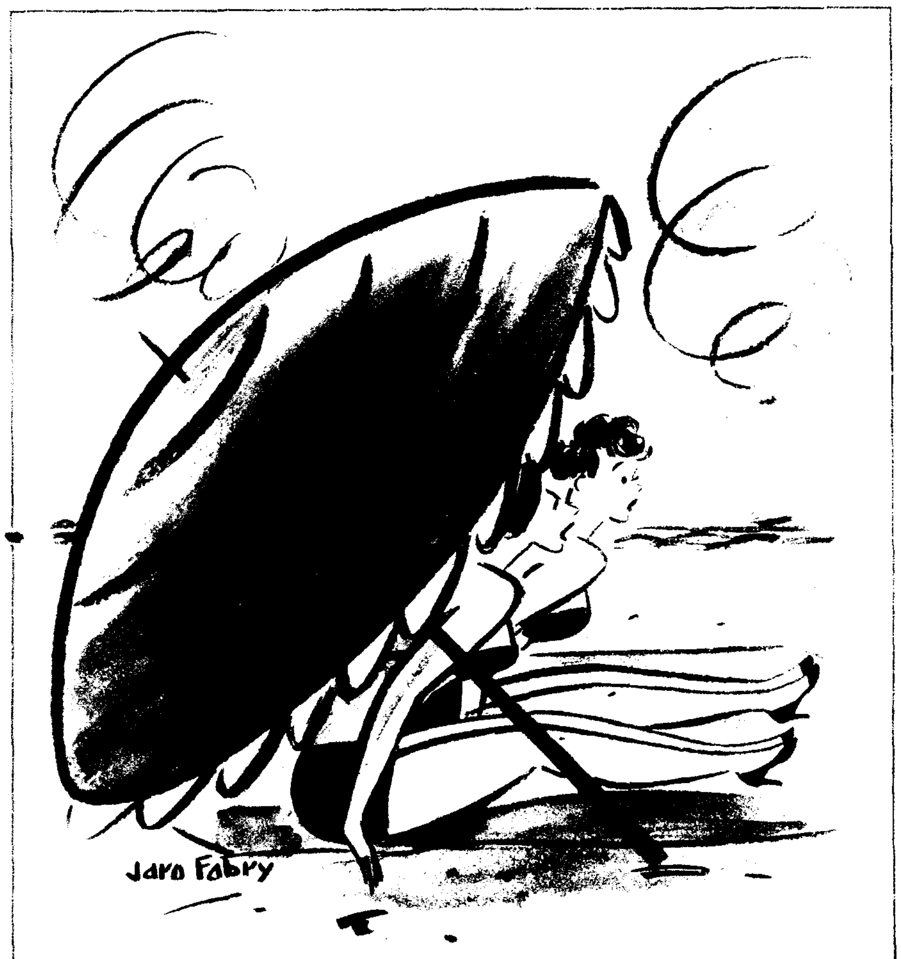
"I think," I said, "that Mr. Tor put the filly into this show to find out just that—before he sold her. Mr. Tor likes to be sure that a horse is right before he sells it. Don't you, Mickey?"

Mickey Tor looked at me for seconds, and then he grinned. Just a little. He had his out. "I sure do," he said, and I went on away. I looked for Helen. I thought she might be there in the crowd, maybe looking for me. But she wasn't.

So I went on back to my car. And Helen was sitting in the front seat, waiting for me. The way she always had. "Hi," I said, and my voice sounded queer. I opened the door, and she moved over. And then she smiled at me, and held out something. It was a blue ribbon. She just held it there and smiled, and her smile had everything that I had ever hoped for, ever dreamed of.

"This one," she said, "was left over. And—and it isn't faded. It's very, very bright. It's for you. From me." I took it and started the car, and we drove a long, long way before we said anything more, either of us.

THE END



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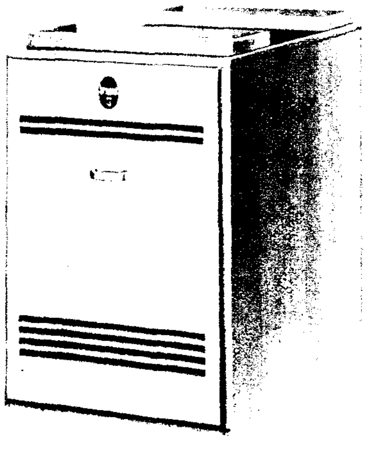

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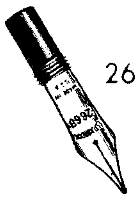
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GENERAL WRITING

9968 *Broad writing*
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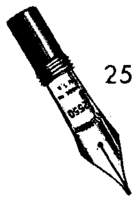
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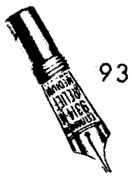
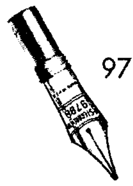
EXTRA FINE—POSTING


9314M *Medium stub*
SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE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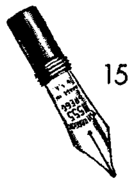
1555 *Shorthand*
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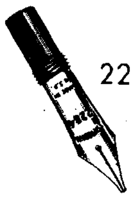
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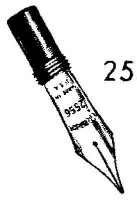
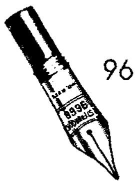
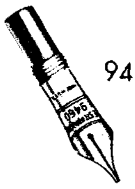

2556 *Fine writing*
ACCOUNTING


9668 *General writing*
GENERAL WRITING

2048 *Shaded Writing*
FLEXIBLE WRITING—FINE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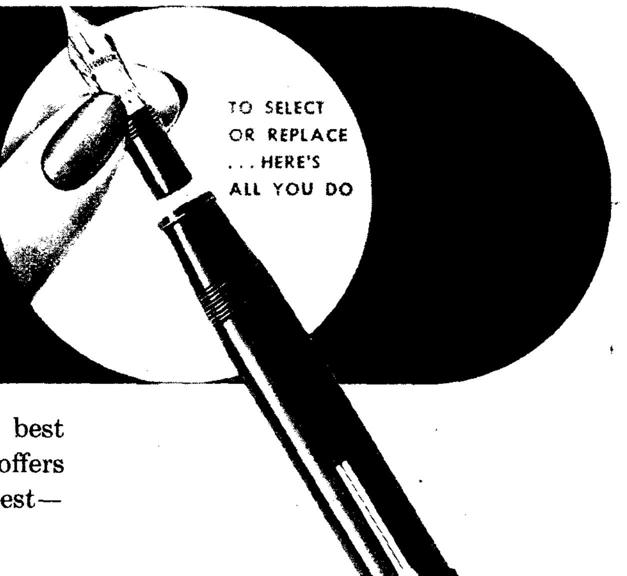
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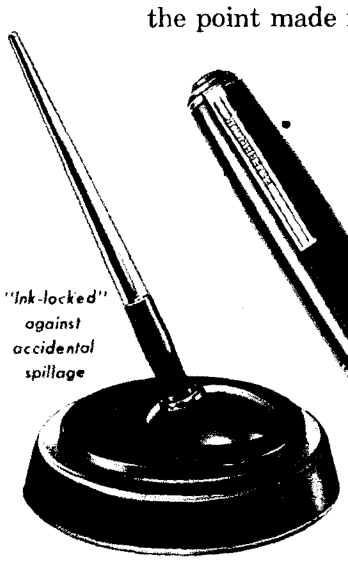
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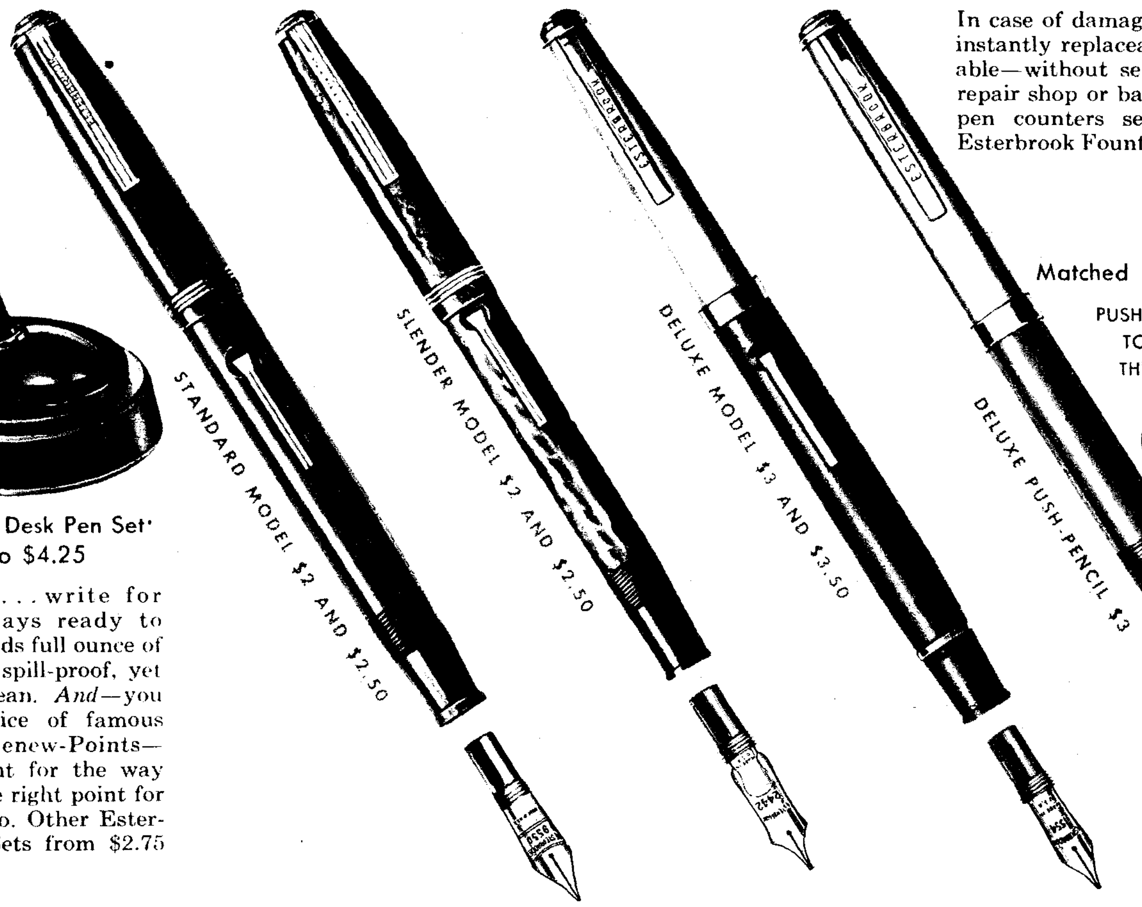
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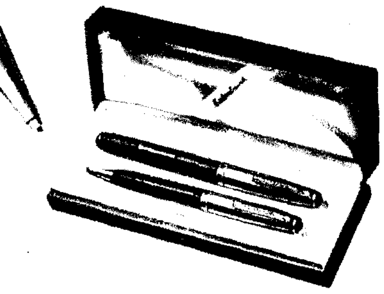

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Fabulous Flier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

hour with the North American F-86 Sabre.

He was the first Marine to be designated a helicopter pilot. One day at Patuxent a helicopter became available, so Carl got checked out and flew it.

He estimates he is checked out on and has flown more than 100 types of airplanes. Since he got his wings in '39, and until recently, he had set himself a personal minimum of 40 hours' flying time a month. He's missed that goal two or three times, but often he was well over the mark—despite the fact that for the past year, theoretically at least, he has had a desk job. Most "desk-job fliers" feel they are lucky to get in 15 hours a month.

Carl organized the "Phantoms," a four-plane Marine jet acrobatic team which has thrilled thousands at air shows.

Carl made the first "loop landing" in a jet plane, though very few people care much about doing it in any type. He was sitting at his desk one day working intently with a slide rule. At the end of an hour he got up, muttering, "I don't see why it can't be done," and got into a jet.

After a few preliminary maneuvers, he put the ship into a loop. At the top he *dropped his landing gear, dive and wing* flaps. (Actually, in that position, flat on his back, he was raising and not lowering them.) With these "brakes" on he was able to hold the plane very near stalling speed as he came out of the loop in a long glide which brought him down to the start of the runway at a reasonable landing speed. And he set it down.

More Practice, Less Danger

Carl will tell you he doesn't believe in taking chances.

"A good pilot doesn't take chances," he explains. "But being a good pilot is a matter of constant flying, constant practice and thoroughly knowing your airplane. What might be a chance to some pilots isn't to others. I never quit practicing."

For that this writer can vouch, having ridden in his back seat on a flight from Washington to Cherry Point in an old TBM (torpedo bomber). Taking off, we had several thousand feet of runway in front of us, but we were off the "deck" in just about 10 seconds. Going into Cherry Point there wasn't another plane in sight. The runway stretched aimlessly. Carl put the bomber into a mild dive from 1,500 feet, turned into a sharp bank and we were on the runway. It was a perfect carrier landing.

In the ready room of Carl's old squadron at Cherry Point the talk still is frequently of him. This day there were Lieutenant Colonel Michael Sampas, Carl's former commander, and three squadron pilots.

They said he had run a "tight" squadron. When they flew with him their formation was better, the radio conduct was better—no foolishness over the air.

"You know he expects it," said the lieutenant. "You never hear much from him if things are going good, but just let something go wrong, and—oh, brother!"

A Good Maintenance System

"He likes to have all his planes flyable," said the captain. "And he has a good system for keeping them on the line. If it doesn't seem possible to keep up the maintenance in the daytime, Carl suggests they do what's necessary at night. He works with them. It's amazing how soon the daytime maintenance improves."

"He never seems to get rusty," said the flying master sergeant. "I got ambitious one day and challenged him to a dogfight. We went up and started. The first thing I *knew, he was in my blind spot, and the next* thing I knew, he was diving straight down on me. I hadn't even seen him betweentimes. He's going to be hard to keep out of the fighting in the Far East, too."

Colonel Sampas supplied the information that Carl is a first-rate shot with anything—rifle, skeet gun or 50-caliber machine gun.

"Sometimes," said the captain, "he's a little hard to know. He's very quiet. He doesn't smoke and he usually can make one drink last all evening."

"Carl is too preoccupied with flying to do very much else," said Sampas, "and he's a hard man to convince about things an airplane won't do. When he went to Muroc to make some early tests on the Douglas Skystreak, they told him the ship's design wouldn't permit 'stall landings.'

"Carl flew it two or three times, made his own evaluation and then brought it in exactly as they said it shouldn't be brought in. He thought it could be done—and if it couldn't we'd better find out why."

"We had a hard time convincing the Marines he should come back to this job after his tour at Cherry Point," said Naval Captain F. M. Trapnell who, at the time of Carl's return, was commanding officer of the Naval Air Test Center. "Experienced pilots are easy to find. Getting one that has the temperament, the training and the experience is something else again.

"Carl has no nervousness and no uncertainty. I don't mean he has no fear. Any man who isn't afraid sometimes is a fool. Carl has a quiet sureness. He goes about his job as if he were getting ready to milk a cow. It makes his work twice as easy—or maybe he just makes it look twice as easy."

Creating an airplane, as practically anyone who follows aviation at all these days can tell you, is a five year process from drawing board to production line. The planners decide what they will need in an airplane to do a job—not today, but five years from today. It must fly so high, so far, so fast and carry so much of a load.

This plan is given the design engineers. They worry it for weeks and months until they are satisfied. The plane on this blueprint, say the engineers, will do what the military guys want it to do.

Then a mock-up is built. If the need for haste is very urgent, it may be a flying mock-up—an actual airplane. But usually not. There are too many problems. They simply follow the blueprints to create a *dummy which never moves from the floor* of the shop. Why? Because it tells them that certain parts of their blueprints are fine, but others are impractical. Maybe the cockpit is too small or there isn't enough room for the electrical plant in the space planned for it. Or it may be the more complex business of maintenance accessibility wing loading and air flow.

So they work with the mock-up until they get it the way they want it. While they are working, a more powerful engine may be perfected and they want to add that. This may mean that the whole design has to be altered, but they do it and finally they are satisfied.

From the mock-up comes the X-model, the experimental ship. Both the Navy and the Air Force used to buy only one. Now they buy two, three, sometimes more, because they've already spent several millions on the plane and they want at least one spare. They know it will fly—the designers and the engineers have a fair share of the world's genius—but any new airplane has more bugs than a Liberian village, and these have to be worked out.

The Test Pilot Takes Over

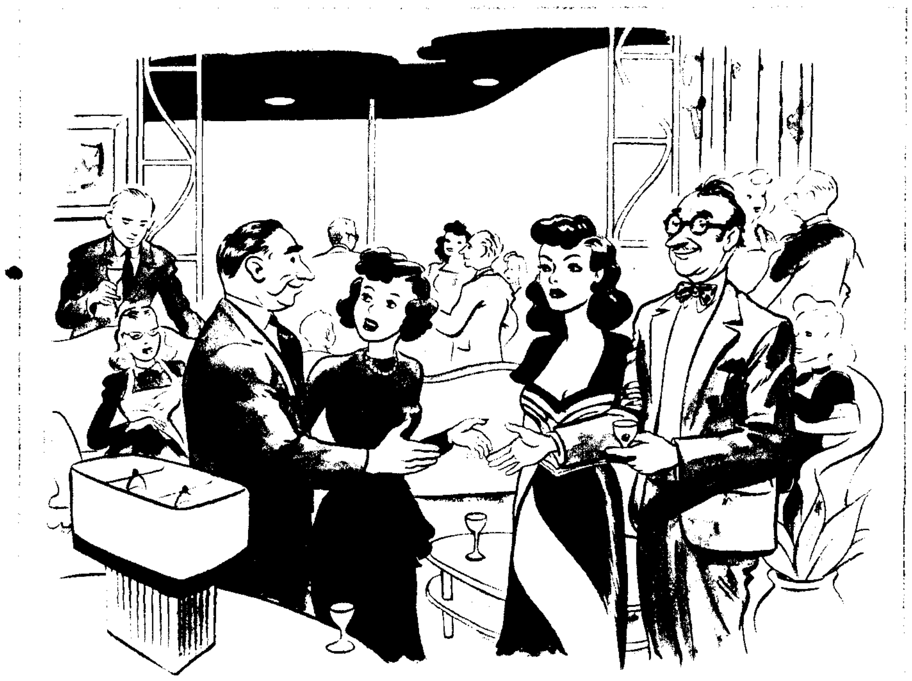
This X-model goes to the test pilot, Marion Carl and his brothers in the air, Yeager of the Air Force, the afore-mentioned Trapnell of the Navy and a number of others, both in the service and in the employ of the aircraft corporations. The test pilot's job is to take the new plane up time after time, making his own careful observations and evaluations, while at the same time half a hundred instruments in the craft are recording theirs. One craft may prove itself readily. Another may take months.

Take the F90F Tiger, purely mythical. The Tiger has gone from the drafting board through the mock-up, and the first experimental model has been built. After taxi tests and the first few flights, which are almost always made by the company's test pilot, the manufacturer turns the Tiger over to the Navy.

The Tiger is a carrier-type fighter-bomber and it now becomes the problem of Lieutenant Colonel Marion Carl, boss of the carrier section. The Tiger is his baby and will be for months.

The Tiger is no new airplane to Carl. He has seen the wind-tunnel reports and the mock-up. He has talked to the engineers and he has studied the results of the taxi runs and the first flights. He has talked to the company's test pilot and has tried to familiarize himself with the Tiger's flight characteristics.

On his first flight he climbs carefully



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to a reasonable altitude, levels off and goes through gentle maneuvers, getting the feel of the Tiger. From then on it is a matter of patient workmanship, of taking the Tiger up day after day.

After each flight the data from the dozens of instruments aboard, plus Carl's personal observations, go on the charts.

The flights in these weeks of early testing are usually made at comparatively safe speeds and altitudes. There are delays, brief or extended, while corrections in design and construction are being made.

Controls Are All-Important

"We look for literally a thousand things in these first few flights," Carl told me, "but primarily we are interested in the matter of control: What happens when we apply the controls, how effective are the controls and how stable is the ship in conjunction with them?

"If the plane has two engines, what happens when one is shut off? What trim changes are necessary to compensate for the loss? Trimming an airplane—that is, adjusting the trim tabs, rudder and ailerons—is about the same as the adjustments you make in your bearing when walking with a heavy suitcase—or into a strong wind."

Low-speed control is vital in a carrier plane, for the deck of a carrier is a small target to hit in a landing. Stall characteristics are important. If the ship has high-speed stall characteristics, it must also have a high landing speed. On a carrier, that necessitates stronger deck arresting gear.

The Tiger thus passes its low-speed tests, after undergoing alterations. Then come the high-speed tests. They aren't likely to be any more dangerous, and the problems are much the same.

At high speed it is still a matter of control. How does the plane fly at 10 miles a minute? What is the effect of sudden change in the plane's attitude—as when it is suddenly put into a steep dive, or climb or turn?

"We watch for vibration and buffeting," Carl explained, "and particularly for any effect on stability and control. Wings, for instance, are built to 'give' vertically, just as a tall building is built to 'give' with the wind. But they can't vibrate like a violin string."

What about compressibility? The old and ever-present bugaboo of the sonic barrier?

"Actually the so-called 'sonic barrier' doesn't worry us much any more," Carl said. "Compressibility at too great speed does, certainly. Modern high-speed aircraft have a critical 'Mach number' and they're equipped with a 'Mach meter.' The speed of sound, at any altitude, is 'Mach 1.' At sea level this is roughly 760 miles an hour, depending on the temperature. At higher altitudes the speed of sound is lower.

"A plane's Mach number indicates the speed at which it approaches the danger of compressibility. If the Tiger's number is Mach 1.5, it means the plane was designed to go through the sonic barrier and to stand one and a half times the speed of sound, or 1,140 miles an hour at sea level.

"That's pretty fast," he added hastily. "However, as the Tiger climbs higher the Mach number represents fewer miles an hour. At 40,000 feet, for instance, its Mach 1.5 represents only an approximate speed of 990 mph. Whether its danger point of compressibility is equally reduced is still a problem of experimentation.

"The pilot doesn't have to compute these speed figures. He can look at the Mach meter at any time and see just how close he is to his theoretical 'critical speed.'"

Though Carl won't and shouldn't discuss it, he (and other pilots testing the newer light planes of both the Navy and Air Force) probably has been through the once-awesome sonic barrier several times, in dives if not in level flights.

Publicity Made His Face Red

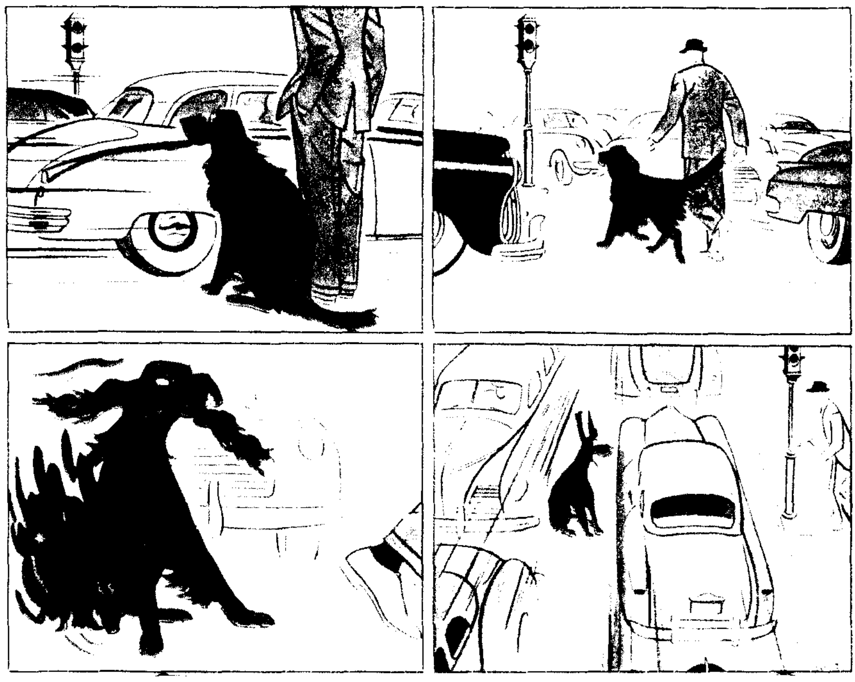
He recently flew the Air Force F-86 Sabre, built by North American, which holds the present official world speed record of 671 miles an hour. Afterward an eager Marine public relations man released a story to the effect that Carl had flown it faster than the speed of sound. Carl was highly embarrassed by the story and hopes his friends in the Air Force Flight Test Division at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base and at Muroc Lake won't blame him.

Right now, one of his bigger ambitions is to fly their X-1, the little experimental plane which Air Force Captain Chuck Yeager first pushed through the sonic wall, and which former Secretary of Air Stuart Symington announced has "flown hundreds of miles faster than the speed of sound."

"Maybe they'll let me, one of these days." Meantime he goes about his business of helping the Navy develop and get into production the best carrier aircraft it can.

Carl actually began his career when he signed up for a course in aeronautical engineering at Oregon State College at Corvallis. He was born Marion Eugene Carl

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

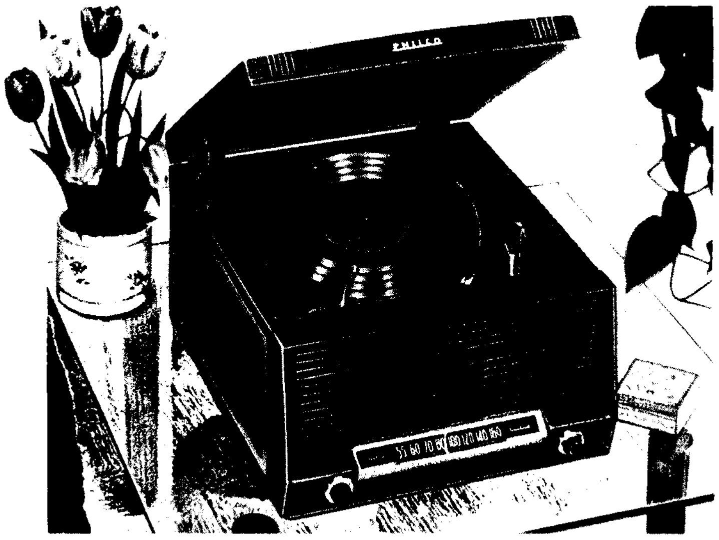
Here for '51—the greatest radios in PHILCO history!

sensational new radios and radio-phonographs that climax 20 years of PHILCO leadership

Here they are . . . the brilliant new Philco radios and radio-phonographs for 1951. They are brilliant as ever in their performance . . . performance that has actually been stepped up for '51 over all previous standards.

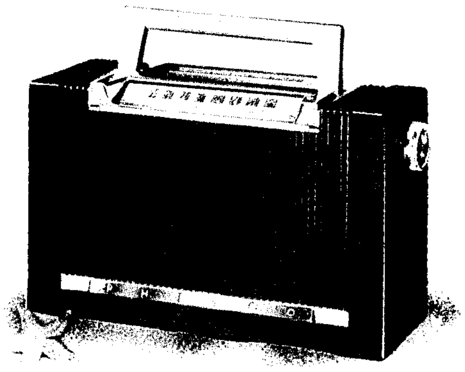
And they're brilliant, too, in their magnificent new beauty! Gaily colored plastics, fine rich-grained mahogany and walnut, careful finishing, the utmost in craftmanship plus the creative ingenuity of some of America's foremost designers, truly make Philco for '51 outstanding in style and beauty, matchless in grace and design.

Why not visit your Philco dealer now . . . and see these great new 1951 Philco radios and radio-phonographs—the most powerful, most beautiful that Philco has ever made in 20 years of unchallenged leadership.

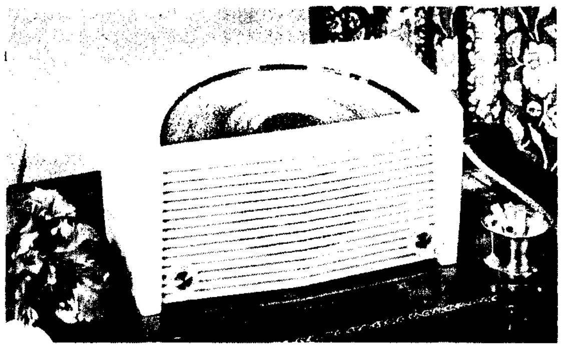


- **FINEST PERFORMING** radio phonograph table model ever offered in its size and price. Plays all records, all sizes automatically with real console tone. Philco AM radio with new highly sensitive circuit. Gleaming maroon plastic with brown Philcoleather finish tooled in gold. Philco model 1331. $\$99^{95}$*

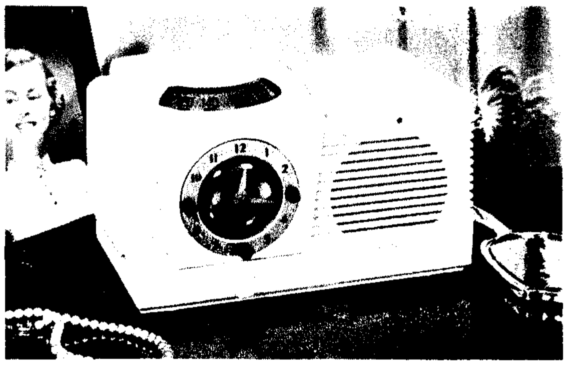
- **GREATEST FIDELITY** of tone ever achieved; plays all records, all sizes automatically; 12 inch Cathedral High Fidelity Speaker. Super-performing AM-FM radio with tuned RF stage and 3-gang condenser, and built-in Dual Aerial System. Authentic Federal American console of selected mahogany veneers. Philco model 1734. $\$329^{95}$*



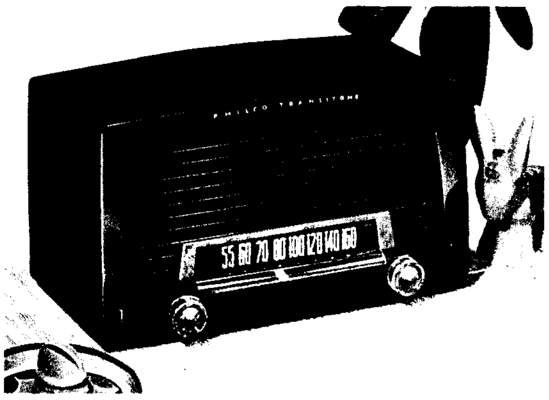
- **AMERICA'S FINEST "PERSONAL"** portable radio. The *Magnecor,* entirely new kind of aerial, perfected by Philco, stays permanently concealed inside cabinet. Tone, volume, sensitivity unequalled in personal radios. Operates on AC, DC or batteries. Choice of six gorgeous colors. Philco 631. $\$36^{50}$* *less batteries*



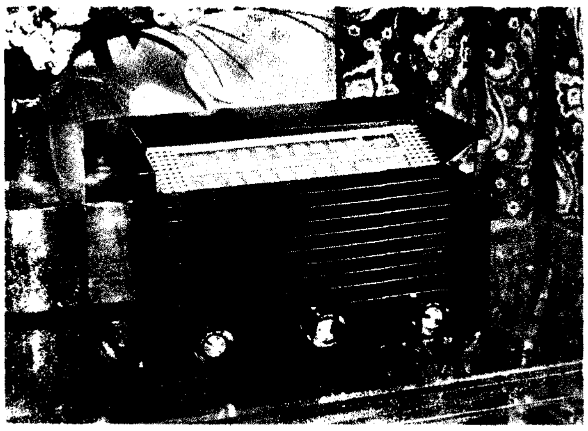
- **SPECIAL CIRCUIT** with tuned RF stage, 3-gang condenser, new tube-saver resistor, new extra volume distortion-free speaker. Here's performance you'd never think possible in a radio this size. Gleaming ivory plastic cabinet. Philco model 931. $\$42^{50}$*



- **NEW 1951 CLOCK RADIO.** Go to sleep to music, wake up to music. Clock turns radio *off* automatically, turns radio *on* at any preset time. Powerful Philco 1951 radio with high-sensitivity and rich full tone. Brown plastic cabinet slightly lower in price. PT-537-I. $\$39^{95}$*



- **BRILLIANT EXAMPLE** of the modern design and beauty that distinguishes the 1951 Philco table radios. New Philco AC-DC circuit for extreme sensitivity, improved speaker for extra volume without distortion. Rich mottled mahogany plastic cabinet with radiantly lighted dial. PT-534. $\$32^{50}$*



- **NEVER BEFORE** an AM-FM table radio like this! New super-sensitive FM system with tuned RF stage and 3-gang condenser for the first time in a moderate price table radio. New tube-saver resistor and Dual Aerial System. Rich mottled mahogany plastic cabinet. Philco model 934. $\$59^{95}$

**Prices slightly higher in South and West. Prices subject to change.*

PHILCO—*world's most popular radio*

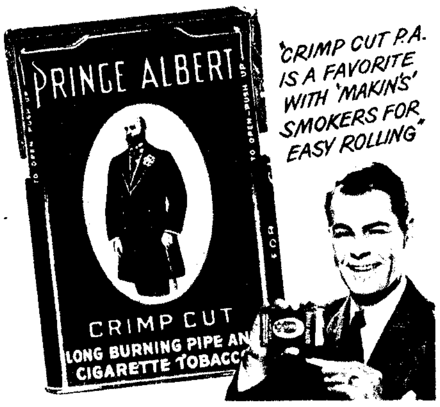
He scores high ...he's got P.A.*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

● Her admiring glance shows he scores high with her. He's got Pipe Appeal! And you can just bet mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert scores high with him. It's America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

Try P.A.! You'll enjoy the natural fragrance of P.A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco—specially treated to insure against tongue bite.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
CRIMP CUT P.A. IS A FAVORITE WITH 'MAKINS' SMOKERS FOR EASY ROLLING

The National Joy Smoke

34 years ago on a dairy farm at Hubbard, Oregon. His father, Herman Carl, ran the dairy farm and liked to note quietly, until his death at fifty-five, that except for three days he had arisen at four o'clock in the morning every day from the time he was twenty-one years old.

Marion's father was of German descent his mother Norwegian. He has one brother, Manton, now thirty-three, who remained at home and operates the farm, and one sister, Virginia, twenty-seven, who lives in Portland.

He went to high school in Hubbard and then on to State, where he got his engineering degree in 1938. He had also had four years of R.O.T.C. training and held a reserve commission in the Army engineers.

In November, after his graduation, he resigned this commission and became a Marine aviation cadet at Pensacola, winning his wings and a new commission as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps on December 1, 1939.

December 7, 1941, and Pearl Harbor found him at North Island in San Diego with Fighting Squadron 221. The squadron went on alert with news of the Jap attack and the next day Carl and his mates flew their planes aboard the Saratoga in the harbor and headed for the scene.

From Pearl Harbor the Saratoga steamed on eastward to relieve a beleaguered Wake Island, but 400 miles from the destination it was turned back to Midway, arriving on Christmas Day, 1941. With 14 old Brewster Buffaloes, Fighting 221 began operating off the island on December 26th. Also there was a squadron of Marine dive bombers from Honolulu.

"We went on scramble alert half an hour before sunrise," Carl told me. "We used to get up at four thirty, gulp a cup of coffee and run to our ships. After warming them up we sat there waiting for an attack. We did the same thing at sunset because everyone thought that if we were attacked it would be at either dawn or dusk. The only action we saw was strafing subs and one poor lost Jap seaplane. We were never sure about the subs, but a couple of the boys knocked the seaplane into the water."

Battle Action at Midway

His first real fighting came in the Battle of Midway in June, 1942. Twenty-five Marine planes took off from Midway Island to join the battle. Fifteen were shot down, of which only one was fished safely out of the sea. Carl got his first Zero, several bullets through his plane and a lot of experience.

After Midway he went to Honolulu and joined Squadron 223, which sailed for Guadalcanal on the jeep carrier Long Island, arriving August 20th, 13 days after the island was taken by the Marines and then held in one of the bloodiest battles of the war.

Things were lively there and Carl became one of a famous trio which was making headlines back home—Marines John L. Smith, Robert E. Galer and Marion Carl. They started a tremendous friendly rivalry that was rough on the Japanese air force. One day Carl would be leading in Jap kills, the next day Smith and the next Galer. They leapfrogged up through five, seven, ten and more with the scores changing almost daily, finally ending with 19 for Smith, 16½ for Carl, and 13 for Galer.

Then, on successive days, almost, Smith made a dead-stick landing behind the Jap lines and walked back through them, Galer ditched in the ocean and was rescued, and Carl bailed out into the sea.

Carl's sortie into the Pacific waters happened on September 9, 1942. His squadron was on patrol and they sighted a covey of Jap bombers. Climbing to 26,000 feet the Marines got set for a diving attack.

"The Zeros must have been sitting up above us," Carl said. "I never even saw the one that got me. Everything was normal and we were all ready to tear into the bombers. Then—'bingo.' I saw the tracer bullets going by and the next thing I knew my plane was on fire."

Carl slid back the canopy, flipped the plane over on its back and bailed out. He pulled the rip cord and watched his plane strike the water and explode. He followed it in some minutes later.

Fighter planes were equipped with collapsible dinghies in those days, but Carl's went down with his ship. His Mae West supported him in the water for four hours until a native paddled cautiously out in the dusk and rescued him.

Behind Jap Lines in Jungle

"He was a native minister," said Carl. "Church of England, and he could speak pidgin English. We landed and he took me into the jungle. We were behind the Jap lines and there were Jap patrols up and down the beach day and night, but once you were 10 feet in that jungle no one could find you. I don't know how the natives ever found their way."

Carl's minister passed him along to the tribal doctor.

"The doctor was quite a guy," Carl went on. "He had about the equivalent of a high-school education and he did a fine job of treating the natives. I was with him for five days. He always knew when a Jap patrol was anywhere near and kept me hidden. Both the minister and the doctor had more power in the tribe than the chief. They all ate well. The food was good."

Carl worried a lot about getting back. The Jap patrols were active and it looked impossible to make it through the lines. Then one day his host mentioned that he had an old motorboat the Japs had abandoned—but it wouldn't run.

That night he took Carl to the boat. Carl tore down the motor and made a few minor repairs. There was fuel in the tank.

So the next night he cranked it up and he and the doctor headed back. They went out far enough so the Japs couldn't hear them from shore and then made their way to the American-held part of the island.

Carl left Guadalcanal on October 12, 1942, and returned to the Marine Corps Air Station at El Toro, California. He was given 30 days' leave and, about that time, the Grumman aircraft people threw a party in New York honoring the Pacific air war heroes. Naturally Carl was invited.

It might have been just another party except that the Grumman people, always hospitable and thoughtful, invited a number of Powers models to be hostesses.

One of them was Edna Kirvin, five feet six inches of tall blue-eyed brunette. Carl, who is over six feet two and often has trouble scrooching down into the cockpit of a fighter plane, asked her to dance.

"She was not only the prettiest girl there," he says now, "she was the tallest." So he asked her to dance again and again, and before the evening was over Miss Kirvin had done what the Japs couldn't.

"Marion was a goner," a friend of his recalls, "but Edna couldn't have cared less."

Edna is more vocal on the subject than Marion Carl: "I was just nineteen. I didn't want to get married. But he stayed in New York quite a while and kept turning up. Before he left I didn't know whether I wanted to get married or not. I decided I didn't. He left for California. Then I decided I did. I wired him. He came back. We got married."

Edna returned to California with Marion and they shared a few months of married life together before he returned to the Pacific theater. Since then, of course, they've had about now five years more, and a baby girl, Lyanne, aged fifteen months.

His wife reports that Marion is a calm man who loves flying above all else ("above me, I suspect"), who brings reports home at night and works on them, who is away much too much of the time flying, who loves candy but won't eat cooked vegetables ("just meat and green salads").

"He tries to have hobbies," she told me, "but flying takes up most of his time. He buys a lot of tools and almost never uses them, though he did build me a chaise longue, and he says he will build me a house someday. Right now he's got the camera bug. Movie cameras. He takes pictures every spare minute, especially of the baby.

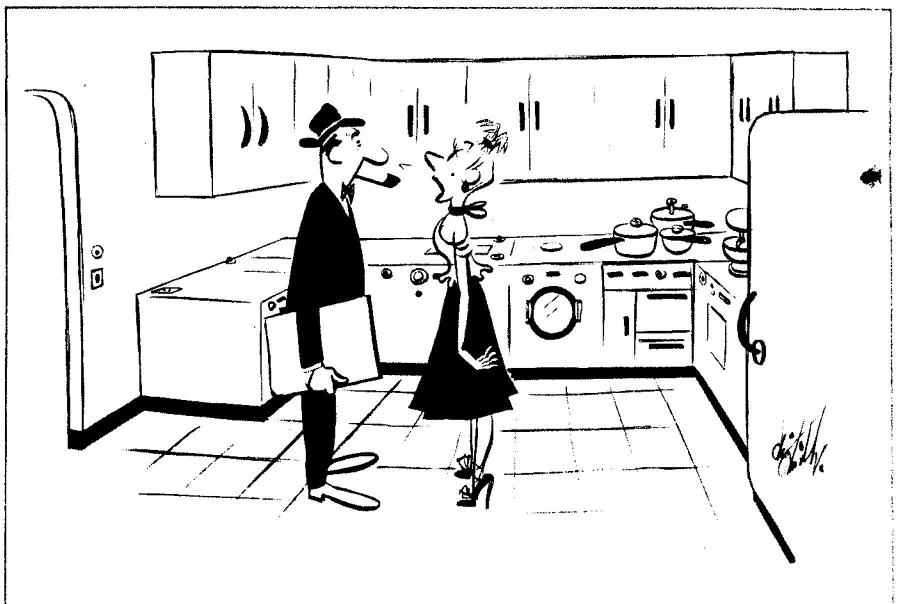
"Do I like being a Marine wife? I love it. I was the one who most urged Marion to stay in service when the war ended."

Patrol Jobs in the Pacific

When Carl was assigned back to the Pacific in July of 1943 he went first to Midway and thence to Vella La Vella, the island next to Bougainville in the Solomons. He was a squadron leader and a major by this time and he shot down two more Japs at Vella La Vella, his last two, bringing his score to 18. From there he went to Efate in the New Hebrides, and to Emirau, north of Rabaul. These were mostly patrol jobs. In November of 1944 he returned to the States.

No matter what assignment he has, Carl keeps up his constant striving for a personal aerial perfection—night flying, day flying, dead-stick landings, with any plane he can get into.

Now that the Marines are in action again, Carl is itching to get back into combat. He doesn't want to be stuck on testing duty. "I've got an interesting job," he says. "And it's an important job, no matter who does it. But I'd want to go with a combat squadron if things got really hot. I'm just like any other combat fighter pilot. That's my job and my life." THE END



COLLIER'S "Supper will be late. The button I pressed did the wash" GEORGE SMITH

She Surrendered herself to him

... and then his dark past rolled in like a black fog!

The Stars of "The 3rd Man"
in a new, exciting adventure!

JOSEPH COTTEN *and* **VALLI**

in

WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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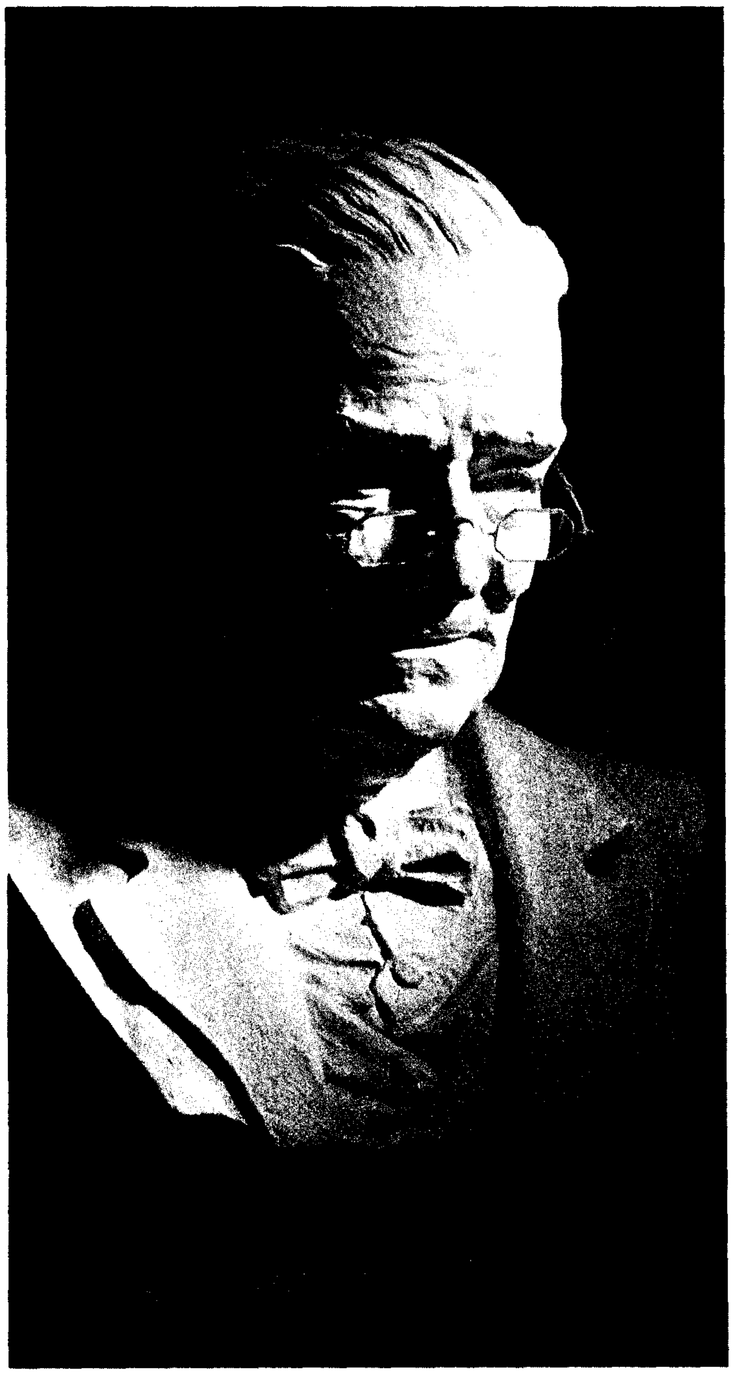

Nothing else quite takes its place

To the man who knows good whiskey, there is no substitute for "the real thing."

Among bourbons, especially bonded bourbons, that is Old Grand-Dad.

It goes into the aging casks a superior bourbon, well and carefully distilled from choice grains.

It emerges a superior bond, mellowed, ripened, recognized for its top quality.

You can serve another bourbon and perhaps save a few cents.

But you will not quite get the same appreciation from your guests as when you bring out Old Grand-Dad—long known as Head of the Bourbon Family.

That tells everyone you know top quality—and serve it.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Ky.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

OLD
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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOV'T
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE OLD GRAND DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

Paul shook his head. "No."

In a nervous fashion, the other laughed. "Then you'll find out, matey."

"Tell me," Paul said urgently.

"Well." The little man shrugged. "He's a crook—mostly a welsher on the race tracks—a fence for stolen goods in his spare time. He's been in and out of quod a dozen times. Mind you, he was a gentleman once. But now he's sunk pretty low."

"I see," said Paul, in a subdued voice.

The din in the dormitory increased—shouts, curses, bursts of laughter. Someone began to play a mouth organ. It was midnight before some sort of silence prevailed.

NEXT morning at six o'clock everyone was wakened by the untying of one master rope, a process which automatically unslung all the hammocks, spilling everyone onto the floor. As Paul filed out with the others into the raw dawn, his neighbor of the night before hung on to him, guiding him to the nearest coffee stand where he halted, stamping his burst slippers, blowing on his cupped hands with an air of humorous expectancy. "How about a mug of Java, matey? You cough up. I haven't anything smaller than a fiver."

Breaking one of his few shillings, Paul stood the other a roll and coffee.

Jerry was his name, Jerry the Dip to his pals. He admitted, with his shrunken grin, that he was a regular scrounger, had not been in regular work for years, but he knew every dodge for scraping a living. His most usual occupation was that of "fag-lifter"—he scoured the city gutters for cigarette butts and sold the mixed pickings by the pound. But in bad weather the pickings ran low, and this morning he was going to try for a day with "the boards." He offered to take Paul with him.

"You come along, matey. With those good duds you'll be sure of a board."

At first, Paul was about to refuse. He could hardly picture himself as a sandwich man. Yet, why not? To find Monk he must keep in touch with Jerry. And with almost nothing in his pocket he had to keep himself alive. He moved off with the other in the direction of Tron Alley.

At the head of the alley, outside a dilapidated yard bearing the sign Tron Billboard and Advertising Company, they took their places behind the men already lined up alongside the wooden fence. After about an hour the gate was opened and the first twenty men, including Paul and his companion, were admitted.

Inside the yard stood a row of freshly pasted sandwich boards. Imitating the others, Paul lifted one of the double boards upon his shoulders and moved toward the big gate. The line then re-formed, and Paul fell into step and plodded along behind Jerry the Dip.

All day long the line weaved and wormed its way through the busiest streets of the city. The boards were heavy and awkward, and Paul felt the strain on his shoulder muscles. But at five o'clock they were back at the alley, where each man was paid two shillings and ninepence for the day's work. As they came together out of the yard Jerry remarked, "Now we can feed," and led Paul straight to the nearest eating house.

Every day that week Paul went out with the boards. It was humiliating work. To attract attention, the men had to wear some odd article of dress, and one morning Paul was sent out with the others in a battered top hat. Toward noon, as he paraded along Tron Street, he saw one of the Bonanza assistants, Nancy Wilson, coming toward him. He lowered his head quickly, but not before she had recognized him, a look of startled surprise appearing in her face.

He did not care. With the money he received he was able to exist. He could sleep in the flophouse and buy food. Since it was more economical to use the lodginghouse kitchen, Paul bought a secondhand frying pan from the man who bossed the place, and each night made himself a filling supper of cheap meat and fried onions.

The lodginghouse harbored a strange, abandoned, shiftless company. None of the men had steady work—even the best of them were dependent upon casual labor. If a liner docked; if there was a new sewer to be dug; if a blizzard laid snow thick upon the streets; then they ate and drank. There were others who followed stranger and more devious trades: the ragpickers, the "bottle and bone" men, the refuse-rakers, the coin-fishers—silent figures, in odorous rags, who scoured the garbage cans of the city, half stooping, their eyes upon the ground, perpetually in search of the treasure of a bottle, a piece of china, a tin can.

The street entertainers were a queer crew too. There were a contortionist, a "blind" fiddler who every night read the Herald comfortably in his hammock and a vocalist who specialized in theater queues. Finally, there were the cripples: the legless man who slid over the pavements on his hands and hips, the fake paralytic, the sickly youth trading on his open sores, the beggars, open and unashamed. Many were corrupt and vicious. Some were far gone in disease. Herded together in the low, ill-ventilated dormitory, seedy and unwashed, snoring, starting in nightmare cries, they gave off in the hours of darkness a fetid odor which mingled with the stench of the latrine.

The days passed, and still Monk did not return. Jerry, despite Paul's urging, would add nothing to what he had already said of the absent man. Paul was forced to hang on. And it was strange how quickly the blight of this place infected him, filled him with a sense of desperation and despair. He began to feel that he would never solve the mystery and, under the growing burden of inaction, to long for some violent action which would cut, once and for all, the tangled cords which bound him. More and more savagely the yoke of injustice galled his youthful spirit; he brooded through sleepless nights, his thoughts always returning with growing hatred to the main instrument of his father's suffering, the prosecutor, Matthew Sprott.

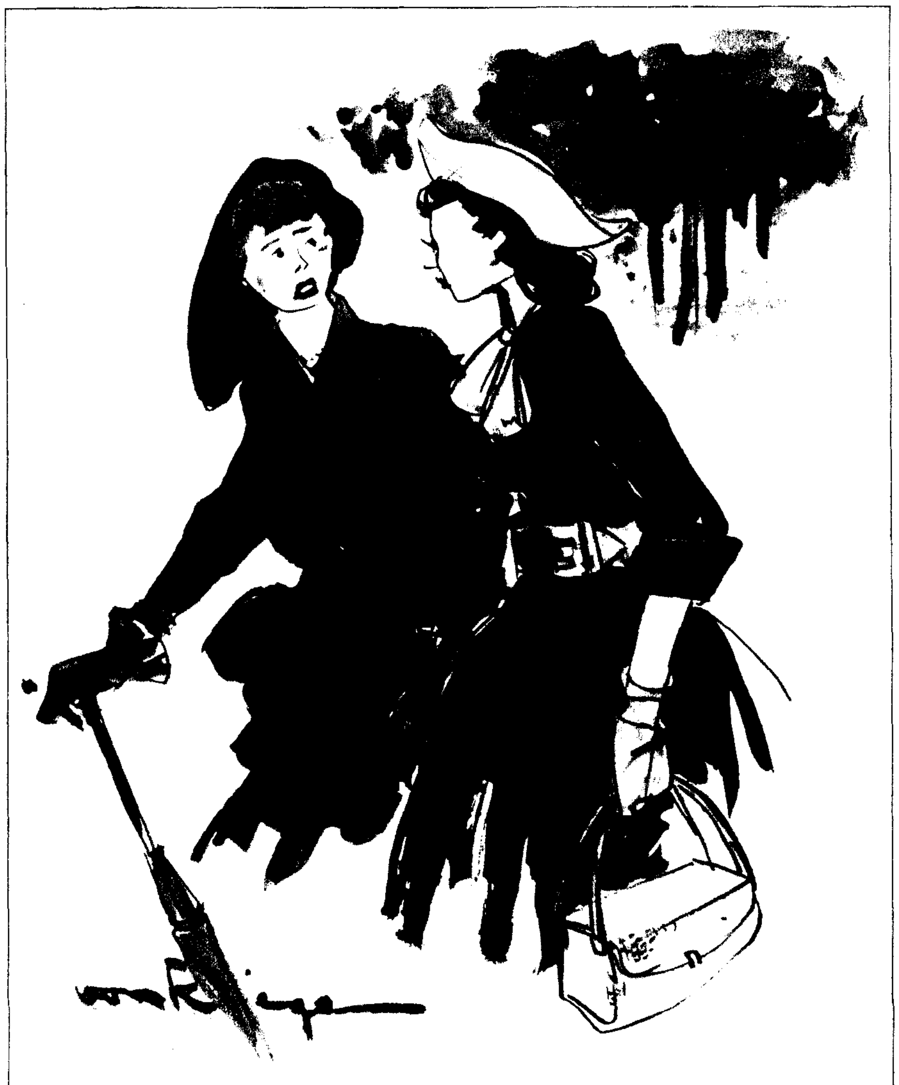
IN THE middle of the second week, the Tron Advertising Company stopped sending out its sandwich boards. Turned away at the yard, Paul glanced at Jerry, who shrugged his thin shoulders.

"They often run out on us. They post bills instead. We'll try the station."

Together they went to the railway station and, for the rest of that week, hung around on the chance of carrying a bag, always watching out for the porters, who resented this infringement of their rights. The few tips he received kept Paul going until Saturday. On the evening of that day, as they entered the lodginghouse, Jerry drew up short and pointed to a stranger, a tall, sinewy man of about forty with a pale, narrow face, unshaven chin, and small saturnine eyes, with a derby hat on his head and a crumpled neckerchief hanging from his pocket.

"There you are then, matey," exclaimed Jerry, in a low voice. "That's Monk—and watch out how you use him.". . .

Later that night, in a small back room which Monk rented in an adjoining street, Paul faced this man of mystery whom he had awaited so anxiously these past weeks. Despite his shabby clothes and liquor-coarsened voice he was, as Jerry had said, obviously educated, and of superior intelligence. His long lean cheeks had a clerkly



COLLIER'S "He says he's done a lot of foolish things in his life, and he's going to stay single so he can keep on doing them!" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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is a family affair
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THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

YOU will stand in stunned amazement when you see Carlsbad Caverns National Park, and off the-beaten-track you'll likely discover some unheralded *fiesta* or local celebration as gay and colorful as the celebrators themselves. At Indian *pueblos,* where customs and dress have changed but little since the days of *Conquistadores,* you will thrill to the throbbing rhythm of the tom-tom heralding an age-old ceremonial. The pleasing graciousness of Spanish culture, the lingering traces of a rollicking, robust Old West add individuality to this land of contrasts. Once you have shared these things, you'll never forget them!!!

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What does your car

The old saying was that clothes make the man; today it is truer that the car labels the driver.

Which makes it fairly important to consider what your car says about you!

Does it say, for example, that you are one who really *knows* fine cars —able to recognize high merit, even when it doesn't carry the highest price tags?

For such we built the Roadmaster—and gave it all the fine car need honestly be asked to provide.

It has power—abundant power for brilliant performance, with plenty in reserve for emergencies.

It has size—plentiful size in the way of interior room, all the impressiveness you need in exterior measurements.

It has comfort—the blissfully restful comfort of Buick's matchlessly level ride, which sets a standard for the whole industry to follow.

It has convenience—the silken smoothness of Dynaflow Drive, the quick surge of Fireball power, the ease of feathery steering, over-all length that you find mighty handy in parking and garaging.

From all this Roadmaster gets standing.

It is the standing of a truly fine and capable automobile, not a standing born simply of price tags.

For while Roadmaster's prices are high enough to cover all that a fine car should offer, its cost *per pound* is the lowest in the fine-car field —and there's no greater proof of solid value than that.

So if you want a truly fine car—able, roomy, comfortable, modern in equipment and faultless in tailoring and finish—

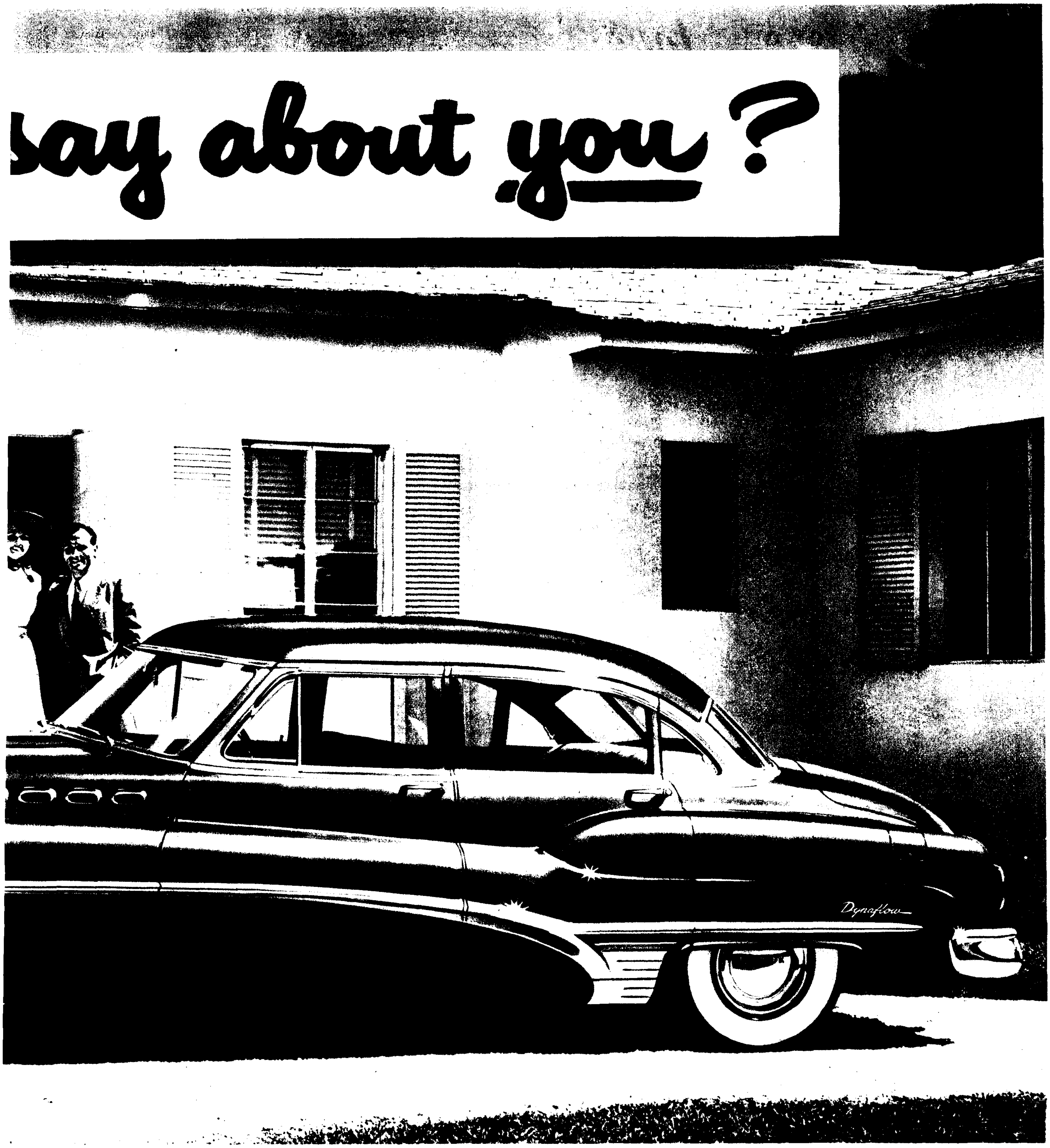
If you also have a prudent man's normal interest in wanting something good at no more than a good thing should cost—we invite you to see your Buick dealer now about trying out a Roadmaster.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

YOUR KEY TO
GREATER VALUE

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick
ROADMASTER
with Dynaflow Drive
FIRST OF THE FINE CARS IN VALUE



Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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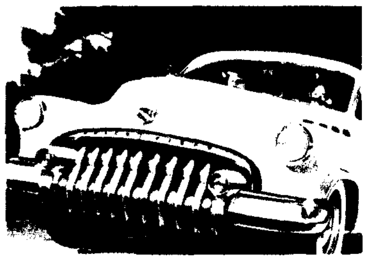
This rugged front end (1) sets the style note, (2) saves on repair costs — vertical bars are individually replaceable, (3) avoids "locking horns," (4) makes parking and garaging easier.



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HIGHER-COMPRESSION *Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.)*
NEW-PATTERN STYLING, *with* ***MULTI-GUARD*** *forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights*
WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY, *close-up road view both forward and back*
TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE, *less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius*
SOFT BUICK RIDE, *from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube*
EXTRA-WIDE SEATS *cradled between the axles* • ***WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS*** *with Body by Fisher.*

*Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.

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air, and in his chilling yellowish countenance there was the look of one who had managed many a shrewd skirmish with the law. But whatever he once was, or might have been, he had now clearly fallen to the depths, to the seamy and shady fringes of the underworld.

"You're wondering about me," he said. "Don't. I no longer exist."

As Paul remained silent Monk poured himself a shot of whisky from the bottle at his elbow and tossed it down. His dead eyes could express interest in nothing, but the pale lips twisted downward in scornful inquiry.

"What do you want with me?"

WITHOUT speaking, without taking his eyes from Monk, Paul handed him the spill of paper which Prusty had given him. Monk unrolled it, glanced at it carelessly, then, without a word, handed it back. "So that's what brought you to the Vennel gutters," he said bitterly.

"Who sent me that message? Was it—was it my father?"

Another silence, brief, but loaded with suspense.

"Yes," said Monk in a flat voice. "I dare say it was."

"Then—you know my father?"

"Perhaps—I know them that have known him."

"In Stoneheath?"

"In that accursed place—and out of it."

"How is he?" The words came with a gasp. "You must have heard."

"Bad." Monk took a bag of tobacco from his overcoat pocket, slipped off a rice paper from a pack, and rolled himself a cigarette. "In fact, couldn't be worse."

"My God—haven't you anything more to tell me? No hope of any kind to give me?"

"Is there any hope in Stoneheath?"

The throbbing of Paul's heart seemed to fill his ears. Yet there must, he was sure, be something behind this man's inscrutable and sinister reserve.

"Why was I told to find you, then?"

"Your old man guessed I was around. Thought we ought to meet."

"Then it must be that you *can* help me!"

"That depends," Monk said slowly, drawing deeply on his cigarette, "on what kind of help you want."

"You know what I want," Paul exclaimed. "To dig out a poor devil who's been buried alive for fifteen years."

"Once you're in that grave, you never get out."

Wildly, Paul exclaimed, "I *will* get him out. He's innocent. I have some clues already. I'll find the one who really did the murder."

"Never." Monk spoke disdainfully, and his yellow eyes, fixed steadily on Paul, seemed to become opaque. "Why don't you go for the legal killer—the man who's your real enemy—the public prosecutor?"

Paul caught his breath.

"Monk isn't your real name. For God's sake—who are you?"

There was a heavy pause. Then slowly, the other answered: "You've heard of Gillett—the lawyer Sprott ruined along with Swann. I am Walter Gillett's brother."

A long silence followed. Then he resumed, in a biting voice, "So you see we're in the same boat, you and me. No doubt that's why your dad thought we ought to get together. We owe everything to that swine Sprott. And we're so weak—so spineless—we don't do a thing about it."

Paul bowed his head between his hands, crushed by the weight of his disappointment. Had his father sent him to this man only to meet this dead end of savage disillusionment? Monk had expected him—warned, no doubt, by the released convict who had carried the message. Was his present attitude sincere? Or was the whole thing planted and prearranged, false from beginning to end? And still the searing voice went on:

"Don't take it to heart. We're down where we belong, you and I. Cheer up." A strange light flickered in his clouded pupils. "What you need is a little diversion. Why don't you let me give you a little entertainment?"

"Entertainment!" Paul exclaimed. "This is hardly the time—"

"Why not? You don't read the papers properly, or you'd know there's been a fine show in town for the past ten days—two first-rate performers. Oh, they play Winton regularly, but this is one of their biggest attractions. And it's all free!"

His voice had gradually taken on a note which chilled Paul to the bone. There was a pause. Paul waited.

"The High Court is in session, Lord Oman presiding, Sir Matthew Sprott prosecuting—wouldn't you like to see them?"

Staring at the other, Paul did not answer.

"It's such an opportunity—the last day of the trial." Monk was mocking him again, in that same deadly way. "Surely you'd like to come with me tomorrow afternoon—and see how they do it?"

"Do what?"

"You know what," he said, affecting ingenuous surprise. "Of course you do! Mind you, this one won't be so exciting. Just a wretched little bawd who's killed her lover. Still, any murder trial is interesting—and we'd see your two good friends."

"No!" Paul said violently.

Monk's face hardened. He pierced Paul through and through with his yellow eyes.

"Are you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid—I just don't see why I should go. It's ugly, and cynical."

"I say you are afraid." The cold and cutting words came faster. "I thought at first you had guts. But I see I am mistaken. You say you want a showdown. Well, for God's sake, why not have it! Don't you realize that there are two kinds of people? The ones who take what they want—and the ones who don't! What sort of a game do you think you and I are in? Do you think we're playing for fun? I know what you're up against! But you—you'd let them all tramp over you! Well, go your own way then, and I'll go mine."

His voice dropped; he rose and threw his cigarette butt in the empty fireplace.

Paul stood watching him, wounded and aroused, torn by indecision. Suddenly he compressed his lips. "I'll go," he said. "What time shall I meet you?"

Monk turned slowly, buttoning his coat. "Do you mean it?" He searched Paul's face intently. "Very well. Outside the High Court. Two o'clock. Tomorrow." He swung round and held the door open.

ALL that night, in the dormitory, Paul lay awake, tossing on the matting in tortured self-examination. His meeting with Monk, the crumbling of his hopes, the man's bitterness, the whole deadly impact of his personality had shaken and dismayed him. But these last misspent weeks had brought him to such a pass that the need for action was boiling in his blood. He gritted his teeth, determined to go through with any ordeal to get it.

The next day he met Monk at the High Court. Monk, who was shaved and more respectably dressed than before, apparently knew his way about. He led Paul through the main archway and up a broad circular staircase to a heavy mahogany door guarded by an official to whom he handed two stamped admission cards. When the officer had inspected the cards he then ushered them through the door into a narrow public gallery where they squeezed into two vacant seats.

Below lay the crowded court—the robed judge on his dais at one end, the jury box to the left, the witness stand to the right; and in the center, the dock, where a young woman in a shawl stood between two motionless bareheaded policemen. Gray and somber though it was, all this broke upon Paul's vision with blinding force. He leaned forward, his gaze bent upon Lord Oman. His Lordship was an aged figure, of more than average stature but slightly stooped. His face, the color almost of port wine, was haughty, fixed in implacable severity. From beneath his brooding brows, the eyes looked out, senile yet formidable.

Paul felt the sweat break out upon him as he looked, but a pressure on his arm made him turn to Monk, who pointed to a figure standing in the well of the court.

"Don't bother about Oman—he's in his dotage." The words were whispered hoarsely. "There, getting ready to speak —your real friend—Sprott."

Paul observed with a thudding heart the form of the advocate depute, in his curly wig and somber black robe. His hard-bitten cheeks showed ruddy in the twilight of the court; he pursed his thick lips and sent his small eyes darting beneath his sandy brows as he began to address the jury in a final, measured recapitulation of the case.

THE sordid facts were simple. The accused was a woman of the streets, a prostitute of the poorest class who, since the age of seventeen—she was now twenty-four—had followed her trade in a mean quarter of the city. She had, inevitably, a protector, the man who lived with her upon her pitiful earnings. One night, when she was drunk, in a surge of hatred and remorse, she had cut *his* throat, then turned the razor ineffectually upon herself.

It scarcely seemed as if this miserable story would bear elaboration, but Sprott dwelt upon it, and all its sordid details, at great length, and with withering admonition, indicating to the jury that no thought of extenuating circumstances should cause them to compromise their verdict. It appeared, indeed, to Paul, as if the prosecutor were reveling in the fair execution of his duty, drawing from his own exposition of the vicious degradation of the accused an almost savage satisfaction, using his utmost powers to crush and to condemn.

When he concluded he sat down amid a deathly stillness, then lounged back in his seat as though the proceedings held no further interest for him.

"Take a good look at him," Monk whispered again. "He was the one who did for your father."

Even without this prompting, Paul was conscious, as he watched the public prosecutor, of a surge of aversion so violent and intense that it turned him a little sick. He had felt instinctive dislike before, but this present feeling held more, far more, than that repulsion. Black and bitter, it welled like gall from deep inside him. He thought of what this man had said about his father, the merciless and false vituperation which he had heaped upon him. He remembered, from the photograph, the trapped and hunted look upon his father's face as he bore the cross-examination of the prosecutor, of this man lounging here, now, before his eyes. There was, in this man's studied indifference, something so callous, so bereft of ordinary humanity, that it roused in Paul's breast a wild thirst for revenge.

Suddenly there was silence. The speech for the defense was over; the judge had concluded his summing up. With a shuffling of feet, the jury retired, and the court quickly cleared.

"Four o'clock," Monk remarked, drawing back his pale lips. "Just in nice time for them all to have tea."

"How can you talk like that?" Paul said.

Monk shrugged with cynical indifference. "It's all in a day's work for them—Oman the butcher—Sprott the auctioneer. I wonder how many they've knocked off between them in the last fifteen years. Are we going out?"

"No," Paul answered between his teeth, and turned away.

His neighbor on the other side, a hollow-chested little man with scanty hair plastered across his scalp, was eating sandwiches from a paper bag with the air of a habitué. He leaned over confidentially.

"You two came in a bit late. You missed the best of the sport. Sprott wasn't too bad in his final address but, cor, you ought to have heard him this morning. Gave it to her hot and strong. Scrapings of the gutter, panderin' to the dregs of humanity—he didn't half have her in tears. All over but the shouting now. She'll swing, all right. Excitin', ain't it? I'd rather see this than a football match, any day."

A pasteboard ticket to see the show. Were they all like that? Paul wondered. The hot air of the gallery sent a wave of nausea over him. The jury was back now, and the judge, and all the rest of them.

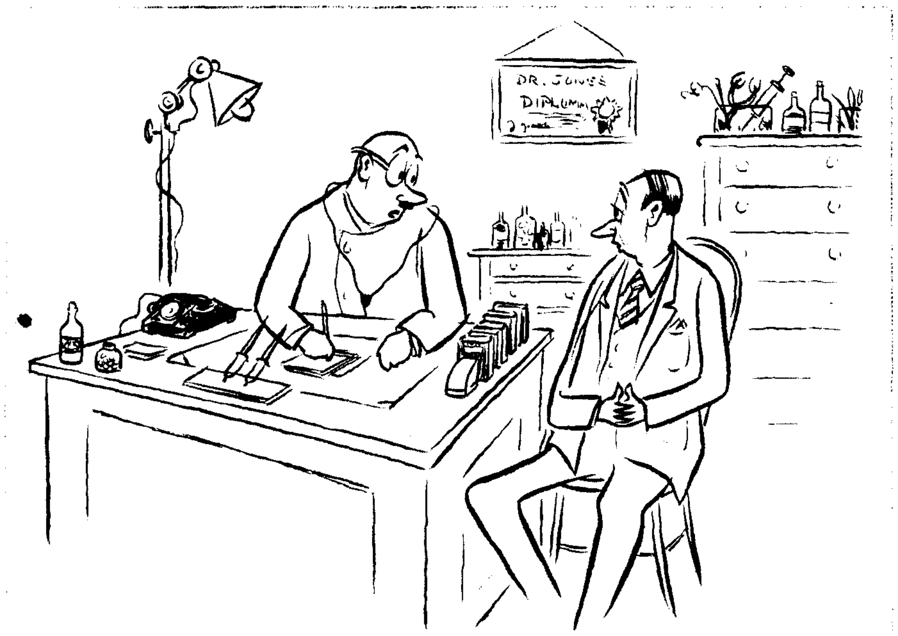
"Guilty!" the foreman announced.

OF COURSE—the little man, the expert had predicted it. But not the scream from the poor wretch in the dock, nor the fit of coughing, the prolonged and racking paroxysm which followed. His Lordship, frigidly annoyed, was forced to wait until it stopped. Then the black cap—Paul watched with staring eyes as the crepe was put upon the judge's head and, as the words came forth, "to hang by the neck till you are dead," fifteen years were rolled away and he felt all that his father must have felt, and writhed in torment.

"It's all over," Monk said, agreeably. "Not bad for a matinee."

Paul accompanied him down the staircase, out through the wide forecourt. As they came into the street, Monk paused.

"Shall we go somewhere for a bite?"



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He seemed trying to estimate Paul's reactions, coldly and curiously, as though he watched a fly pinned beneath a magnifying glass. Yet there was more in it than that. Beneath that death-mask brow Paul sensed the presence of emotions even darker than his own.

"I don't feel like anything now."

Monk put his hand on his arm. "Why don't we go back to my place for a drink?"

"All right." In the turmoil of his emotions, Paul did not care what he did.

They walked off together.

WHEN they got to the back room in the Vennel, Paul sank into a chair while Monk carefully pulled down the blinds, took a bottle from the cupboard and poured out two drinks.

"We've earned this," he remarked, as he handed Paul a glass. "It won't hurt you either. It's good stuff."

The whisky warmed Paul's stomach and steadied his nerves. In his distress he gave no thought to the effect which it might have upon his present mood. Never in his life had he known such a dark and hopeless bitterness. He emptied his glass at a gulp and made no protest when Monk refilled it for him.

Placing his drink upon the mantel, Monk stood for a moment observing the young man out of the corner of his eye. Stealthily, he moistened his lips, conscious that the crisis was at hand. Yes, that unique combination of chances he had so often longed for was at last before him. He must not miss the opportunity, Engel, the prisoner in Stoneheath, meant nothing to him—in any case, he was finished and done for. To Paul he gave not a thought except to regard him as a heaven-sent instrument of revenge. The only person he had ever cared for was his brother, Walter. They had always been together; Walter had practically brought him up. At the time of Walter's "disgrace" he had almost gone out of his mind, and thereafter had steadily gone to pieces. Lacking the personal courage to exact retribution on his own account, he had, ever since that day, hated Sprott with a deadly and increasing hatred, and had sought unceasingly to vent it without danger to himself. And now—after all these years—had come Engel's son, the perfect instrument of his revenge!

Monk could resist no longer. With a tremor, almost of intoxication, he yielded. Composing his features to their masklike blankness, he came toward Paul.

"I must admit you took it well this afternoon," he said, sitting on the arm of Paul's chair. "You made yourself go through with it, didn't you?"

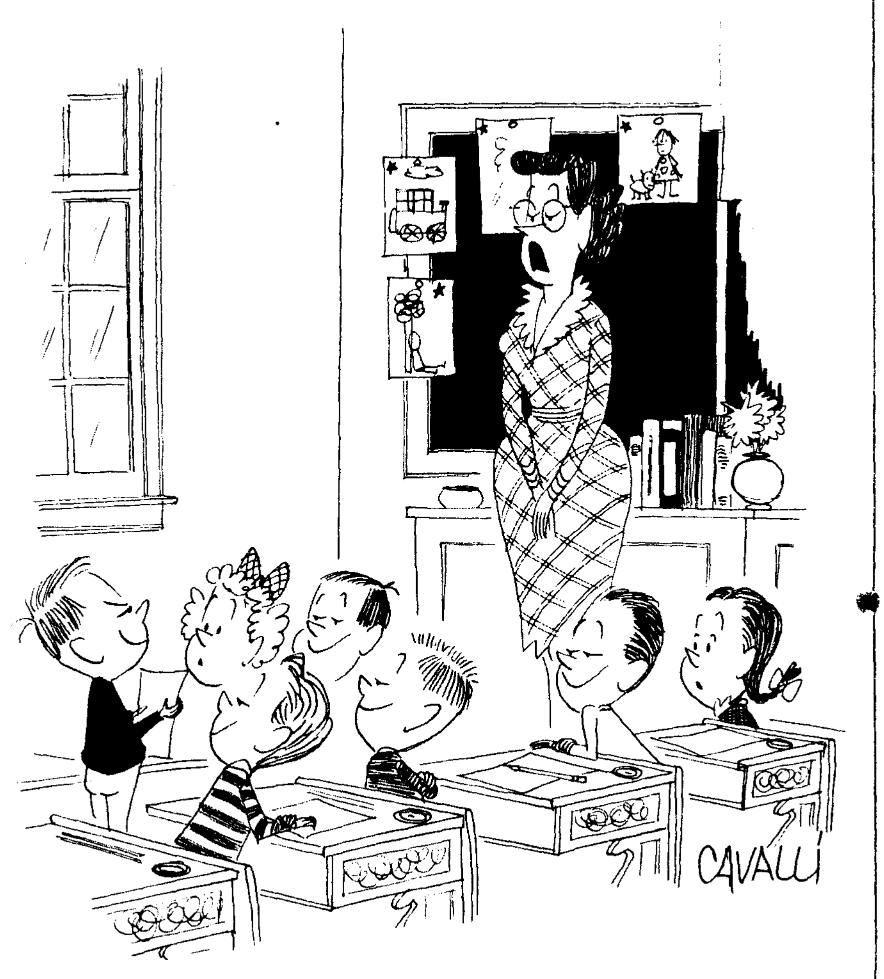
Paul did not answer.

"Perhaps I was unfair to you last night." An inflection of grudging acknowledgment crept into Monk's voice. "After all, things have turned out badly for you. With everything gone wrong, and the police badgering you, I don't blame you for losing heart." He paused and shook his head. "You're battering your head against a stone wall. That's why I wanted you to see that precious pair today. Oh, not so much Oman—he's an old, broken-winded hound now, though he still likes to follow the scent of blood. It's Sprott I really mean." As Monk articulated the prosecutor's name his face darkened and, despite his effort to maintain a note of irony, his voice turned hard as stone.

"He's the mastermind of the system, the most cursed reactionary in the city of Winton. I couldn't tell you all he's done—always indirectly, always under cover. He's the one who put your father into the hell of Stoneheath. *And as long as he's around you'll never get him out."*

IN THE silence which followed, a vision of the thick-lipped prosecutor rose before Paul's sight, and a strange fever began to throb in him.

Monk continued as though thinking aloud. "Yes, the others were merely stupid —Urie, for instance, is a blockhead, hidebound by his own professional prejudice. He probably convinced himself that he was right. You could not lower yourself to hate him. Oman, the judge, works by rule of thumb. But Sprott, ah, Sprott is dif-



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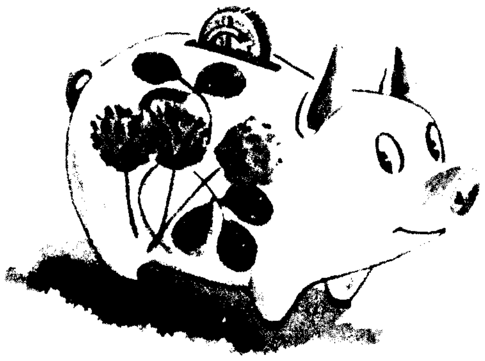

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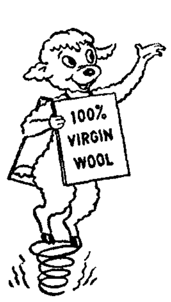


ferent. Sprott must have known the evidence, at a glance, to be false. Yet Sprott went ahead with every false word at his command. Sprott condemned your father to a living death, for fifteen years. Yes, he alone is the one who did it."

Under this relentless charge, the fever in Paul's blood was mounting.

Monk let his hand rest, caressingly, upon the young man's shoulder. "I know how you feel. I'm sorry for you. How can you get at such a man? He is entrenched."

Paul raised his head. "There must be *some* way of reaching him."

"No, Paul—there isn't." Monk spoke in a tone of commiseration. Then he hesitated, trying to conceal a sudden contortion of his features. "At least, there's *one* way—but of course, it's impossible."

"Why impossible?"

Monk considered, intently, then seemed to dismiss his thought. "No. You're too young. You couldn't go to Sprott—go to his house—and square your account with him—"

AS MONK said this he glanced at Paul swiftly and his breath came faster. But Paul was now beyond perceiving this betrayal of the passion which shook Monk. He muttered, "Why shouldn't I go and face up to Sprott? I can do it."

"Can you?" Monk asked with that same strange intensity.

Paul stared back at him, in wild perception of his meaning. The blood was suddenly pounding in his ears.

"Can you?" repeated Monk in a louder and more insistent voice.

Paul ground his teeth together and nodded his head.

Monk's restraint was going; he bent close, speaking rapidly, as though breathing into Paul the full strength of his intention.

"It's the only way left for you to get justice. To take the matter into your own hands. No one will blame you. All the facts will come out. If you do it—they can't hush up your father's case any longer. Everyone must hear about it. Just think of it. A complete exposure of everything they're trying to hide. And Sprott, the agent of the injustice, out of the way, finished, done for—if you do it. They won't hold it against you—they'll say you were justified—if you do it—"

Paul got to his feet, goaded beyond reason by these words, by all that he had witnessed at the trial, by the processes of demoralization which for the past ten days had been brought to bear upon him. He felt as if flashes of light were darting through his brain. He poured himself another drink and swallowed it down.

"Here," said Monk in a hoarse whisper, "take this."

It was a black automatic. Paul felt no surprise; he took it without speaking. Monk opened the door and Paul went out. As he went down the stairs, he could feel the heavy weight in his pocket bumping against his thigh.

In the flat, Monk leaned for a moment against the doorway, his hand pressed against his side, as though gasping for breath. His mouth was contorted, his cheeks strangely hollow, his face colorless except for the livid scar upon his temple. Then, with fingers that trembled slightly, he rolled and lighted a cigarette, and looked at his watch. A train for the North left in ten minutes. There was no time to waste. He pulled on his overcoat, took a few deep puffs on the cigarette, his lips drawn back from his pale gums. Then he swung round and went out. It was time to disappear. . . .

That same evening, when Sir Matthew Sprott left the robing-room of the courts, he stood on the portico, debating how best to employ the two clear hours of leisure before his seven-o'clock dinner. Finally, he resolved to go down to his club in George Square, the Royal Caledonia.

There was still a gleam of sunset in the west as he strolled along, a reddish afterglow which made the sky quite lurid, even menacing. It was almost, the prosecutor thought uneasily, like an omen of calamity. Then he shook himself abruptly. During these past weeks he had not been quite himself. Perhaps he had been overworking, planning ahead too arduously for the coming election. Although he often boasted that he "had not a nerve in his body," lately he had found himself inclined to worry, absurdly, over trifles. Why, for instance, should he take so much to heart these trivial dreams which had recently plagued his wife?

The prosecutor winced visibly as his thoughts reverted to this vexatious matter. These fantastic scraps of nonsense, apparently so meaningless—what was one to make of them? They had, however, a single point in common. All of them concerned him, and in every one he met with some preposterous misfortune. He was in court and had forgotten his brief; he rose to address the jury and broke down in his speech; he was rebuked in scathing terms by the presiding judge; then, as he left the court—and this image came most frequently of all—everyone rose to mock and disparage him.

A heavy color spread over Sprott's neck as he turned, solitary and brooding, into the square. He was forced to acknowledge that this unconscious mischief now affecting his beloved Catharine came as an echo of that long-forgotten case. And a flame of anger leaped in him as he realized how disproportionate a havoc had been wrought by this little stinging gnat, arising so outrageously from the swamps of the past.

Sir Matthew had by this time reached George Square and, with an effort, he tried to shake off this annoyance. Entering the dignified portals of the club, he gave up his hat and coat, found a corner in the lower lounge, and ordered tea.

The Royal Caledonia was an exclusive institution which drew its members from the old county families and the Northern aristocracy. Sprott was not a favorite here; indeed, before he had at last forced his way into membership he had been blackballed three times—an achievement that had singularly gratified his vanity.

This evening, however, he felt strangely chastened and, as he viewed the sprinkling of members in the lounge, he wished that one of them might come and speak to him. Beyond a few distant nods he had received no acknowledgment of his entrance. In the opposite corner four men were playing bridge, among them a member of his own profession whom he knew slightly, Nigel Grahame, a king's counsel. Once or twice they glanced in his direction, and a strange thought cut him like a knife. Could it be that they were speaking of him—and of the Engel case? No, no, that was impossible—he must really get a grip on himself. Yet why didn't Grahame recognize him? As he slowly drank his tea, he bent his gaze upon the other man.

GRAHAME, in his opinion, was a queer individual, an exponent of odd, unaccountable beliefs. Son of a Lowland country minister, he had, as a boy, achieved the distinction, almost unknown in these parts, of winning an exhibition to Winchester College. From this famous school, which had stamped him with its own particular mark of scholarship and manners, he had proceeded to St. Andrew's University.

A year after he had been called to the bar, his father died, leaving him a small income of two hundred pounds a year. After the funeral he had immediately gone abroad and for the next five years had lived an unsettled existence. He wandered about Europe mainly on foot, with a knapsack on his back, wintering in the Juras, spending his summers on the Dolomites, tramping great distances every day.

Naturally this apparently aimless life had caused his friends anxiety and when rumors came back, from Assisi, of all places, that he proposed to enter the Franciscan order, it was felt that he had finally frittered away his brilliant talents. But in the following year Grahame returned to

Winton, and with complete unconcern, as though he had left only yesterday, addressed himself to his own profession.

Gradually, he acquired a practice which, while not extensive, was in the highest sense distinguished. It was said that he owed much to his manner and appearance—tall and spare, with pale, regular features and dark, ascetic eyes, he was always immaculate, courteous and reserved. Yet behind these superficial attributes there lay a particular integrity of purpose which formed the unseen structure, the very keystone of his reputation. He was fanatically honest. It was said of him that he would not accept a brief unless he knew it to be just.

This, in itself, was enough to cause Sprott to sneer. What rot indeed! How could the world go round if everyone behaved like a saint upon a gridiron? Yet, despite that disparagement, there was about Grahame something untouchable and unfathomable which had always baffled and disturbed the public prosecutor.

He recollected that occasion, for instance, when, at one of his larger dinner parties at Grove Quadrant, he had, knowing Grahame's interest in art, taken him away from the other guests to show him his Constables. Grahame had behaved with perfect courtesy, yet all the time Sprott had sensed this strange fellow's indifference to his treasures—almost as though they were counterfeit. And, at last, provoked by this feeling, he had exclaimed:

"Well, my boy, as a connoisseur, don't you envy me?"

Grahame had smiled pleasantly. "Why should I, when I can see pictures at least equally good, just across the park in the National Gallery?"

"But damn it all, man—" Sprott had burst out. "In the gallery they're not *your* pictures!"

"Aren't they?" Grahame's smile had deepened, causing the prosecutor a strange disquiet. "They may be even more mine than these are yours. Don't they, in any case, belong to us all?"

A recurrence of this exasperation troubled Sprott now, and as the group of card players broke up, a perverse impulse made him signal to Grahame.

Almost imperceptibly Grahame hesitated, then he crossed the lounge.

"Join me." Sprott threw out the invitation with spurious heartiness. "I'm alone."

"I've already had tea." Grahame smiled politely.

"Then sit down a minute. You and I don't see enough of each other."

MAINTAINING his polite, rather deprecating smile, Grahame seated himself on the arm of an adjoining chair.

"That's right," said the prosecutor, helping himself, with a show of appetite, to a fresh scone. "I don't bite, you know, in spite of all that's said about me in this club."

"I assure you," said Grahame, in slight embarrassment, "so far as I am aware—"

Sprott laughed, easily, but somewhat louder than he had intended.

"You were discussing me a minute ago, over there, with those others. Weren't you, now?"

"No." Nigel Grahame shook his head, his eyes fixed curiously upon the other.

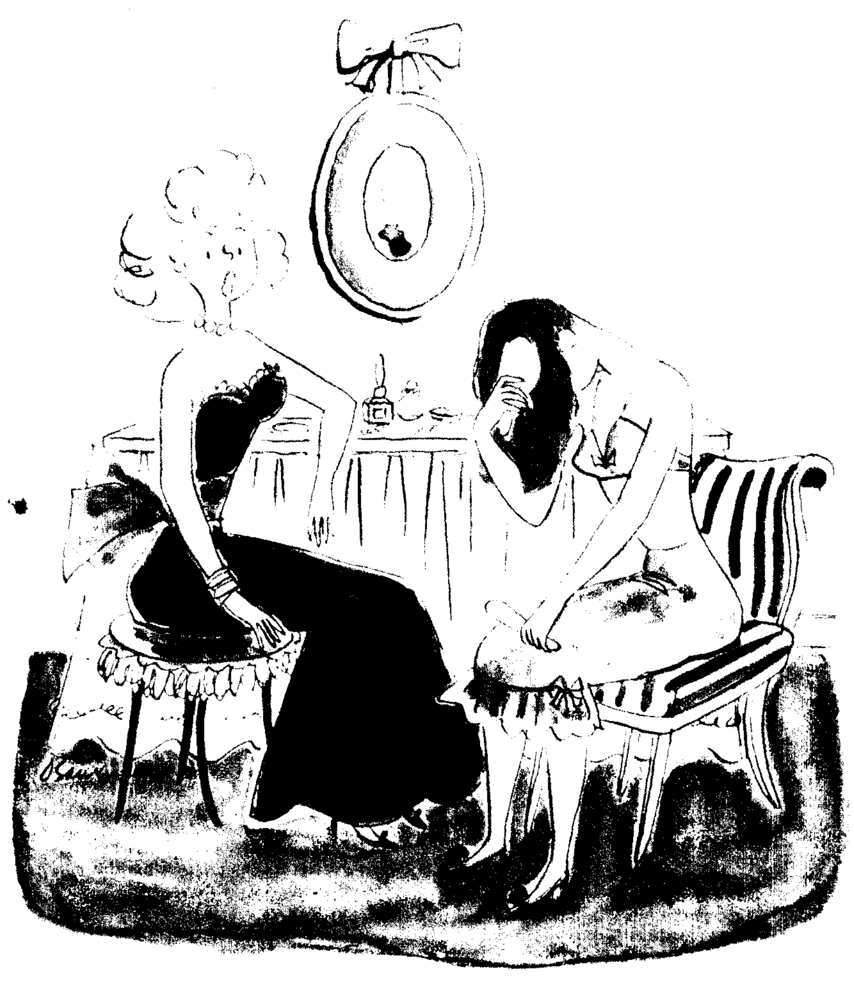
"You can't deceive an old hand like me." Sprott knew he was going over the score, but that canker within him drove him to continue. "I haven't exercised my powers of deduction all these years for nothing."

There was a pause while the prosecutor raised his cup and drank some tea.

"You see, Grahame, a man doesn't reach my position without a multitude of backbiters collecting on his doorstep, waiting their chance to cry, 'Wolf!' It only takes an irresponsible half-wit like George Birley to start them off. Don't you agree?"

"I saw merely the briefest account of the matter in the Herald." Grahame spoke slowly. "I have given it no consideration whatsoever."

"There never was a more barefaced snatch for publicity. They never knew what was coming till Birley stood up in the House. The Secretary for State was furious. That same night one of the Ancasters was giving a reception. Birley's wife was there and she said publicly, 'I always knew



"Well, I'll say this for him. He's got money, looks and brains"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"everyone a standout... not a wrinkle in a rackful!"

BOTANY brand

wrinkle-proof ties

Good Looking?...Every Botany creation is a honey—fashion-designed to make people say, "I like that tie." It'll *keep* its beauty. The springy fabric hangs wrinkles out overnight...leaving your Botany ever-new and ever-smooth. Go see these neat-knotting, outstanding ties...in tasteful motifs that blend with your ensembles. $1. $1.50 up.

Listen to the Botany Song Shop starring Ginny Simms, starting Sunday evening, September 17th, ABC Network. See local paper for station and time.

MAKE THE SQUEEZE TEST

You be the judge that Botany doesn't wrinkle. In the store, crush this tie between your fingers. Let go!... Quick and smooth as a wink...Botany springs back to its original shape...without sign of a wrinkle.

"REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1950, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.

LOOK FOR THE "BOTANY" BRAND LABEL ON PRODUCTS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

ENTER NOW!

YOU MAY GET RICH FOR LIFE!

CHARTERED BY CONGRESS

AMVETS

"We Remember"
CONTEST CAMPAIGN

AMVETS Service Foundation handles the problem of the veteran, his widow or his orphan at NO COST to them. This "We Remember" Contest Campaign is your chance to serve your veterans as they served YOU and, at the same time, put yourself in line for a cash fortune. Won't you help us and perhaps yourself too?

Signed **HAROLD A. KEATS**
National Administrator
AMVETS National Service Foundation, Inc.

$100

IN CASH

Big thrills for all... big cash for the winners in this fascinating....

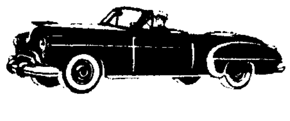
BIG NEW CONTEST!

300 big cash prizes must be won

Here it is! A brand new, grand new $100,000.00 puzzle contest. Put on your thinking cap! Test your skill on the challenging puzzle right here—*right now*. Get started at once. 300 prizes *all cash* will be paid and it is up to you how much you win. You may win as many as 3 prizes, as much as $60,000.00, or $53,000.00 or $47,000.00 or $43,000.00. Yes, as much as $60,000.00 may be yours. Think of it—by entering today you may soon be rich for life.

Extra Award For Prompt Action! If you act now—you may also win a 1951 OLDSMOBILE ROCKET 88 CONVERTIBLE!

Yes! a new 1951 OLDSMOBILE Rocket 88 Convertible may become yours as an EXTRA award if your original entry is postmarked before midnight, October 4, 1950. In that case your best score (original or substitute) will be judged in competition with those of all other contestants who entered before this deadline and who have not been awarded any other automobile as an extra prize. If yours is the highest score, you win the new 1951 OLDSMOBILE Convertible. (In the event of ties, of course, official contest rules will apply.) In addition, of course, you may win one of the big cash prizes. So make yourself eligible for the extra award today—send in your entry at once.



3 Prize Groups—*Win in any One, Two or all Three!*

EVERY PRIZE MUST BE WON!

	GROUP 1	GROUP 2	GROUP 3
1st Prize	$7,000.00	$18,000.00	$35,000.00
2nd Prize	$2,000.00	$5,000.00	$10,000.00
3rd Prize	$350.00	$1,000.00	$2,000.00
4th Prize	$250.00	$650.00	$1,200.00
5th Prize	$200.00	$500.00	$1,000.00
6th Prize	$150.00	$400.00	$800.00
7th Prize	$150.00	$350.00	$650.00
8th Prize	$100.00	$200.00	$400.00
9th Prize	$100.00	$200.00	$400.00
10th Prize	$100.00	$200.00	$400.00
Yes! 300 Prizes —all must be won!	Next 90 Prizes, each $15.00 $1,350.00	Next 90 Prizes, each $35.00 $3,150.00	Next 90 Prizes, each $75.00 $6,750.00
	$11,750.00	$29,650.00	$58,600.00

THIS OFFICIAL PRIZE LIST TOTALS $100,000.00

and the money is in the Bank--in trust at the American Security and Trust Co., Washington, D. C.

THE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES—*Please Read Carefully*

1. Three Prize Groups totalling $100,000.00 will be awarded in accordance with the instructions, official prize list and these rules to the contestants who achieve the highest scores in solving the Official Contest Puzzle.

2. A contestant must send with his answer a minimum donation of $2.50 to enter Group 1; $5.00 for Group 2 and $10.00 for Group 3. You may compete in any one, two or all three prize groups and may transfer from one group or groups to another (or others) by submitting the required additional donation prior to the deadline date. See Rule 8.

3. Prize groups will be judged separately. The highest score submitted in Group 1 will win first prize in Group 1. Second highest score submitted in that group will win 2nd prize and so on until the 100 prizes in Group 1 have been awarded. Prizes in Groups 2 and 3 will be awarded similarly.

4. If ties result (which seems likely in view of the size of the contest) the number of prizes corresponding to the number of tied contestants will be set aside before prizes are awarded for lower scores. Those tied must then send in solutions to a series of 5 tie-breaking puzzles. Solutions to Puzzle No. 1 will be judged first. If this does not break all of the ties, the solutions to Puzzle No. 2 from remaining tied contestants will be judged, and so on, if necessary to Puzzle No. 5. Puzzles Nos. 2 through 5, therefore, may not have to be judged. A second, third or even a fourth series may be required. Tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to the original puzzle, although they will be larger and more difficult. No less than 14 nor more than 21 days from the date of mailing to tied contestants will be allowed for answering the first series of tie-breaking puzzles (if needed), and puzzles will be mailed by us so that the arrival date for each tied contestant should be the same. Not less than 3 nor more than 7 days will be allowed for the second, third and fourth series (if needed). No additional contributions will be required with tie-breaking puzzles. In the event of final ties, the full amount of the tied-for prize will be awarded each tied contestant.

5. The contest is open to any resident of the Continental United States except employees of AMVETS National Service Foundation, Inc. and its affiliated organizations, its advertising agency, its service organization, or anyone who has won $500.00 or more in cash or kind awarded in any other contest, or any member of such excluded persons' families. Only one member of a family may compete. All entries must bear a bonafide permanent home address in the Continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. *In view of the uncertain address of members of the Armed Forces on active duty, and the consequent delay in mail delivery, this contest is not open to them.*

6. Solution must be submitted on an **Official Entry Form.** At no extra cost, one substitute solution can be submitted on the **Official Numbered Substitute Solution Form** which, together with acknowledgment of entry, will be sent to each contestant. Neatness does not count, but unsigned or illegible entries, or entries so unclear as to be confusing, will not be considered, and accompanying donations will be returned upon request after judging is completed. Make no error in your addition of points claimed for it will make that claim invalid. Where more than one entry is submitted by an individual his or her highest valid score will be considered only in that group or groups in which that score is entered. That score will serve to compete in any one, two or all three prize groups, depending on the amount donated with that particular entry. An individual may win only one prize in each prize group.

7. The final authority on spelling, names an definitions of the objects will be the Merriam Webster New International Dictionary, Un abridged, Second Edition (1950 printing).

8. All entries must be sent by mail to:

Amvets Foundation $100,000 Contes
Washington 1, D. C.

and must be postmarked before midnight, Octo ber 30, 1950, and received before 5 P.M., Nov 15, 1950. An extra 75 days from these dates i allowed for the mailing and receipt of substi tute solutions and additional donations. Th Foundation will not be responsible for mail los or delayed or for clerical or mechanical errors The decision of the Foundation and/or its Boar of Judges on any and all matters, under the rule and instructions, affecting the contest is final

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kin from any one (same family or household ex cepted), or does not comply with rule 5 will b disqualified. (We reserve the right to reject an entry for any reason prior to commencement o judging and to refund all money received wit such entry.) Sworn statements to this effect wil be required from all winners and every reason able effort will be made to enforce this rule

000 PRIZES

WIN $60,000 or $53,000 $47,000 or $43,000

Special Message from Harold Russell National Commander Amvets

Star of the
cademy Award
ilm "Best Years
Of Our Lives"

It took me weeks to learn how to write with a hook instead of a hand—but I was a lucky guy! There are thousands of less fortunate veterans who are still fighting to rebuild their lives, and they need your help.

So I write to you personally —asking you to get behind the "We Remember" Campaign to remember the boys who gave so much for victory.

GREAT CONTEST!

... With Great Prizes!... for a Great Cause

onsored by AMVETS (American Veterans World War II) National Service Foundation, nc. This $100,000.00 contest brings you the pportunity to get riches for yourself plus the ance to join in AMVETS "We Remember" ampaign.

Since its inception AMVETS Service De-artment has helped thousands of veterans in eed of aid—all at tremendous cost to the Serv-e Foundation. AMVETS service goes to those ho sacrificed most, who suffered the wounds, e shocks and diseases incident to war. They ere heroes then and today "we remember!" nd you will be delighted to know that every enny of the net proceeds raised by this cam-aign (after payment of prizes, advertising and ther necessary expenses) will be used to con-nue this good work. *Today* enter this $100,-00.00 contest. Remember that in return for our help you may, by using your puzzle solv-g skill, win as much as SIXTY THOUSAND OLLARS—enough to be "rich for life!" Enter ight away, for remember you can always send n a second answer free of extra charge once ou have entered. (Be sure to read about extra rize for ACTION shown at left.)

Here's how to solve the Puzzle ➡

Follow these Instructions

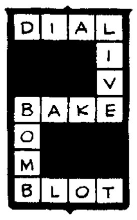
1. First solve the Picture Crossword. This is not an ordinary Crossword, for instead of definitions, we have reproduced illustrations of objects numbered for "ACROSS" and "DOWN". Identify the objects and fill in their names correctly spelled, in the proper spaces in the diagram, just as you would in a regular crossword puzzle. No. 1 "ACROSS," for example, is SPUR; No. 1 "DOWN" is SADDLE and No. 2 "DOWN" is ROLLER. These we have filled in for you.

2. Go on from there. Once your Puzzle Diagram is filled in you will find that 14 extra 4-letter words have been automatically formed. (Just as we formed DIAL and LONE by filling in SADDLE and ROLLER.) Now score yourself 50 points for each of the 34 objects identified and filled in and 10 points for each of the 14 words—a total of 1840 points if correctly completed.

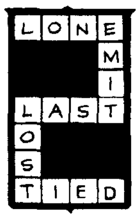
3. Your next step is to take any one of the 14 extra words from the filled-in puzzle (these words must appear in the Official Word List) and fill it into the top letter path of the small 5-path diagram printed below the big diagram. That word becomes your KEY word. This word is important for your job now is to take four more words from the Official Word List (which gives you a choice of 54 words) and link up those words so as to fill in all the blank spaces in the 5-Path Diagram. No word may be used more than once and including the Key word you must use 5 different words. (See below.) With so many words to choose from this should be easy. But your goal is to use only those words which will give you the highest possible score when you add up the value of the 16 letters used. (See Official Letter Value Chart.)

And that is where your key word is so important, for the letters in the words you fill into the 5-path diagram are worth *DOUBLE* the value indicated in the Official Letter Value Chart whenever they are letters that appear in your selected KEY word. For example, if you insert DIAL as your KEY word, D becomes worth 4 points instead of 2; I becomes 4; A becomes 6; L becomes 6. So whenever you use in the 5-path diagram a D; an I; an A or an L this doubled value is effective. All the other letters retain their chart value. To the score you thus reach you must then add the points you have already earned by filling in the crossword puzzle correctly. To show you how this actually works we give you two examples below.

EXAMPLE No. 1



EXAMPLE No. 2

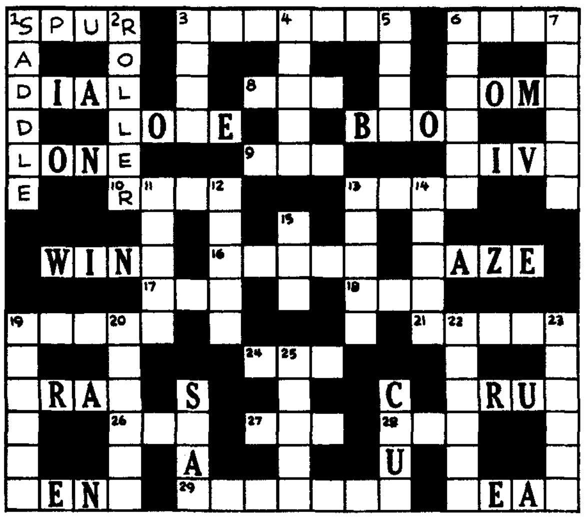


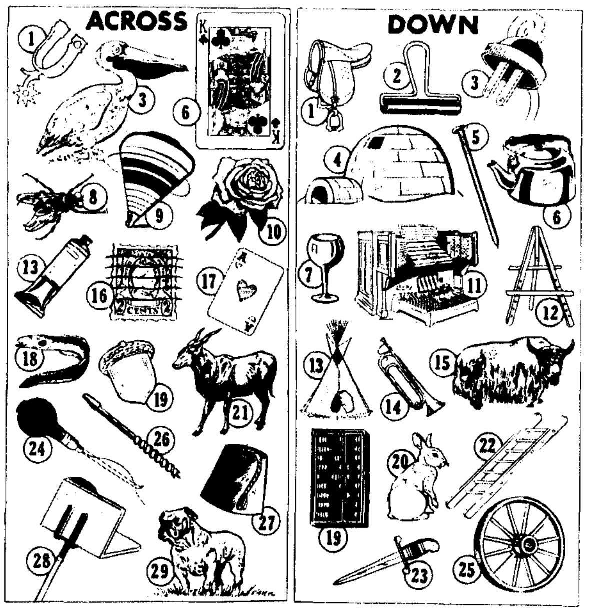
In Example No. 1 we have used DIAL as the Key word. Linking up the words we selected and counting the letter D, the letter I, the letter A and the letter L double each time used, we reached a score of 78 for our extra 5 words. This we added to the 1840 points earned by correctly solving the picture crossword puzzle for a total score of 1918.

In Example No. 2 we used LONE as our Key word and counting the letter L double, O double, N double, E double each time used we boosted our score to 95 for our extra 5 words, raising our total score to 1935.

If you get the idea, try your hand now. Enter today—remember you can always send in a higher score later on free of extra charge. (See extra Award for Action at left.) Hurry! This may be your day to start on your way to riches.

SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE





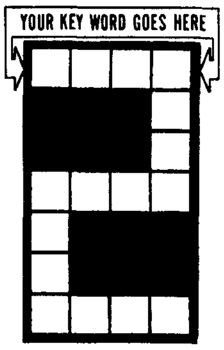
All words must read from left to right or top to bottom.

Official Word List

maze	rank	pour	arab	chin	tray
germ	live	quit	soul	loss	sent
emit	exit	dial	lost	rear	cure
wing	toll	goat	boat	tied	yard
lady	june	bake	chug	barb	gaze
quiz	stab	loge	year	grin	date
lone	seal	drug	blot	bomb	last
bank	tomb	raid	gown	each	note
play	jail	zany	name	your	lake

Official Letter Value Chart

A 3	F 2	J 5	N 4	R 5	V 3
B 5	G 5	K 4	O 6	S 3	W 2
C 4	H 6	L 3	P 5	T 5	X 6
D 2	I 2	M 2	Q 4	U 6	Y 3
E 6					Z 4



AMVETS Foundation $100,000 Contest
Dept. 130. Washington 1, D. C.

I enclose herewith $............contribution to AMVETS National Service Foundation, Inc. Enter me in your contest. I claim ☐ points as shown on my solution submitted herewith.

Note: Be careful in adding your score, for an error will make your solution invalid.

I have read the rules, regulations and instructions and agree to abide by them.

It is understood you will send me with my receipt for the enclosed donation an official Numbered Substitute Solution Form on which I may send another solution free of extra charge, if I find I can improve my score between now and the final closing date for substitute solutions as shown in Rule 8.

(Please check below prize group or groups you are entering.)

- ☐ **Group No. 1 ($7,000 First Prize) $2.50 contributed**
- ☐ **Group No. 2 ($18,000 First Prize) $5 contributed**
- ☐ **Groups No. 1 and 2 ($25,000 combined first prizes) $7.50 contributed**
- ☐ **Group No. 3 ($35,000 First Prize) $10 contributed**
- ☐ **Groups No. 1 and 3 ($42,000 combined first prizes) $12.50 contributed**
- ☐ **Groups No. 2 and 3 ($53,000 combined first prizes) $15 contributed**
- ☐ **Groups No. 1, 2, and 3 ($60,000 combined first prizes) $17.50 contributed**

NOTE: Donations should be made payable to AMVETS National Service Foundation, Inc. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

SIGNED ....

Name .... PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address ....

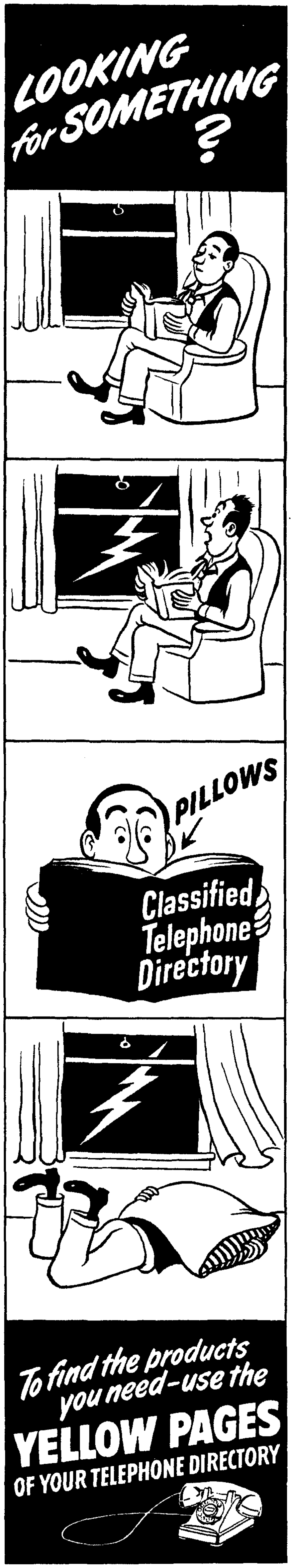
City .... State ....

Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry form will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope. (Address Dept. 700.)

If you have already entered this $100,000.00 contest DO NOT USE this Puzzle Entry Form for submitting a substitute solution. You will receive your Official Numbered Substitute Form shortly. Allow 2 or 3 weeks depending on distance from Contest Headquarters.

☐ Check here if you are entering in time to qualify to be eligible for OLDSMOBILE Rocket 88 Convertible—the extra award for Action for those who enter prior to October 4, 1950.

IAKE TODAY YOUR DAY TO HEAD FOR RICHES! ENTER NOW! WIN UP TO $60,000.00


LOOKING for SOMETHING?
PILLOWS
Classified Telephone Directory
To find the products you need-use the
YELLOW PAGES
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

George was an idiot. But I thought he had enough wits not to shoot his own side!' Did you ever know such imbecility? I'm told they won't let him stand at the next election."

There was a short silence. Grahame kept his eyes lowered. At last he said:

"Perhaps his motives were sincere. In any case, don't you think it's better to be a fool than a knave?" He glanced at his watch. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be off." He got up and took his leave.

With darkened face Sprott poured himself another cup of tea, but it tasted bitter in his mouth. The interview had afforded him no satisfaction, and Grahame's abrupt departure was an added slight. His expression hardened, and there swept over him a wave of resentful anger. Had he not, in the past, overcome far greater difficulties, survived much deeper malice?

As he thought of his triumphs, his shoulders straightened, his lower lip protruded, and something of his "jury" manner descended upon him. In a hard and haughty mood he rose and left the club. The porter who showed him out made a pleasant remark about the weather. Sprott, with studied incivility, made no answer. He stepped into a taxi, and curtly ordered the man to drive to Grove Quadrant.

At his home, he let himself in, and to his surprise, found his wife coming toward him in the hall. She kissed him, helped him out of his coat.

"Matthew, dear, there's a young man waiting for you in the library. He's been so patient—won't you see him before dinner?"

He raised his eyebrows. It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that for anyone to be allowed to trespass upon his privacy was quite contrary to his orders. But, because he adored her, he said nothing. He inclined his head and went toward the library.

IT WAS a handsome room, this library, with a thick carpet, lots of books and some fine prints on the walls. Paul had been waiting there for about twenty minutes. The prosecutor's wife, a pretty woman of about forty, rather pale and delicate, wearing a soft gray dress, had herself shown him in. He could see that she thought he was from her husband's office.

"I hope you have no more work for Sir Matthew," she had remarked with her gentle smile.

Then she had asked him if he would like a glass of sherry and a biscuit. When he refused she smiled again, and went out.

It was very quiet in the room. Then, upstairs, somebody began to practice the piano. One of Chopin's preludes, played slowly and with some mistakes. It was a child playing, Paul guessed. He could hear talking and laughing too. The sound of the piano jarred cruelly upon him. He thought of this man with his beautiful home and his pretty wife and laughing daughters. He thought of the other man in his damp stone cell. He felt that he could not bear it any longer. And then he heard the sound of a car. He knew it must be Sprott. He sat up straight in his chair. He felt ready for him.

Paul sat perfectly still as the public prosecutor came into the library. He looked at him, but didn't speak. For a moment there was absolute silence. Then Sprott drew himself up.

"What is the reason for this intrusion?" He was very angry. At the same time there was something else in his eyes. Paul could tell immediately that he knew him. "You've no right to come here. This is my private residence."

Paul said slowly, "When a matter has been waiting for a long time it becomes urgent."

The veins thickened on the prosecutor's forehead. He did not attempt to approach Paul, but still stood near the door. He summoned all his dignity.

"I won't disguise the fact that for some months now I have been notified of your presence, your movements, in this city. You are the son of a life-term convict trying to stir up trouble over a case that was judged fifteen years ago."

"There are doubts about that case," Paul said. "There is fresh evidence which should be heard."

For a moment Sir Matthew's anger got the better of him, even overlaying that secret shadow of mistrust.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "After fifteen years it's a legal impossibility. In any case, a petition to reopen has already been refused categorically by the Secretary of State."

"But you need not refuse," Paul said. "You are the public prosecutor. Your main duty is to see that justice is administered. And you would feel yourself compelled to take some step, if you were convinced that my father was innocent."

"But I am not convinced!" Sprott almost shouted the words.

"If you would listen you would be convinced. The least you can do is to hear the fresh evidence in your official capacity."

The prosecutor's face seemed full of blood. With an obvious effort he took hold of himself. At least, the anger in his voice was held down. He spoke in an icy tone.

"I must really ask you to go. You simply do not know what you are asking—the technical difficulties, the legal machinery, the repercussions involved. You are like a stupid child who wants to pull down a great building because he thinks that one brick in the foundations has been badly laid."

"If the foundations are rotten the building will come down."

Sprott did not condescend to answer this. But as he looked sideways at the young man, his head thrust forward, Paul sensed a vague misgiving, a secret fissure in the façade, and he knew, finally, that if only because the prosecutor must at all costs hide that crack, he would never under any conditions move to reopen the case. Still—he must give him one last chance.

"When a prisoner has served fifteen years of a life sentence—isn't it the humane practice for him to be pardoned?"

Sir Matthew, with his small eyes protruding, slightly bloodshot, was still looking sideways at Paul. He said cuttingly:

"The Secretary of State has already pronounced upon that point."

"A word from you in the proper quarters would carry great influence," Paul persisted in a suffocating voice. "One word—a hint of this new doubt which has arisen—"

The prosecutor shook his head, disowning all responsibility. With a movement of his arm, behind him, he opened the door.

"Will you go now?" he said almost with a snarl. "Or must I have you shown out?"

Paul saw then, once and for all, that it was useless. This man would never do anything, would not even stir to utter a plea for pardon. Encased in his official pride, nothing mattered to him but his own dignity, his own position. Whatever the cost, this *must* be preserved.

At that thought a wild rage came over Paul—rage and desperation; they flowed all through him like a drug. Monk was right: his father, Swann, Gillett, he himself, every human obstacle or obstruction—all had gone down before this man's lusting, insatiable pride. Only one thing remained to be done. He stood up. His joints felt stiff, his limbs didn't belong to him. He started to walk toward the burly figure at the door.

"For the last time—" His voice was barely audible. He could scarcely breathe.

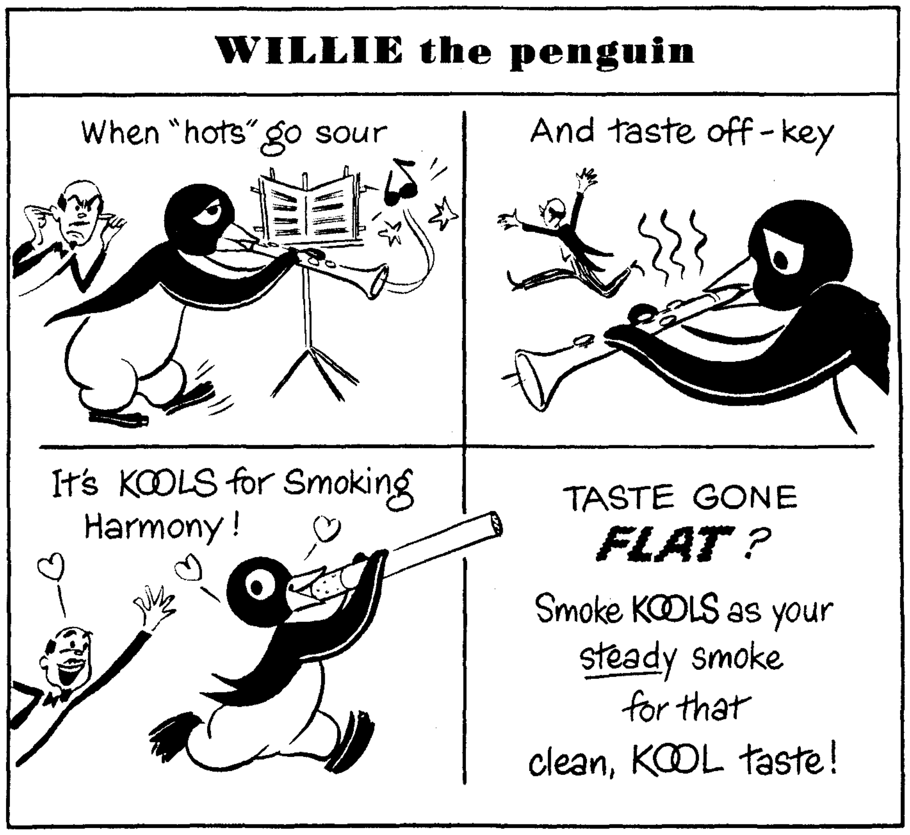
"No."

PAUL gazed at Sprott with dilated pupils. He had his hand in his pocket. All the time he was talking he had been holding the gun. It didn't feel cold now—the heat of his hand had made it warm—as if it were part of him. His finger was on the trigger, he could feel the strength of the spring. He didn't even have to take the gun out of his pocket. He had it pointed toward Sprott. The prosecutor suspected nothing. He stood there, not looking at Paul, with that snarl of outraged dignity stamped on his face. Paul was abreast of him now, not more than two feet away. He could see the round bulge of his well-fed stomach. The gun was aimed there, point-blank. He was not in the least afraid. He shut his eyes, holding himself tense, his lips slightly parted in a sort of ecstasy, as though all his being were suffused and elevated by a supreme physical desire.

Then, all at once, a convulsive shudder shook all his body. In a pang of rebirth, agonizingly, he came back to reason, to himself. *No, oh, my God, no, he thought.* They had called his father a murderer. Would they make him a murderer too? His grip on the gun relaxed. He opened his eyes, looked at the prosecutor blindly. He was panting, as though he had been running. He could not speak. But as he met those hostile eyes, a faint smile trembled across his lips, his face shone with a strange illumination. While Sprott stared at him, he walked straight past him, out of the house.

There, in the cool darkness, the tears rushed to his eyes. In a low triumphant voice he whispered brokenly to himself, "I didn't do it. Oh, thank God, I didn't do it."

(To be continued next week)


WILLIE the penguin
When "hots" go sour
And taste off-key
It's KOOLS for Smoking Harmony!
TASTE GONE FLAT?
Smoke KOOLS as your steady smoke for that clean, KOOL taste!

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VOLUME
Emerson

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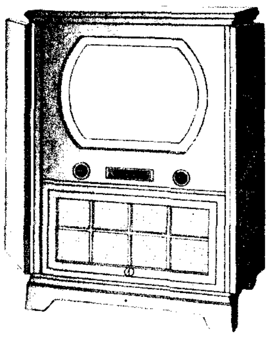
World's *Clearest* Television



19-Inch Deluxe Mahogany Console Model 669 **$429.95***

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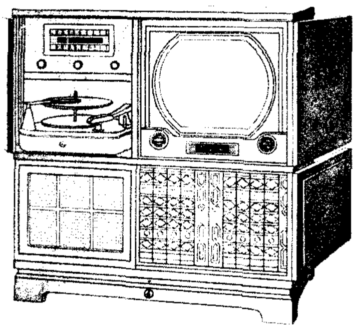

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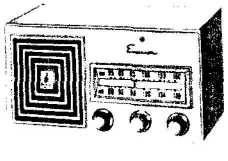

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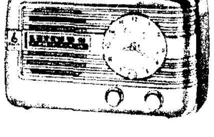

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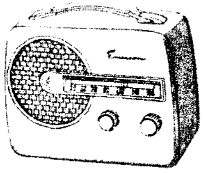

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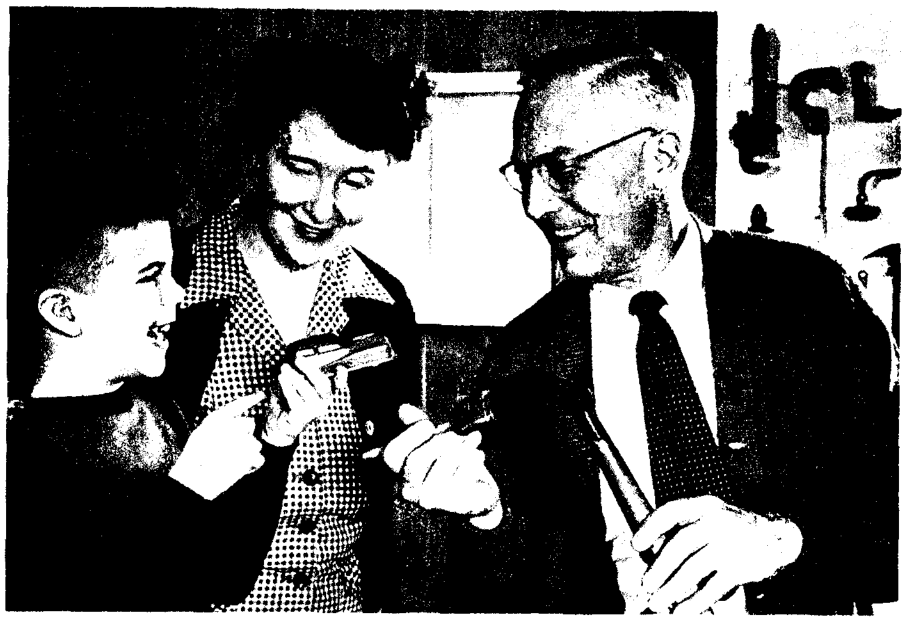

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Wallace's 11th Football Preview

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

for a while, with many abandoning the game, as a few already have; but eventually TV will do as radio has done—educate more fans. There's no substitute for being part of the crowd—say I, who will, nevertheless, be looking for a tootsy-toasting seat by the fireside any day this season when the roads are icy and the fog is thick upstairs.

The customary roar about financial help to players has softened to a whisper since last January's long-awaited showdown proved to be pretty much of a dud. The N.C.A.A. marshals did turn up with their Seven Sinners, accused of violating the Sanity Code; but since most of the members themselves live in glass houses, the law officers were accused of exceeding authority and at last report were huddled in secret sessions designed to liberalize the code.

Meanwhile, business goes on as usual, discreetly and with reasonable control; for the great majority are well-intentioned and look for nothing more than a realistic legalization of what they have all been doing, in one form or another, and intend to go on doing because they see nothing particularly wrong in providing an education for boys whose athletic labors they exploit so handsomely.

The way to accomplish this finally was opened a year ago when the N.C.A.A. recognized the principle of the athletic scholarship. The variously named boosters' clubs stepped up operations to provide money for these scholarships, which are supervised by the universities. The boosters then do whatever else is necessary to provide proper comforts for the "students with big legs." Such activity hums in smaller colleges which have lost their GI Bill of Rights boon.

And here's a sharp comment from a Southern gentleman of gridiron distinction: "There are about 25 top gate teams in the country—Big Ten, Pacific Coast and Ivy League—which dominate economically. The South does not produce enough top-flight high-school players to feed its football colleges; so they're forced to bid for boys from other sections and to offer financial inducements. If the Northern leaders could enforce the Sanity Code, which forbids financial help in substantial amounts, they would have an edge over the South. However, since they've already just about decided that they cannot enforce it, they might forget it now—and the code might finally beget some sanity after all." Until sanity is begotten, we will still have the two-topped turtles—head in, head out; officially subscribing to the code; privately considering it a dead duck.

Now you've had the appetizer and salad, so let's start dishing the meat and potatoes. But first, a few words for those who annually file this issue of the magazine for a postseason check-and-chuckle. Dear Brethren: My advance information doesn't include the unforeseeable results of missed signals, blocks and tackles; of injuries, flights of coaching oratory or triumphs of applied psychology . . . Yours Truly.

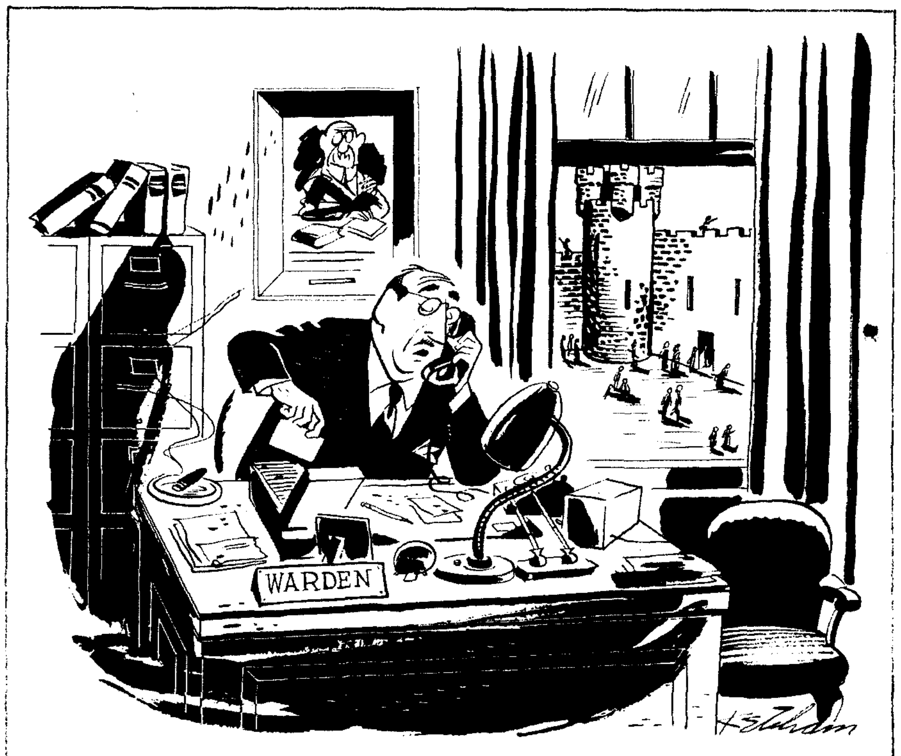
Among the major selections last year, the preview had the first two teams (Notre Dame, Oklahoma) on the nose and 10 of the first 20 in the final poll. As a sampler, of the won-lost predictions for these same teams, five were on the nose, six missed by one game, eight by two games; one by three games. Of eight sectional champions—three won, and two second choices came through. Of eight conference champions—four winners and one tie. As for the All-America: Collier's 60th eleven included four from the preview first team, three from the second, one from the third. Let's face the bar on other selections as we go along.

Briefly, here's the key to the preview picks for 1950. In the sectional columns, team ratings are based upon all games played; where not specifically named, the first conference team listed is the indicated champion. Severity of schedule and general class is considered, which explains why a team with a better won-lost record in prospect is sometimes lower-placed. Where records are not indicated, sufficient information was not available; in these categories, ratings are based on "informed guesses" and presented as a helpful guide rather than with any fine pretense.

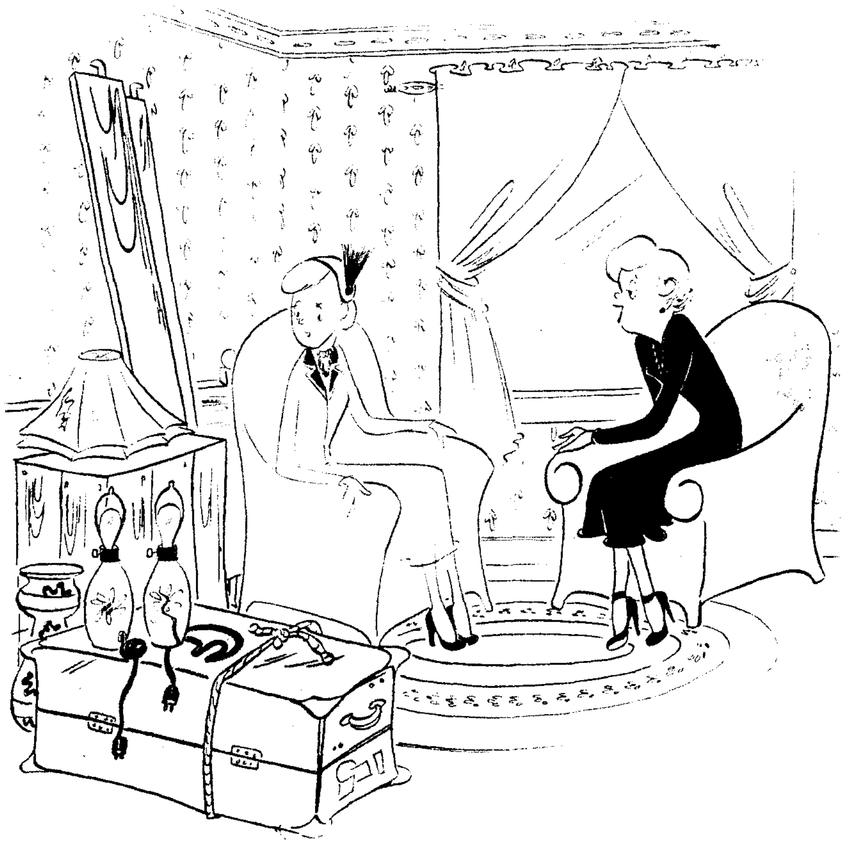
For the most part, selections are reported exactly as they were voted by the 248 advisers; but they are not always followed closely in the Preview All-America choices because, as the season develops, publicity and team records vitally affect the latter. All clear? Here we go.

EAST

The season here will be a reprise of '49 with minor variations. Army has lost Maestro Arnold Galiffa at quarter and all except florescent end Dan Foldberg from the offensive line which squeezed sweet



COLLIER'S "Sorry, you must have the wrong name. There's nobody here by that number" HANK KETCHAM



"We fixed the basement up so nice it seemed a shame to keep this old junk down there"

COLLIER'S DOTI FAIRCHILD

touchdown music for three years. But there are always many keys on the West Point accordion—this time, a wealth of offensive backs led by Gil Stephenson, Jim Cain (who had a leg broken during track but is sound again) and Al Pollard, Coast prep hot-shot who paused at Loyola before coming East to be the star of last year's Plebes. The Cadets will make intersectional headlines with Michigan (Oct. 14) and Stanford (Nov. 18), but the custom-built schedule is ideal for pointing the Cadets and Coach Earl Blaik might be able to arrange another undefeated season with son Robert waving the quarterback's baton.

Cornell should be home safe in the Ivy League unless it develops rheumatic senior-itis. Everything is there, from scintillating sophs to All-America candidates in John Pierik at center—and Jeff Fleischmann, the flashy fullback who is also the best defensive back and who will do double duty as safety. The Big Red light is on for Princeton, which held Cornell to a thin 14-12 last year. The Tigers also ought to be burning bright, with voltage supplied by a big battery of seniors who will be charging after the Ivy leadership and their fourth straight Big Three title. With Holland Donan, a top tackle, and Dick Kazmaier, a triple-threat back, on the Tiger side, Cornell-Princeton (Oct. 28) might be one of the year's thrillers.

Other Ivy Leaguers appear to have been overdoing the clean-living called for by the Sanity Code. T-magician Johnny Clayton of Dartmouth has been an Unsung Hero during the last two campaigns, but will hardly have enough props to spring another mystifying upset of Cornell. Penn will have the sentimental hero of the season, tailback Francis (Reds) Bagnell, who rose from water boy to captain, as well as other quarrelsome Quakers in guard Bernie Lemonick and end Herb Agocs. The hopeful word from here, incidentally, is that President Harold Stassen has begun to see interesting possibilities in the annual Autumnal Madness.

It's a dolorous dirge at Yale and Harvard—but please omit flowers. Eli has sophomores; and (if this be treason) the Cantabs, after the most disastrous season in history, are now said to be conscious of students with big legs. Coach Lloyd Jordan inherited good material at Cambridge and could surprise. Lou Little has some juniors who might rouse the purring Columbia Lion to an occasional roar. Brown was hit hard on two counts—losing a raft of seniors and Coach Rip Engle, who will start a major rebuilding job at Penn State while Gus Zitrides moves up to replace him at his old post. Each had a late start.

While the Ivy rusts, there will be flourishing football throughout the rest of the section. It's storm signals for sophs at Navy, where Eddie Erdelatz, the second coach in three seasons, will try the pro treatment on Middy material and flaming spirit; Eddie, who was assistant coach of the San Francisco '49ers, might produce the first winning season in years, despite the usual suicide schedule. Len Casanova, fresh in from Santa Clara, found plenty to love at Pitt—guard Mike Boldin and tackle Nick Bolkovac on one of the best lines in the land; but he had to use a lantern to locate backs. Another year, and fainthearted gridmen should be avoiding Panther Hollow.

Boston U. has Harry Agganis and a solid crew—but is still looking for that schedule. Boston College has a puissant plowman in fullback Ed Petela, a supersoph halfback in John McCauley, numerous other fancy fledglings—and incipient bowl fever. Fordham is definitely back—with no Army rock to dash against in midseason. Villanova had some losses, including Ralph Pasquariello, but will be rough again, with fast backs and guard Nick Liotta and tackle Ray Mantone to anchor the line.

Syracuse can be the comet of the section—and Bernie Custis, a great passer, may wind up where he has long belonged, a major star. At Colgate Alan Egler in the backfield and Warren (Brud) Davis, who switched from the pivot to guard, will still lack adequate support. Coach Eddie Anderson, back in business at Holy Cross and fresh from his All-Star game triumph (17-7) over the Philadelphia Eagles, will spring a surprise with the same material that flopped last year. Hugh Devore, now staging a revival at NYU, left nothing much for old pal Joe Bach at St. Bonaventure.

MIDWEST

The squads in football's heartland are remarkably well-balanced; but individual strength is erratic. There is a battalion of hot-rod halfbacks but six conference schools have quarterback trouble. A dearth of name linemen may merely mean that

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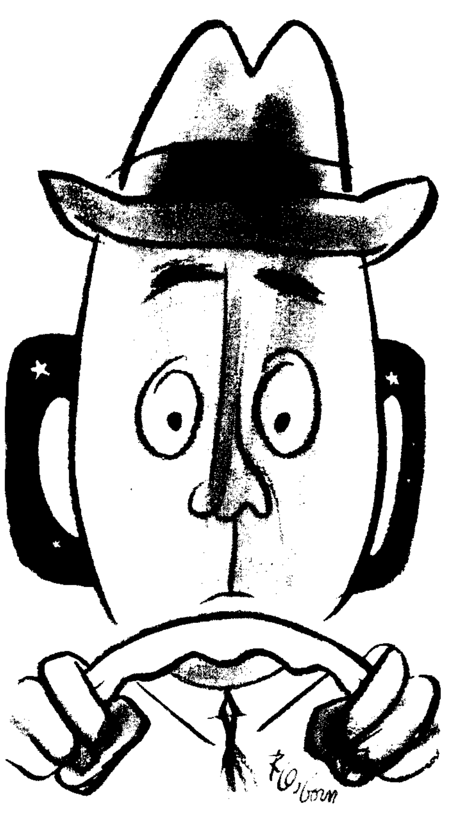

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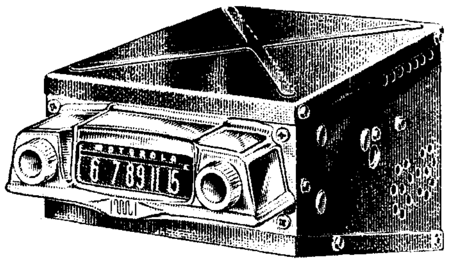

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the bulldozers are less publicized rather than less pulverizing.

Can Notre Dame, which has gone 38 games in four years without defeat, do it again? Well, they began organizing disaster relief after the spring game when this year's varsity was shackled by the 1949 group of "old-timers" (Leon Hart, Emil Sitko, *et al.*) that nobody else ever licked either. The Irish are overdue to take a header, key injuries could ruin them, and their victories will not be so lopsided; but they still look better than any team on their schedule, with the possible exception of Southern Cal in the finale (Dec. 2).

Golden-armed Bob Williams at quarter may prove to be another Johnny Lujack, as he will run more than he has in the past and also play safety. Billy Barrett is a chips-down triple threat. These two head up the most seasoned set of earth-scorching runners in the country. Bob Toneff at tackle and Jerry Groom at center are All-America line candidates; but, along with three others, are being dolefully prepared for "50-minute double duty." And Vince Meschievitz, a soph end, is described as "a slightly smaller Hart"—which ain't bad.

You can bruise your brain trying to separate the top three in the Big Ten, any one of whom might wind up with a better record than the Irish. Illinois rates the nod, with its entire offensive unit returning, sparked by Johnny Karras, the powerful jet-back who set a new Big Ten rushing record of 732 yards in 109 rushes in conference play as a sophomore last season. He should be the running star of this year. He will have plenty of help from holdovers and exceptional soph backs Pete Bachouros and Bill Tate.

But Michigan also will be backfield-heavy with Chuck Ortmann, Leo Koceski, Don Dufek and Don Peterson supported by promising newcomers. And while Ohio State can show heavy paper losses, it will have Tarzanlike Bill Trautwein at tackle, powerful squad replacements, and at least three sophs—Tony Curcillo, John Hlay and Bernie Skavarka—who might crash the first backfield. All three squads have degrees of quarterback trouble. Illinois will be set if Don Engels recovers from a leg injury. Ohio State is thinking of moving Vic Janowicz, last year's stickout, into this slot, and Curcillo looks like a natural. Michigan's problem seems less soluble—and it was quarterback deficiency which stymied the Wolverines last year.

This situation reveals how scheduling and other intangibles operate. The Buckeyes and Michigan must reach early peaks for SMU and Army on September 30th and October 14th respectively; Illinois has a more gradual approach. The Illini and Wolverines will have the incentive of a possible Rose Bowl bid; and their November 4th struggle at Ann Arbor should produce the Big Ten entry; Ohio State, ineligible for Pasadena, might not have such a keen appetite for a mere conference title, a factor suspected to have contributed to the failure of Northwestern last season. SMU will be the tip-off on the Bucks: If they then prove as good as they looked in the spring, Wes Fesler will have plenty of time to develop his fledglings before the battles with Illinois (Nov. 18) and Michigan (Nov. 25).

The second-flight teams will have a muscular voice in all this. Wisconsin, surprise of the '49 season under Ivy Williamson, will again have squad rather than star strength; it has a shot at all three contenders, is a fair bet to upset any of them. Minnesota, green and less baleful without Clayt Tonnemaker and Leo Nomellini, has its customary line size and more backfield speed than usual, with Dick Gregory as the leading man; Bob Gelle, a large and promising soph quarterback, will carry the key. The Gophers catch Ohio State (Oct. 21) and Michigan (Oct. 28) at home —and there's that 27-0 victory over the Buckeyes last year to remember.

Michigan State, not yet admitted to formal conference competition, had important losses but returns a solid squad led by tackle Don Coleman and end Bob Carey, topflight linemen, bulwarked by good sophs. Purdue lost four mature backs but has a terrific tackle in John Beletic and other good men; if they don't pull up lame after opening against Texas and Notre Dame, the Boilermakers could make noise in the conference, since they miss meeting the top three. Indiana, however, misses nobody; and while the improving Hoosiers might pull the cellar door mat out from under some blithe big shot, they hardly figure to improve their standing.

There are two sleepers. Northwestern lost most of the '48 Rose Bowlers; but last year these lads were afflicted by *lassitudinous senioritis;* and the leftovers, supported by some impressive youngsters, might rebound. Iowa could definitely surprise. Leonard Raffensperger, an ex-high coach mentioned as "another Paul Brown," inherited 32 letter men from the sturdy squad that kept Notre Dame's regulars in there until the last few minutes. They will have another whack at the Irish this year, and at Ohio State and Illinois as well.

The trend in the toughening Mid-America Conference is toward the rise of "city" teams. Cincinnati, in its second revival year under Sid Gillman, will be tested for national rating by William & Mary (Sept. 30) and Kentucky (Oct. 14) but could also be trapped by clever Miami (Nov. 25) in its own league. John Carroll is moving up with sports-conscious Cleveland's patronage as the goal; and Dayton is following the same line. This general development, noted in other sections, notably at Houston and Wichita, also represents hedging by the smaller colleges threatened by television. They want to be good enough to get before the cameras.

SOUTH

The departure of Charlie Justice has removed the shade North Carolina cast over Tobaccoland. There is now plenty of bright sunny optimism for all. Nobody is counting the Tarheels out of it; they still have Irv Holdash and other rugged frontliners, plus useful backs and influential frosh, including a "golden boy" triple-threater named—after all these years—Wallace (Bud). Snavely has given them a new formation; but that Justice touch will be lacking and the schedule is severe.

Hard-hitting Jim Tatum, who abandoned the rich Oklahoma coaching field to Bud Wilkinson, is about ready, in his fourth year, to unveil Maryland as a major-leaguer, with its new 50,000-seat stadium and a squad and schedule to match. He has 15 of his first 22 returning, including what may be the best one side of a line in college ball—guard Bob Ward, tackle Ray Krouse and end Elmer Wingate—and 200-pound junior fullback Ed Modzelewski, y-clept the Mighty Mo. Strong sophomores too—and a gamble on one of these, John Scarbath at quarterback to fuse the split-T. The Terrapins wound up last season with a 20-7 'Gator Bowl win over Missouri and are aiming for a bigger dish.

Duke is the crown pretender, with visions of royal days returning based on the hope that sinewy sophomores will add starch to fast but light veterans. A strong backfield will be marshaled by Billy Cox, a triple-threat work horse who was ninth in the nation on total offense last year. Blaine Earon is already ranked as the greatest defensive end in Duke history. Virginia is blowing the bassoon for Johnny Papit, heavy-duty back who has gained more than 1,000 yards during each of the last two seasons. He will have more backfield help than usual but may lack can-openers, since most of the offensive line bowed to baccalaureate.

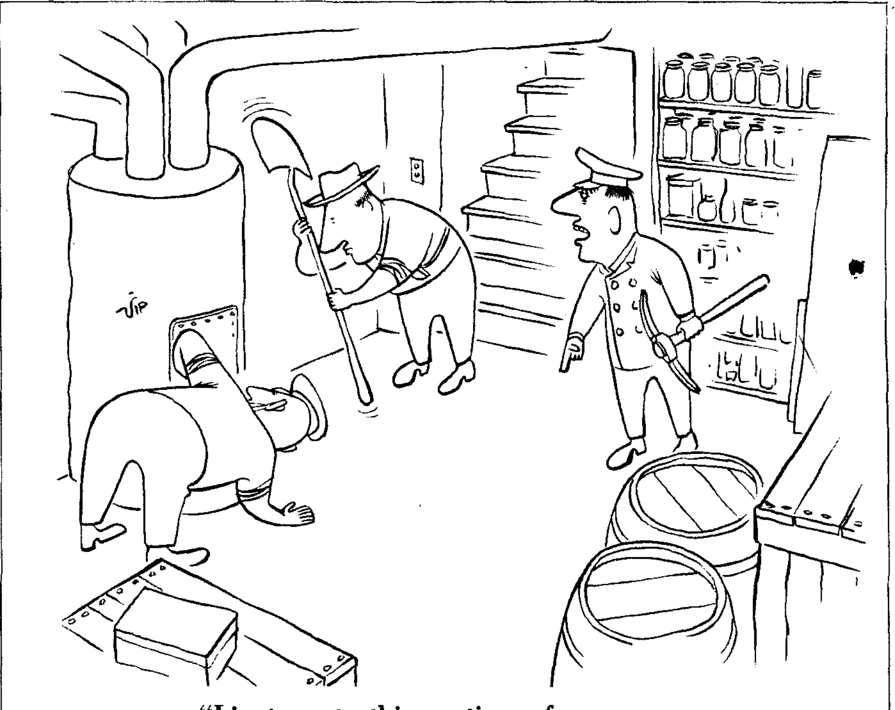
William & Mary's young team will shoot the moon with four different formations—including the old Zuppke flea-flicker. End Vito Ragazzo, highest-scoring lineman in football history last year (90 points on 15 touchdown passes), broke a leg in the spring practice final but hopes to be ready. "Willie-May" has sophs, is red-hot for a back named Ed Mioduszewski.

The governor of South Carolina may have plenty to say to everybody if Coach Rex Enright digs up a T-quarterback to spark a hot backfield led by Steve Wadiak. Clemson believes it has plugged up those dikes, and dreams of bouncing through a porous schedule and into a bowl on the elastic legs of fullback Fred Cone.

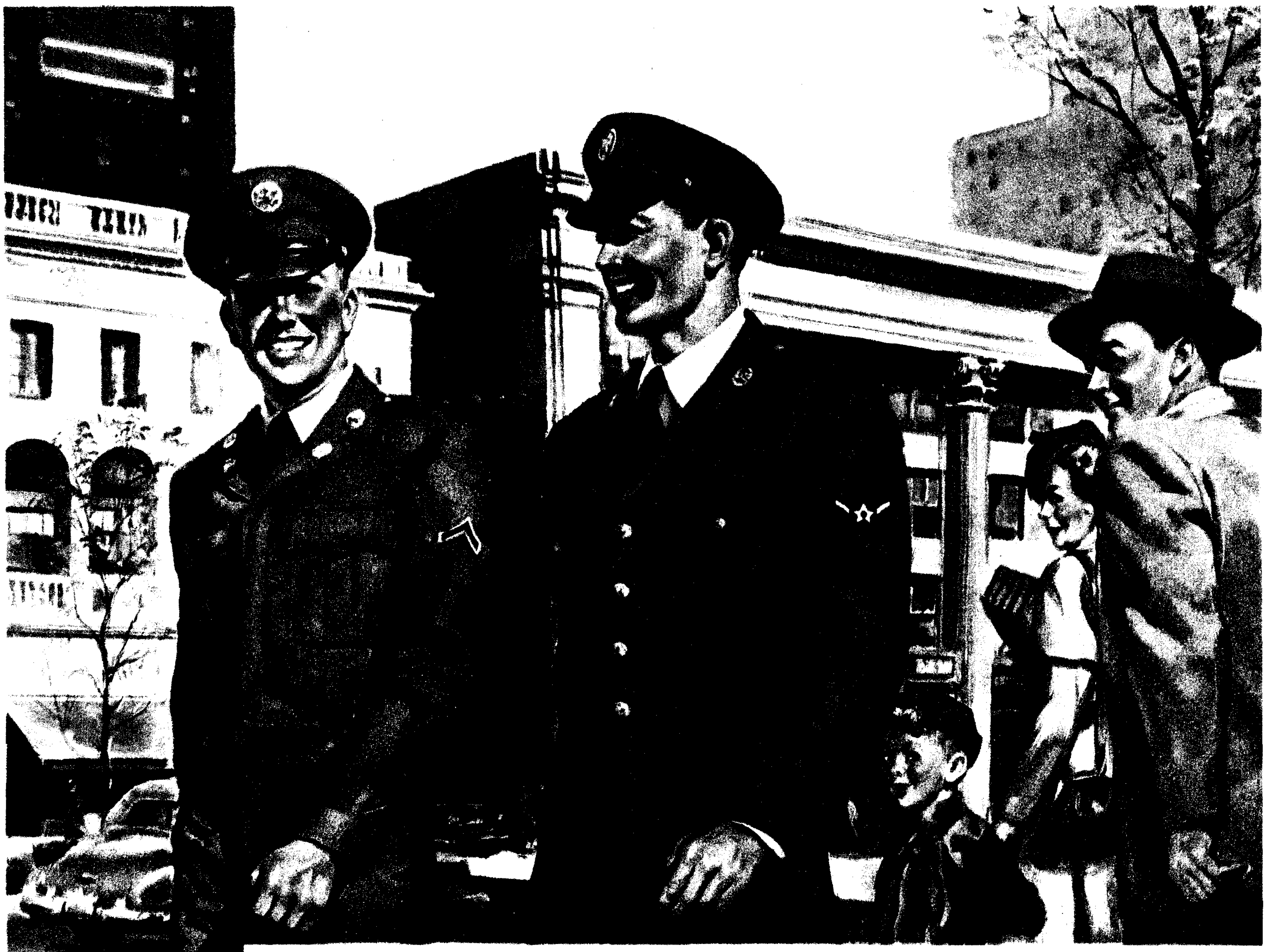
North Carolina State, one of those strong silent teams, with Unsung stars in tailback Ed Mooney and tackle Elmer Costa, will again be a handful, as it was last year when the Wolfpack lost to Clemson, Duke and Maryland by a total difference of only ten points. Wake Forest has a fine back in Nub Smith, but is moaning low following discouraging losses. Art Lewis, building at West Virginia, should have the Hillbillies back making good old mountain music on the '51 gridiron. Washington & Lee, VMI and Virginia Tech are all unusually well-stocked and hopeful—before the first game. Andy Davis is a Little All-America back at George Washington.

SOUTHEAST

It's back to the track again in the deep South where you could throw a blanket over Tennessee, LSU, Kentucky and Alabama, as they clippety-clop down the preview stretch to a photo finish. First place



COLLIER'S "Lieutenant, this section of new concrete looks kind of suspicious" VIRGIL PARTCH



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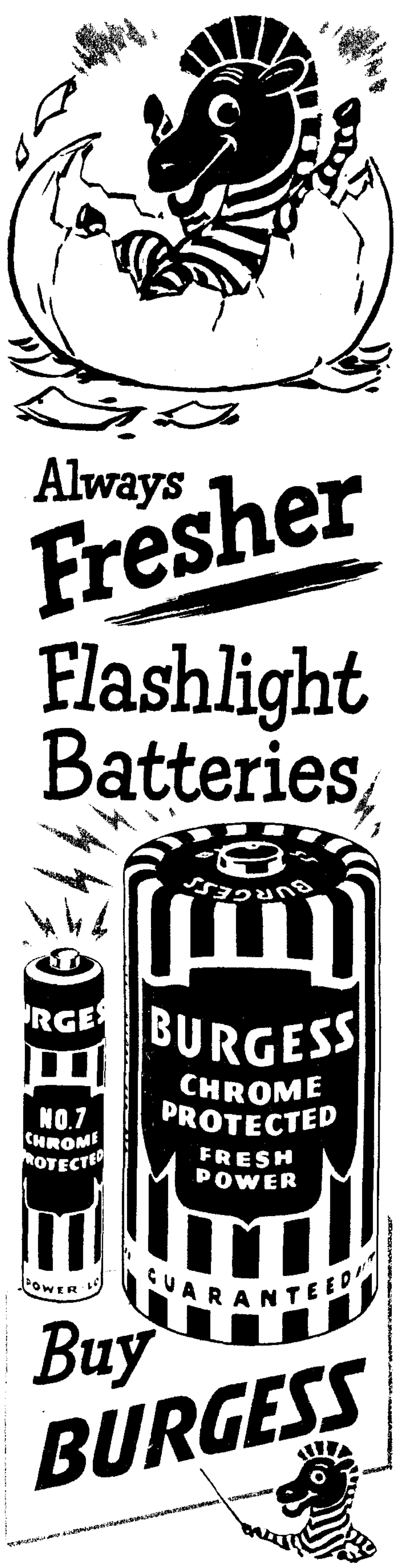

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goes—by a whisker—to General Bob Neyland who may be wearing that star again; but he has the boys to make every post a winning one in his silver-anniversary year at Tennessee. Seven of his first eight backs return, with Hank Lauricella up; and hard-hitting linemen, led by All-America candidates in end Bud Sherrod, tackle Jack Stroud and guard Ted Daffer, will clear the tracks. Eager sophs, too. The schedule is favorable—with Alabama early (Oct. 21), Kentucky late (Nov. 25), and LSU by-passed.

If the Volunteers break stride along the line, the race may be decided at the starting gate—for the schedule brings LSU to Kentucky September 23d. The Wildcats clawed the Tigers 19-0 last year; but that was before Coach Gaynell Tinsley's rags-to-Sugar Bowl urchins hit their stride. They're mostly back—Ebert Van Buren (brother of the Philadelphia Eagles' Steve) and Lee Hedges in the backfield, guards Allen Hover and Jim Shoaf.

Kentucky, led by tackle Bob Gain, the Unsung Lineman of the last three campaigns, and Vito (Babe) Parilli, a slick T-quarterback who hit 54 per cent of his passes for 1,081 yards last year as a sophomore, has the best paper ticket for the Sugar Bowl. Coach Paul Bryant can point for LSU early and Tennessee late—with nothing too much in between. He has 31 letter men returning. Only 53 points were scored during the regular season against Kentucky, which held five conference squads to one lone t.d.—that in the 0-6 loss to Tennessee. Gene Donaldson, a much-sought-after sophomore guard, will help.

Alabama has a rough-and-ready cast who might knock over anybody—but could give a little, too, as they did in the finale last season with astounding Auburn. They play only Tennessee of the top three; and tied the Vols last year. Backs Ed Salem and Butch Avinger, guard Mike Mizerany, tackle Herb Hannah and end Al Lary are all in the Unsung category; but there has been plenty of music about Bobby Marlow, an "over rather than around" soph runner and line-backer.

Georgia expects to be better in every department, as Coach Wally Butts works on his favorite model, a tank with wings. Sophomore Lauren Hargrove, descendant of famous Confederate general John B. Gordon, may have one of Georgia's first families bragging about *him*—if it's true what they say about his being "another Trippi." Tulane could be a tarantula. Eddie Price is the only important name missing from the group which was advertised last year as among the nation's best—until that first quarter against Notre Dame. Coach Henry Frnka will have a veteran line—which Leahy won't have—so this could be it for the Irish on October 14th.

Georgia Tech will continue to collect a lot of yardage with its punching offense; but probably not too many victories in a rough schedule. However, they have picked up a supersoph tackle in Hal Miller.

If you want to know why pigskin prognosticators get purple—try Ole Miss. Last year they had the best offense in the conference, the top rushing back of the country in Long John Dottley, fine linemen in center Ken Farragut and tackle Rex Boggan, impressive sophs topped by T-quarterback Rocky Byrd. John Vaught is a proven coach. So the Johnny Rebs lost five and tied one. This time they have all these and more fine sophs, including Jimmy Lear, a dreamy quarterback. They can make it tough on all the toughies but 'Bama.

Vanderbilt lost heavily but will have had more T experience. Coach Earl Brown will continue to carry that buzzer around to shock Auburn's opponents, even though Travis Tidwell has gone. Miami, gradually moving into the big time, will have end Leo Martin and most everybody else back from last year; and figures to upset some of the Northern names lured by the Orange Bowl stadium capacity. The Hurricanes victimized Georgia and Florida last year, played to 320,000—televised, too.

Mississippi State would show more profit in Coach Slick Morton's second season if it didn't meet just about everybody but Don Eagle. They label sophomore fullback Joe Fortunato a future tornado of the chalk lines. Bob Woodruff begins a seven-year contracting job at Florida and starts below the basement. The 'Gators report "20 non-scholarship students" on the squad. What other school can make that claim?

SOUTHWEST

Everything looks simple down here, just as it did last year—when Rice was preview-pegged for fourth place and finished first; when the No. 1 pick, SMU, dropped three games and tied one—then all but ruined Notre Dame. While all this was going on, Texas, spotted in second place, was losing four; but to the tough ones and by a total difference of only 10 points. That usually points to quarterback trouble; and it is still there. But the Longhorns have 16 of their first 22 back, and two fine lines, anchored by guard Lewis (Bud) McFadin. The backfield lacks depth but has Byron Townsend and sophomore Gib Dawson, lads who can really fry the turf. Purdue (Sept. 30) and Oklahoma (Oct. 14) precede the dogfight conference card; but despite all that, Blair Cherry scheduled LSU for an extra game (Dec. 9). Texas' defense should do it.

The SMU form chart shows a big loss of personnel, and Coach Matty Bell. But the men returning will be mostly the sophs and juniors who rattled the Irish; and the new coach, Rusty Russell, is the offensive strategist who laid out that booby trap for Frank Leahy. He will be using the A (for aspirin) system; he will have Kyle Rote who played the game of the year against the team of the year; and a flock of banshee sophomores, including Bill Forester, described as "another Long John Kimbrough." The squad will come to Ohio State on September 30th primed for another jam session. The defense is faulty; but if it's excitement you want—follow the Mustangs.

Meanwhile, there's Coach Dutch Meyer of TCU who specializes in coming from nowhere in the last few weeks to knock off the proud ones—last time Texas and SMU. This year he has added a T-wing to his double wing and spreads. With a fullback fraternity and the most highly regarded soph halfback of the section in Mal Fowler, Dutch doesn't worry about the leather-luggers and is concentrating on his line.

Then there's the mystery team of the section—Arkansas, which brought in Otis Douglas, Greasy Neale's top assistant, from the Philadelphia Eagles. Otis had so many pros helping him during spring practice that Fayetteville looked like an aerie. He has two lines averaging 215 pounds and will shoot the works on offense.

Rice reports only 14 letter men returning, but they include backs Sonny Wyatt and Billy Burkhalter, the latter voted the outstanding performer in the Cotton Bowl game in which a fellow named Charlie Justice played. So you can never be sure about these things. The Owls will dedicate a 70,000-capacity "last-word" stadium for which they wish they "had last year's team." Coach George Sauer has the same wish at Baylor, which has a new 40,000-seater; but nothing much more from last year's squad than Stan Williams, a great 60-minute pass-bucket junior end.

Prospects are brighter at Texas A&M where almost everybody returns, including Bob Smith, who can carry the mail in any league; and Glenn Lippman, one of the hot-prospect sophs of '49 who didn't sparkle. Improved line play may help the Aggies climb from the cellar. Texas Tech looks good enough to win its fourth straight Border title.

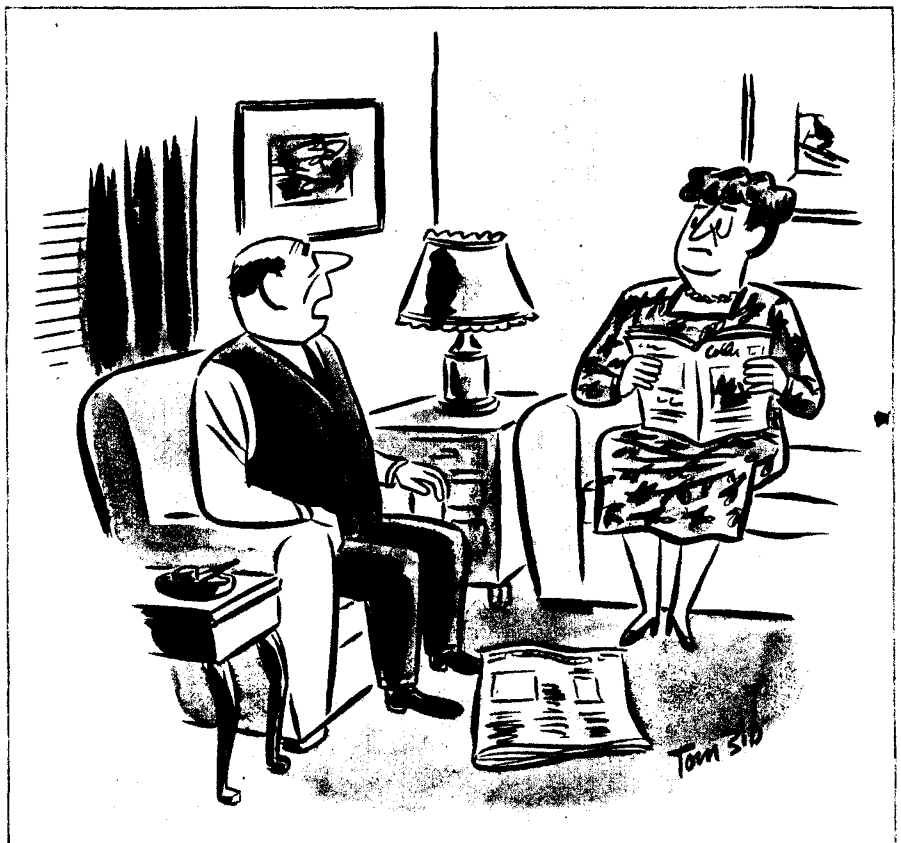
There are two Paul Bunyan backs blushing more or less unseen on the Texas desert. Brad Rowland of McMurry College reads like a pro scout's dream.

The other is John Ford, of Hardin-Simmons, who threw 26 touchdown passes last fall, while completing 98 of 168 for 1,691 yards. This flipper learned by throwing at a rolling tire.

Houston, in its fifth year in football and 15th as a school, is making rapid strides in both departments. It has an $11,000,000 building program, 11,000 students and a fine halfback named Gene Shannon.

MISSOURI VALLEY

This section now extends from Detroit to Denver, and the weaker schools are exploring the possibilities of legalized athletic scholarships, with or without alumni accessories. Except for Oklahoma, the Big Seven was well-matched last year; this time the Sooners have dropped down a little; but they will still get there first. Coach Bud Wilkinson did lose all but fullback Leon (Mule Train) Heath of his first eleven; but the second-stringers, including



COLLIER'S "You haven't nagged me for two hours. Is there someone else?" TOM ZIB such publicized names as guards Clair Mayes and Norman McNabb, quarterback Claude Arnold, end Frankie Anderson and tackle Jim Weatherall, who played almost half the time in '49, move up.

A potential Four Horsemen sophomore backfield was in the making until Tom Carroll, along with three other backfield reserves, was lost to the National Guard in August; but Billy Vessels remains to start at right halfback; Eddie Crowder will push Arnold at quarterback; and the only reason Buck McPhail won't crash the regular fullback job is because it is held down by Heath, probably the best runner-blocker of the season. Oklahoma has now won 21 straight, including two Sugar Bowls; if Texas doesn't stop the run at 23, and if the squad isn't further depleted by service calls, the grid show might run as long as the stage show.

Missouri still has the cogs of its high-scoring machine—John Glorioso, the aptly named runner, and the aerial battery of quarterback Phil Klein to Gene Ackermann, the latter a six-foot, five-inch 200-pound end who last season snared 40 for 576 yards. The defense is faulty; nothing much came from the freshmen, but the squad is good enough to give everybody an argument.

The big spotlight will be on Kansas. The Jayhawks, who scored four touchdowns against both Oklahoma and Missouri last season, have added the flyaway sophomore of the year, Charlie Hoag, from Chicago, whom the Big Ten courted but who enrolled at KU because an uncle had thoughtfully graduated from there. He is six two, 185, does everything, including defense. They are already comparing him to Ray Evans, the school's great all-round back of a few seasons ago. Hoag might be one of those good enough to change the course of the entire sectional season.

Nebraska, coming out of the tall popcorn under Coach Biff Glassford, has acquired fundamentals and is now acquiring sophomores to go along with tackles Charlie Toogood and Bob Mullen and a sizable group of veteran returnees. Another year and they'll be cracking helmets in the old Cornhusker tradition. Tulsa continues to gush after a sad flirtation with that deceptive siren, Miss DeEmphasis. Iowa State had losses but still has the passing battery of Bill Weeks to Jim Doran that tied Illinois and was good for 281 yards against Oklahoma. The Kansas State rebuilding program, begun two years ago under Coach Ralph Graham, is flowering; the team that so recently ran up such an impressive losing streak may have a victory majority this season if fullback Gerald Hackney's knee mends.

Colorado, now seriously in the football business, has a flock of sophomores to go with Merwin Hodel, a universally regarded fullback any team could use. Wichita has flashy backs in Ed Kriwiel and Jimmy Nutter. Johnny Bright of Drake was one of the big ground gainers last year; but Tom Bienemann, a topflight end, may be sidelined by a leg injury. Detroit will have a good first team; but backfield losses were heavy and old pro Dutch Clark has been brought in to help Coach Chuck Baer develop the sophomores. The low note in the Valley is at Oklahoma A&M. But J. B. (Ears) Whitworth was brought in from Georgia to take care of that situation.

Unsung Squad

(Boys who belong on the All-America Squad but who figure to get shut out because their teams face rough going or because there are better-publicized men on their own squads)

ENDS: Anderson (Okla. U.); Ackermann (Mo.); Curtis (Vandy); Williams (Baylor); Agocs (Penn); Harvin (Ga. Tech); Wingate (Md.); Quackenbush (Yale); Martin (Miami, Fla.); Watson (UCLA); Thomas (Ore. St.); DeRosa (Pitt); Cloidt (Wash. U.); Loehlein (Army); Doran (Iowa St.).

TACKLES: Costa (N. Car. St.); Weatherall (Okla. U.); F. Williams (Ark.); Campbell, Yelvington (Ga.); Beck (Ga. Tech); Hannah (Ala.); Toogood (Neb.); Monahan (Dart.); Shira (Army); Tetreault (Navy); Bauer (Auburn); Mundinger (Minn.); Mantone (Villa.); Hill (Brown).

GUARDS—Liotta (Villa.); Audette (Columbia); Daniels (Ore. U.); Hover (LSU); Campbell (Iowa St.); MacLachlan (UCLA); Davis (Colg.); James (Ky.); Kadlec (Mo.); Jones (Col. U.); McMurtry (So. Cal); Coen (BC); Banks (Auburn); Wood (Detroit); Pomeroy (Stan.).

CENTERS: Rowan (Texas); Hightower (SMU); Toler (SFU); Hickok (Prince.); Wietecha (NW); Rowden (Md.); Torgerson (Wash. St.); Jabbusch (S. Car.).

BACKS: Bagnell (Penn); Salem, Avinger (Ala.); Hedges (LSU); Custis (Syr.); Egler (Colg.); Smith (Texas A&M); Petela (BC); Wadiak (S. Car.); Hodel (Col. U.); Kerkorian (Stan.); Jones (Tulane); Bocetti (W&L); Kirkby (Wash. U.); Brown (SFU); Kerestes (Purdue); Koceski (Mich.); Petruska (Wis.); Roberts (Dart.); Heinrich (Wash. U.); Weeks (Iowa St.).

Little All-America Squad

ENDS: Fisher (Williams); Urich (Miami, O.); Knopick (Wich.); Gavin (Amherst).

TACKLES: Steere (Drake); Osur (Spring.); Murray (Bowdoin); Schreiber (Centre).

GUARDS: Nowaskey (J. Carroll); Keller (Wesl.); Dodrill (Col. A&M).

CENTERS: Middendorf (Cin.); Moser (COP); Moeller (Houston).

BACKS: Rowland (McMurry); Gabriel (Lehigh); Musacco (Loyola); Ford (H-S); Ka-Ne (Dayton); Pont (Miami, O.); Shannon (Houston); Bright (Drake); Davis (GW); Taseff (J. Carroll); Kulsar (Williams); Kriwiel (Wich.); Talboom (Wyo.); Miller (Emory-Henry); Pendleton (Maine); Macon (COP); Traina (San Jose); Bailey (Miami, O.); Stratton (Cin.). Lowther (E. Wash. C. of Ed.).

ROCKY MOUNTAIN

The quality of the game improves each year in Football's Hidden Valley, with better conference organizations and added local quality among the top sergeants of the gridiron—the high-school coaches. The Skyline Six has now become an eight, with the addition of Montana U. and New Mexico. Wyoming, surprise winner of its first conference title last year, figures to repeat—with the chief contention coming from Denver "now that the married men have gone." The section lost its Old Man of the Mountains when Ike Armstrong departed for Minnesota as athletic director; but the Utes will quickly rebuild under their new coach, Jack Curtice, who was plucked from Texas Western. Colorado A&M, which lost only to Wyoming last time, had losses but will again be in the fight.

Utah State continues to improve and will be reaching for the top in another year according to Mentor George Melinkovich's timetable. Coach Dud DeGroot didn't go to New Mexico just for the climate; he will show immediate results and be a definite factor in two seasons. Montana will be much more at home in the Skyline group than as a Coast Conference orphan. Brigham Young, with a 0-11 record last year, is naturally building from scratch under Charles Atkinson, a successful high-school coach.

Colorado College, with sophomores, won the Rocky Mountain Conference title last year in a 13-12 thriller over Colorado Mines. Both schools return good squads and will play a repeat engagement.

PACIFIC COAST

They have a unique situation out here, where flocks of junior-college men become eligible as sophomores without having played freshman ball; and that clouds the form. So we follow what form there is, and that says Stanford.

The Indians had fewer losses, return four fine halfbacks, led by Harry Hugasian, and a slick T-quarterback and passer in Gary Kerkorian. A good line will be bulwarked by the best all-round player of the year, Bill McColl, a defensive tackle and offensive end who, as a sophomore last year, caught 27 passes, averaged 11.7 yards on the end-around play—and threw one pass for a touchdown. Coach Marchie Schwartz also has good sophomores, some handy jaycees, and a schedule which finds his four big games among the last five and gives him time to sort his material. The red-hot Redskins tallied 95 points in the big spring game and might have the squad to beat Army (Nov. 18) and give the Coast that long-delayed victory over the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. But they will have to shake that fourth-quarter fade.

Southern Cal offers a dangerous threat. Plenty of sand-hog linemen and good backs return; and a great catch of jaycees included two prizes—Al (Hoagy) Carmichael, "the hottest runner to hit Bovard Field in ten years," and Ed Demirjian, a much-sought-after quarterback whose junior-college eligibility last year was decided by a court trial. From all reports, Coach Jeff Cravath has atomic talent which might explode into greatness—or just explode. Meanwhile, he is working on that old-fashioned Trojan running attack which has been sadly missed the last few years.

Lynn Waldorf laments the loss of 27 letter men from his California Rose Bowl squad of the last two years; as who wouldn't? But the other coaches just don't trust Ole Pappy; they point out that Les Richter, switched to guard this year, and Jim Monachino, surprise runner of '49, will stiffen the young Bears of which the woods around Berkeley always seem to be full. And they all know about Johnny Olszewski, a fabulous frosh of the Six Yard Sitko type who "combines speed with exceptional power." All this respect is a deserved tribute to Waldorf's coaching; but he may not be ready for the Trojans by October 14th.

Coach Howie Odell at Washington U. could have the surprise team if replacements can fill the gap left by four departed tackles. There will be no question about the backfield. Hugh McElhenny will be a top All-America backfield candidate, if his team holds up; Don Heinrich is a stop-watch quarterback and passer; Roland Kirkby an Unsung runner and receiver; and sophomore Bill Earley has made displaced persons of two letter-men halfbacks. UCLA will have an All-America candidate in Bob Wilkinson, a 200-pound all-round end whose exceptional pass-catching ability broke numerous Coast records last year. But the team has weakness in depth.

San Francisco will have one of the better backs in Ollie Matson and expects a fine season. Oregon State won its last four games in Kip Taylor's first year and again will be a factor. Stan McGuire, team captain and an All-American prospect, was killed in an auto-toboggan accident and they did not elect anyone to replace him. Oregon will drop down a peg—good line but green backs.

Forest Evashevski, Tommy Harmon's old blocking back at Michigan, inherited a fair squad at Washington State and is hoping

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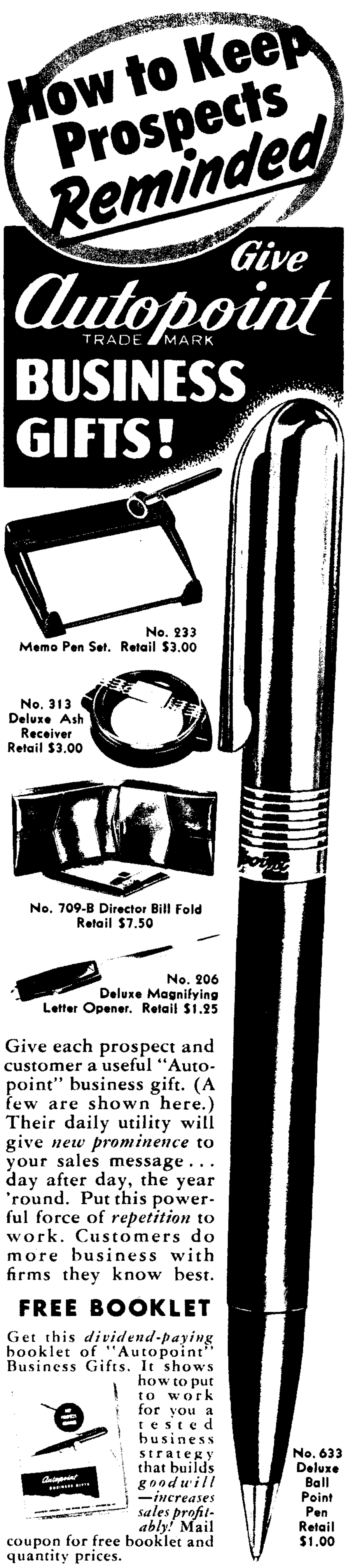

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the Coast will be as hospitable to him in his first year on the job there as it has been to other Eastern mentors in the last few seasons. Dick Gallagher, who succeeded Len Casanova at Santa Clara, lost nine of the Orange Bowl starters and will be rebuilding, as will Joe Ruetz at St. Mary's. Jordan Olivar has fine backs in George Musacco and Don Klosterman, and a Loyola team that will nose its way close to the top among the independents. Nevada is struggling to keep the game alive during a period of official indecision.

College of the Pacific, though sans its lodestone, passing genius Eddie LeBaron, and numerous others, is singing no blues.

KEY GAMES

In modern football, influenced by gate receipts, old-fashioned "breathers" have been all but eliminated. Now even titans tangle intersectionally from the opening whistle and their national ratings often are clabbered before their conference schedules begin. Baseball's World Series will barely be off the stage before football holds its Day of the Year—October 14th—when, during an unusual number of superterrifics, the long winning streaks of Oklahoma and California figure to be broken and there will be introduced the innovation of a double-header (afternoon and night games) in Dallas' Cotton Bowl.

Last year we previewed 33 key games which were certain to affect championships. Result: 22 winners, 11 losers and two ties. This year it looks like 36 vital encounters. Where the same schools meet again, last year's scores (in parentheses) reveal the unusual number of results which figure to be reversed. "Games of the Year" are capitalized. Here's the Cardiac Carnival for 1950; if you have a doubtful ticker, better see your doctor.

September 23d—LSU over Kentucky (0-19). September 30th—OHIO STATE over SMU; Notre Dame over North Carolina U. (42-6); Washington over Minnesota (20-48); Michigan over Michigan State (7-3); Maryland over Navy. October 7th—Tennessee over Duke (7-21); SMU over Missouri (29-27). October 14th—ARMY over MICHIGAN (21-7); TEXAS over OKLAHOMA (14-20); Southern Cal over California (10-16); Notre Dame over Tulane (46-7); Dartmouth over Penn.

October 21st—Tennessee over Alabama (6-6); Ohio State over Minnesota (0-27); SMU over Rice (27-41). October 28th—CORNELL over PRINCETON (14-12); Notre Dame over Michigan State (34-21); Maryland over Duke. November 4th—Army over Penn (14-13); TEXAS over SMU (6-7); STANFORD over SOUTHERN CAL (13-34); MICHIGAN over ILLINOIS (13-0). November 11th—Maryland over North Carolina U. November 18th—Cornell over Dartmouth (7-16); STANFORD over ARMY; OHIO STATE over ILLINOIS (30-17); Texas over TCU (13-14). November 25th—Tennessee over Kentucky (6-0); Princeton over Dartmouth (19-13); Harvard over Yale (0-26); OHIO STATE over MICHIGAN (7-7); STANFORD over CALIFORNIA (14-33). December 2d—Army over Navy, (38-0); NOTRE DAME over SOUTHERN CAL (32-0). December 9th—Texas over LSU.

Game of the Year prospects are picked to produce the most sheer excitement. Four '49 contests selected here will be long remembered: Army-Michigan, where the Cadets broke Michigan's unbeaten string and kept their own alive in the season's first shocker; Ohio State-Michigan, where the Bucks got a lock on the Rose Bowl by the margin of a kicked point—after their first failure had been canceled by a foul; Vanderbilt-Tennessee, where the Vandy players had to reverse the usual process by hustling their fighting-mad coach from the field; and, may I quote, "what could develop into a really dramatic climax thriller—Notre Dame-Southern Methodist."

Through the years the preview has averaged 10 of the 20 top teams. The national champion and frequently the runner-up have been pigeon-picks during the postwar dominance of Notre Dame, Michigan and Oklahoma; but—and this illustrates the equality of competition—this year's list is the shakiest ever. The crystal ball points to six undefeated squads—and Maryland could make it seven; but it also indicates that any of them might lose as many as three games. Last year California, Ohio State and Santa Clara were tagged here among nine probable spoilers—and they dutifully wound up in major bowls. This year keep an eye on Southern Cal, SMU, Kentucky, Michigan, Oklahoma, Wisconsin, Illinois, TCU, North Carolina, Alabama and Ole Miss. Any of them could go all the way.

Previous to last season the preview hit Back of the Year seven times in eight stabs; last year the prediction was Doak Walker and Charlie Justice; both were injured, but they finished Justice-Walker in the Heisman Poll, despite the fact that Kyle Rote staged his amazing one-man rodeo against Notre Dame. He'll be a lone hand this year, though, with no Doak Walker to shadow; a rootin'-tootin' competitor who can do everything; but a back-of-all-trades takes his lumps, particularly in the Southwest where they had Walker limping down the stretch his last two seasons.

However, there was another good back in that Dallas game who'll still be with us this year. Bob Williams was the triggerman of Notre Dame's 1949 champions, a slick ball handler, superb play caller, fine punter and the boy whose passes, long and short, usually wrapped them up early. This year Bob will run more and also play safety. He's the reason for picking Notre Dame on top again—and the 1950 preview's Back of the Year, with Rote second choice, Johnny Karras and Leon Heath following.

It's a happy thought recalling that Rote was ticketed as Sophomore of the Year in '48, with Williams in third spot. Now, if some person in the audience will kindly ask about Lineman of the Year? Thank you—give that gentleman two on the 50-yard line. It was Leon Hart, of course, with Leo Nomellini and Clayt Tonnemaker backing him up. Pardon the prating, folks, but you can't always do that well in the difficult lineman department.

This year's problem explains why. Bob Toneff and Jerry Groom will take honors up front for Notre Dame; Bob Wilkinson will be stealing scenes at UCLA; Les Richter will be all over the California landscape; and Bill McColl, "the poor-man's Hart" probably will run from fullback for Stanford in his spare time. But I'm going to go for the boy who has probably been the best tackle of the last two seasons, Bob Gain of Kentucky, and hope that the selectors don't lose him again in the piney woods. They don't have television in Kentucky and not much of a spotlight. So it's Gain, McColl, Richter, Toneff, Groom and Wilkinson, in that order.

Last year I took off on one of those flights of foolishness you folks are supposed to smile at and forget—called my all-sophomore team the "All-America Team of 1951." It's okay to remember now, since the names included Toneff, (Soph Lineman of the Year), Janowicz (Soph Back of the Year), McColl, McElhenny, Barrett, Ray Beck and Dick Hightower, any of whom might make it this year. So here, but still with a smile, are the grid kids of '50 who look to be the All-Americas of '52:

Ends—Vince Meschievitz (ND), Tom Stolhandske (Texas). Tackles—Hal Miller (Ga. Tech), Jim (Tank) Lawrence (Duke). Guards—Gene Donaldson (Ky.), Nick O'Brovac (So. Cal). Center—Don Moomaw (UCLA). Backs—Charlie Hoag (Kansas U.), Johnny Olszewski (Cal), Al Pollard (Army), Al Carmichael (USC). Meschievitz is Soph Lineman of the Year, followed by Donaldson, Miller and O'Brovac. The four backs are rated in the order named. Any of them might make it; but all might have to move over for pin wheels like Dawson, Hlay, Fowler and several others among the sophomores already mentioned.

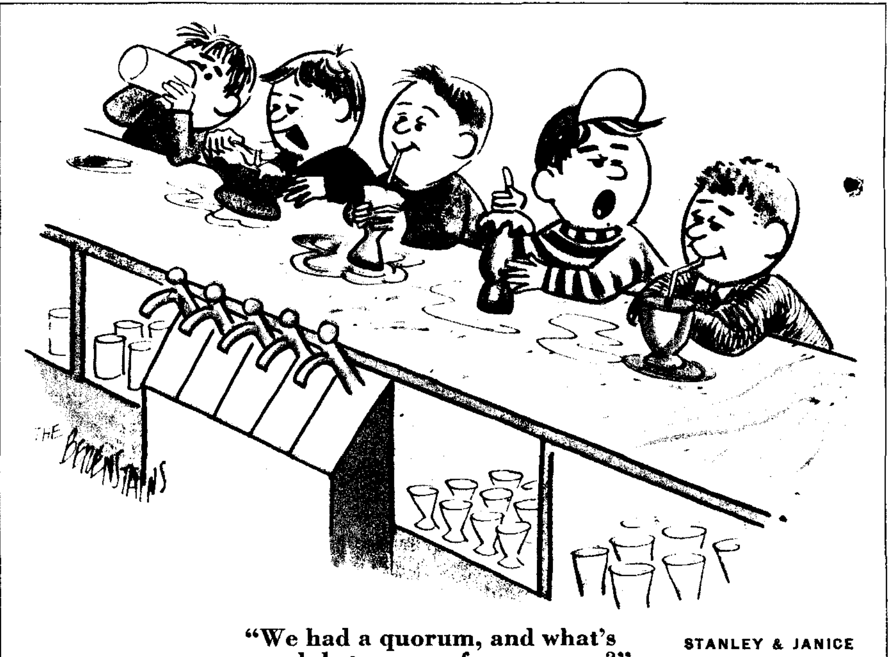
Coach of the Year is always as tough to figure as Stalin's mind. The mentors are inclined to favor the man who goes undefeated; to by-pass past winners or name the old-timer who is long overdue and might never get another chance. I'm seasoning this salad with sentiment by picking Bob Neyland of Tennessee to hit the jack pot on his silver anniversary in this precarious profession. And here's the rest of the coaching team: Wes Fesler (Ohio State), Marchie Schwartz (Stan.), Lynn Waldorf (Cal), Gaynell Tinsley (LSU), Blair Cherry (Texas), Jeff Cravath (USC), Ray Eliot, (Ill.), Jim Tatum (Md.), Lefty James (Cornell), Wallace Wade (Duke). Last year the preview's second choice, Bud Wilkinson, won. The first choice, Matty Bell, finished near his own end zone—but almost pulled the giant rabbit out of the hat against Notre Dame.

Included here, for the first time, you will find what can only be token squads of the Unsung Heroes and Little All-Americas who might be every bit as good as the spotlight boys, as the pros so often prove. (One of last season's consensus All-Americas wound up 368th in the pro draft list.)

That just about wraps up the Football Follies for Fifty—except for one notable item for historians. The molls are muscling in. (That's the truth.)

So let's sign off by picking Pi Beta Phi to win over Alpha Xi Delta in the fourth annual Powder Bowl to be held at Ohio U. in Athens in November—for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

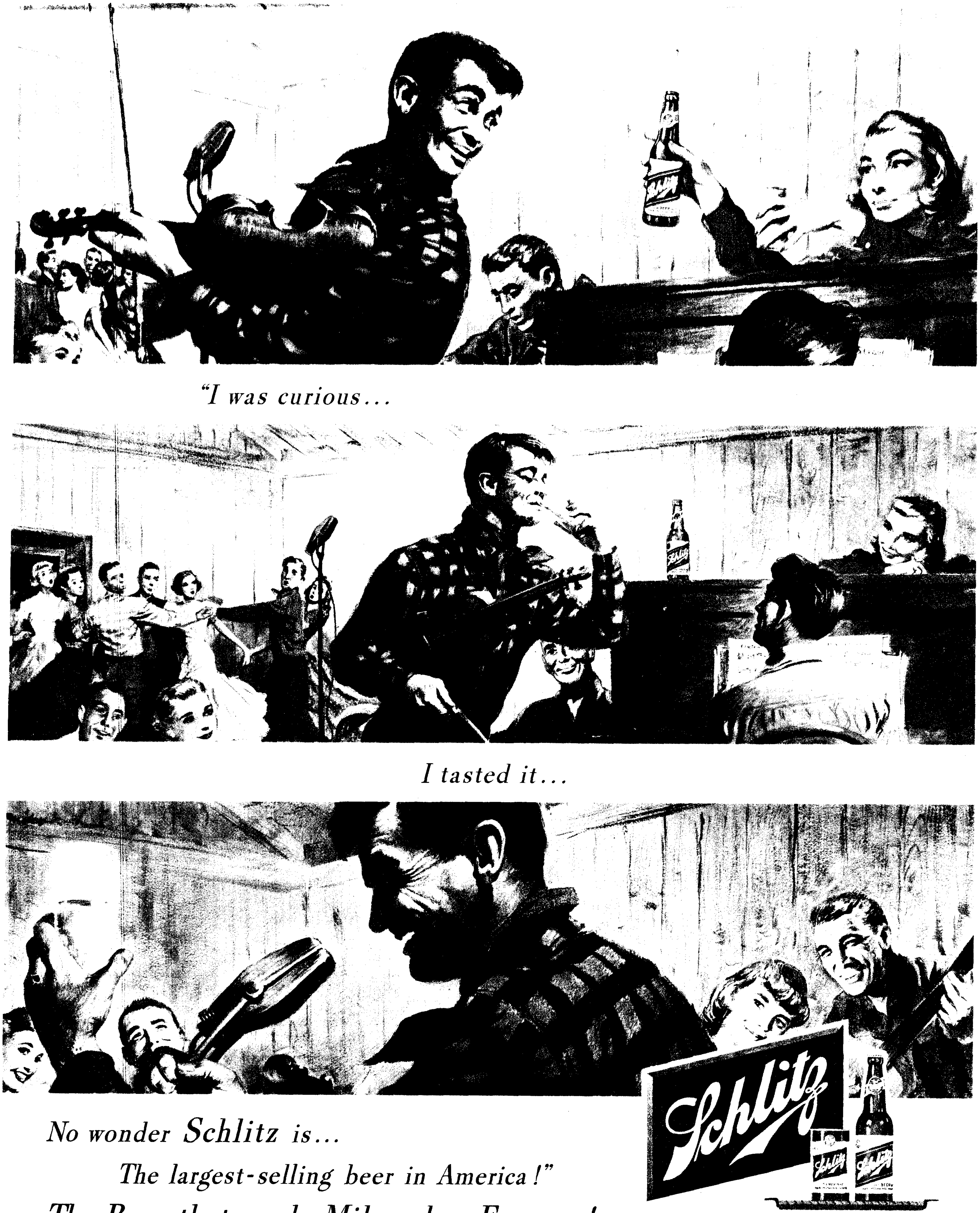
THE END



"We had a quorum, and what's a club treasury for, anyway?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



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Genius on a Low Budget

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

they are going to produce a flop if for no other reason than that they are mortals. They just hope that Cyrano will not be it. However, as Glass puts it after three surprisingly successful hits in a row, "It gets to be pretty nerve-racking, waiting for the other shoe to drop."

Another of the disconcerting things about being a Hollywood dragon slayer is that it carries with it an obligation to be all-seeing and to deliver, when asked, lengthy disquisitions on the state of the motion-picture industry. By reason of his new stature, Kramer is badgered almost continually by people who want to know the secret of success in Hollywood, and the question asked most frequently of him is a disarmingly simple one: "How do you become a producer?"

Interview with a Banker

Kramer's answer to this is actually a stock answer which he has devised for the sake of convenience, but it neatly summarizes his early struggles. One version was quoted not long ago in the New York Herald Tribune.

"You sit down with the banker," Kramer said, by way of explaining how to become a producer, "and you tell him you own the movie rights to Champion, for instance. Now, actually, you don't really own it, you just have an option. But the banker knows that and all the preliminary tango is throw-away. Next question:

"'Who's the star?' the banker wants to know.

"So you tell him—Kirk Douglas. And then the banker wants to know—who's Kirk Douglas?

"So then you sell the banker on what a great star Kirk Douglas will be—though, of course, at that point you haven't spoken to Kirk Douglas.

"Then the banker wants to know who's going to release the picture. So you tell him United Artists—and, of course, you haven't spoken to United Artists yet, and the banker knows that, too. But he also knows that once you have that bank loan in your pocket, you can probably also get everything you promise. So the banker listens.

"Then he wants to know who's writing the picture—who'll direct it—and as you tell him, his face begins to go granite. He doesn't know any of your people. That disturbs him.

"Finally, to calm his mounting fears, you lean over, look him right between his eyes, and say, 'I'll vouch for the whole thing.'

"Slowly, on guard, to be sure the banker at the next desk isn't listening, he looks around. Then he leans forward, looks you right between the eyes, and says, 'And who the hell are *you?*'"

Stanley Kramer is a product of New York City. His first direct contact with Hollywood came at the age of nineteen when, having graduated from New York University and having distinguished himself by writing humorous essays for Medley, the college magazine, he signed on as a junior writer for Fox at $90 a week. As a teen-age screen writer, he was an almost immediate failure and very nearly a total one. Before he could get his bearings, he had been summarily reduced to wrestling furniture around the back lot as a "swing gang" laborer at $22 a week.

This was not an auspicious start, but within a year he had started the long climb back. First he went to the research department at M-G-M, later progressing to the film-cutting department, where he toiled for three years. Finally, the writer in him gave birth to a screen play which he sold to Columbia Pictures, and from there he gradually worked his way up to the point where he became, however anonymously, an assistant producer and Jack-of-all-trades at Loew-Lewin, an independent production company.

While Kramer was serving as a glorified bat boy at Loew-Lewin, he met George Glass, a brisk and highly imaginative publicity expert for Russell Birdwell and now a partner in Stanley Kramer Productions. Although Glass is one of the most respected publicists in Hollywood, Kramer still registers embarrassment when he recalls their first meeting, particularly since his newly acquired dignity as an associate producer was put to a severe test.

The incident revolved around a picture called So Ends Our Night. Because it was not exactly assured of being an automatic hit without some kind of artificial stimulation, it seemed provident at the time to whet the public appetite for it. The device chosen by the unpredictable Birdwell was a "strip picket," a shapely extra who, having been cut out of several scenes, was instructed to protest by removing her clothes, bit by bit, in front of the studio. On her back was a placard saying, "If you keep snipping, I'll keep stripping."

On the last day of the campaign, when the crowds were almost unmanageable and she was approaching the critical phase, the blushing Kramer was assigned by Glass to hide behind a door and, on a signal, to rush to the sidewalk and throw an overcoat around the girl. Reluctantly, Kramer did his duty, but with such misgivings that he has never forgotten the incident. It was as difficult a job as he has ever had to perform in Hollywood.

Kramer and Glass, although they held widely divergent views on the virtues of the strip-picket campaign, were in general agreement almost from the time of that first meeting. Finally, in 1942, Kramer convinced Glass that their futures were inextricably bound together, and he proposed that they make a picture with Kramer handling the production and Glass the publicity.

Kramer-Glass Productions got off on a note of fairly high promise. The two youthful partners borrowed a script from David Loew based on the novel Landfall, and they lined up a cast, a director and stage space. In fact, they lined up all the prerequisites except money. This is where they fell down. Hollywood bankers insisted that they own the script if they wanted to borrow money, and Kramer and Glass insisted that they would buy the script after the bankers loaned them the money.

There was no way out of this impasse and Kramer-Glass Productions quietly slid under the waves without so much as a gurgle. As they parted, they shook hands sadly and promised each other they would try again sometime.

During and After the War

Whatever plans they might have made were interrupted by the war. Kramer went into the Army Signal Corps and made orientation films at Astoria, New York, for three years while Glass set up his own publicity firm in Hollywood. When Kramer became a civilian again, he stayed in New York long enough to organize Story Productions with Armand Deutsch, an heir to the Rosenwald fortune and now himself a Hollywood producer. Kramer wanted to make Home of the Brave even then, as a commentary on anti-Semitism, and had even taken an option on it, but there were conflicting ideas on that and other policy matters at Story Productions, and Kramer finally left the organization.

Back in Hollywood, he toyed with the idea of writing a novel and then gave it up. He looked up Glass instead. "How much money have you got in the bank?" Kramer asked.

"Oh, about $15,000," Glass said.

Although he himself was in no position to be critical of another man's bank account, Kramer looked at Glass with pity. "You mean that after 15 years out here you only have $15,000?" he asked, simulating incredulity.

Glass nodded self-consciously.

"Well," Kramer demanded, "what are you going to do about it?"

Glass considered briefly. "You're right," he said finally. The next day he closed his office.

Carl Foreman, a writer and dialogue doctor for Anatole Litvak whom Kramer had met while he was in the Army, was brought in as the third musketeer in the Glorious Adventure. Meanwhile, a reader at Warner Brothers, Willie Shenker, heard of Kramer's nontriumphant return to Hollywood and approached him with a proposition.

Shenker's one consuming ambition was to open a Chinese restaurant and he proposed to Kramer that they go into it together with a certain Jack Jung as chef. Before Shenker could finish explaining his idea, Kramer had talked him into putting his restaurant money, $7,500, into Stanley Kramer Productions. Shenker remained as an unhappy stockholder in the company through Champion and Home of the Brave. Then, with a substantial profit, he withdrew.

The happy postscript is that Willie Shenker's China Trader, a new Chinese restaurant with Jack Jung as chef, opened a few weeks ago in Burbank.

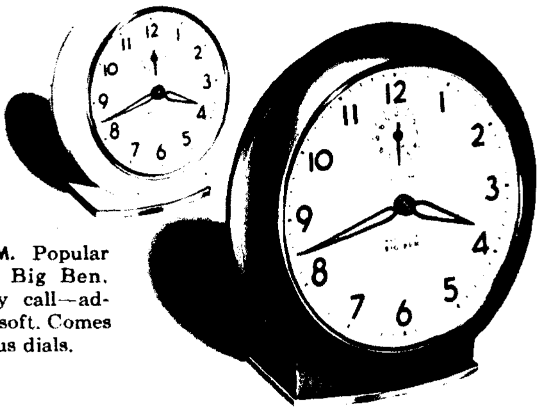
Plagued by Bad Breaks

Kramer, Glass and Foreman were plagued with a monstrous amount of bad luck before they got into their present groove. Their first picture, So This Is New York, a satire, was all set to go when the British suddenly levied their tax on American films, the most immediate result being that Kramer's financiers ran and hid from him. Finally, he had to make a deal with Enterprise Productions in order to save the money that had already been committed. Enterprise agreed to finance the picture, but not at the price it should have cost.

Kramer had no choice. He even had to agree to relinquish all claims to the picture to Enterprise if, during any week, the budget ran more than 3 per cent over the agreed amount. So This Is New York finally appeared in a bobtailed version which fit exactly George Kaufman's classic observation that "a satire is what closes Saturday night." Enterprise collapsed under the weight of So This Is New York and several other huge mistakes and Kramer Productions found itself resting solidly on the bottom again.

A less indomitable trio would have stopped there. They were hopelessly insolvent and had even cashed in their War Bonds, but they were determined to try again. They held a rousing party to celebrate their flop and, to avoid being kicked while they were down, they put on an air of almost insufferable self-assurance. Glass, having played and lost at the match game, which is an esoteric test of saloon wits, once picked up a luncheon check for $90 when he had only $92 in the bank, and as he says now, "I gave a better performance than Marlon Brando in The Men."

Another complicating factor was that by now both Glass's and Foreman's wives were expecting, a condition which somehow seems to align itself frequently with adversity. Since Kramer was not married, he was not especially sympathetic toward their plight, and both Foreman and Glass felt that he was being unreasonably cool, particularly since he gave the impression that he considered the act of having children a form of sabotage against Kramer Productions. They thereupon decided that it was incumbent on them to get Kramer married and they worked on the project unsuccessfully for several years by introduc-



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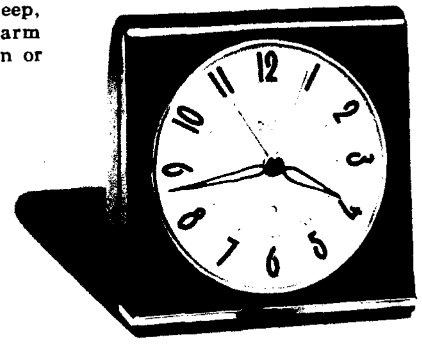

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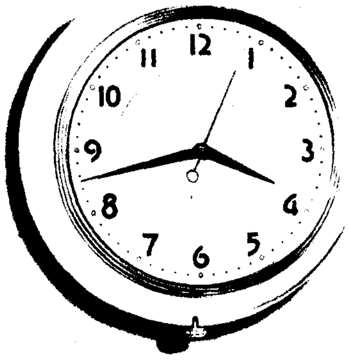

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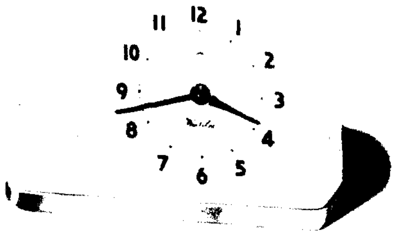

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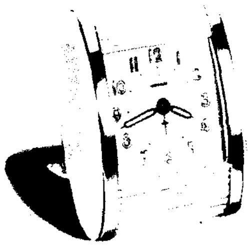

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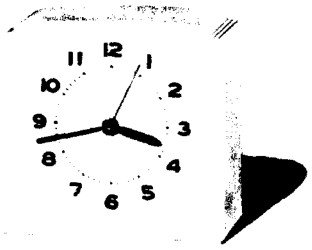

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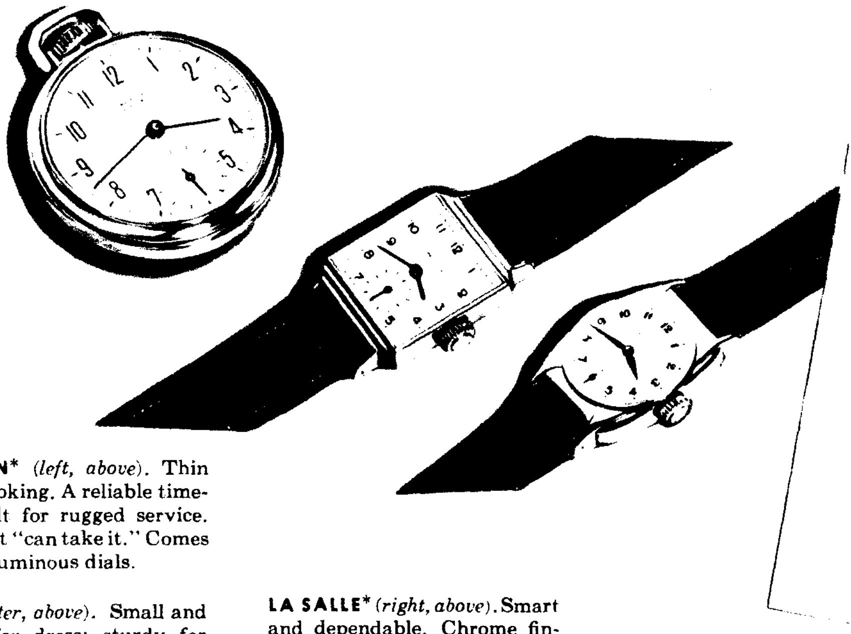

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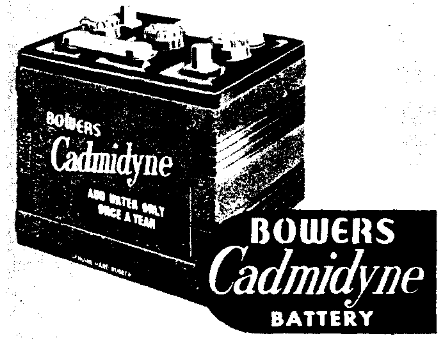
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ing him to a long succession of young, attractive prospects.

Finally, a few months ago, they won their victory when Kramer married Anne Pearce, an actress whom Foreman had introduced to Kramer.

Although So This Is New York was a resounding box-office flop, it received enough critical acclaim to attract the attention of John Stillman, a wealthy Florida merchant with money to invest in pictures. This was the turning point. Stillman agreed to underwrite Champion and Home of the Brave to the tune of $500,000 in return for a half interest in the two pictures which he turned over to his son, Robert Stillman, who was billed as associate producer. The profits which Stillman reaped from Champion and Home of the Brave were sufficient to start Robert Stillman Productions not long ago, and in addition they made Stanley Kramer Productions, after some pretty weary years, a solvent organization at last.

The financing arrangements are now in the hands of a syndicate headed by Frank Hogue and Bruce Church, a produce grower from Salinas, California, who, besides money, has unlimited faith in Kramer's ability to make good pictures. Church, in return for his financing, gets a percentage of each picture—probably around 33⅓ per cent. The risk to him as an angel is obviously very real, as it is to any angel, but it is equally real to Kramer.

Kramer and his associates are still deferring some 60 per cent of their salaries, the idea being that they take the money coming to them out of profits. They still have some distance to travel before they can call themselves wealthy, but the road ahead, in view of their integrity, appears to be paved with dollar signs.

Such rags-to-riches success in Hollywood is apt to be interpreted in terms of miracles, but such is not the case with Kramer. He has simply proceeded on the basis of common sense. In any case, Kramer has demonstrated that he cannot be stampeded into making a picture until he is positive, first of all, that it is a genuinely good story. If it is a good story and still fails, he feels it will be his own fault. "If we make a bad picture, it will be in the execution of it," he says. "It won't be because we didn't believe in it."

Agents Loath to Cut Prices

As for stars, he simply cannot afford to pay them high salaries. Instead, he offers tempting roles, and even when the money is short, most actors consider anything approaching a tour de force virtually irresistible. Because of the peculiar price structure in Hollywood, however, it is not likely that Kramer will produce many pictures with well-known stars, although any number of them would now jump at the chance. Unfortunately, their agents have a strong aversion to cutting their rates.

Stanley Kramer Productions, for all its influence, has none of the trappings of a big, important studio. Kramer rents space at the Motion Picture Center Studios, a small rental lot, and his offices are not lavish. No one carries business cards, there are no Dictaphones or intercommunication systems, and when a meeting is called, it is usually done by someone's yelling down a hallway, "Board meeting!" The *esprit de corps* is not only noticeable but is almost overpowering and even extends to the wearing by various members of the organization of blue-and-gold basketball warmup jackets with "Kramer Productions" emblazoned across the backs.

Once shooting starts, the atmosphere changes. There is no waste motion, principally because Kramer, with his peculiar devotion to the elements of common sense, insists on a rehearsal of at least two weeks before the picture gets under way. Inasmuch as it costs some $2,000 per hour on most sets just for grips, electricians, cameramen and others who are vital to the making of a picture, acting mistakes necessitating retakes can be costly.

Kramer feels that rehearsal is the logical way to avoid mistakes, and it is the primary reason why he was able to turn out Champion in 23 days, Home of the Brave in 1 and The Men in 23. It has also been necessary for him to call upon his ingenuity to keep costs down. In So This Is New York, he simulated a crowd scene by shooting a series of shots of scuffling feet on a sidewalk, and his galloping sets, which are cleverly designed to be all things to all scenes, are both relatively cheap and unusually effective.

He Took Some Long Chances

Without Kramer's courage and integrity, however, his ingenuity would not have been enough and Kramer Productions probably would still be floundering at the bottom of the ladder. When he decided to make Home of the Brave, for example, he was so dedicated to the story that he did not even own the screen rights until two weeks after he had started shooting. He had gone ahead simply on the basis of a handshake with the agent representing Arthur Laurents, who wrote the play, the agreement calling for $22,000 down and a share of the profits. Kramer could have been caught in a major disaster if the agent had succumbed to an impulse to ignore the original agreement and had suddenly boosted the price out of range while Kramer was shooting. It is to the agent's credit that he fought down what must have been a temptation.

Kramer has concentrated so hard and so long now on the problems of making motion pictures that his mind is a little like a textbook, filled with formulas and theories relating to his own special niche in Hollywood. Probably his biggest problem is centered in outsiders who come in with no real understanding of what he is trying to do. A new director, for example, may be used to shooting 15 "takes" for every scene, whereas Kramer's system, having the benefit of previous rehearsal, calls for an absolute minimum of takes. Likewise, actors who insist on stopping work at 6:00 P.M. in the middle of a scene are apt to be uncomfortable at Stanley Kramer Productions, where temperament is not encouraged.

Kramer's goal in every picture is total impact and in a way it is the synthesis of his success. If, as has happened on many movie sets, a man's sword catches on a curtain as he leaves a theater box and the curtain does not fall back into place properly, most directors will shoot the scene again. Not Kramer. "I leave it the way it is," he says. "And why not? It can happen that way. Besides, I save an hour by not reshooting the scene, and I can use that hour making the big scene in the picture as perfect as possible. I'm interested only in the total impact."

Perhaps Kramer's greatest insurance against failure is his deep-dyed belief that the public, which is so often underestimated, is actually a shrewd and discriminating buyer. Kramer feels that only good pictures with high entertainment value can be successful, and therefore he intends to make only that kind of picture.

"After I have made a picture entertaining, which is my primary aim, the most I have a right to expect is that perhaps I will be able to provoke some thought," Kramer said not long ago, apropos of the "messages" in his pictures to date. "To think otherwise is to run a lance up against a mountain. The 'big approach' is patronizing and it's a sure way to get people to resent what you may be saying."

This is another of Kramer's stock answers, but it is no less a valid answer and it is not an answer he would not have given years ago when he was a Hollywood nobody. His friends, particularly, are astonished at how little success has changed him.

"His answers may come a little faster now," George Glass said thoughtfully several weeks ago, "but they are still the same answers and he is still the same guy we were broke with. We think it will last, too."

In Hollywood, this comes under the heading of a tribute. THE END

Cotton Calls on Clara Kitts

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

for 50 per cent of each of those states. Thousands of Negroes work in its numerous lumber mills, cotton warehouses and factories and go to the fields on their days off.

The bus, truck and car owners are paid in a ratio of from 50 to 75 cents for each 100 pounds of cotton their pickers produce. Thus, if the farmer pays $2.50 a hundred pounds for the picking and 50 cents for the transportation of the picker, it will cost him $3 a hundred pounds.

The planter gets roughly $30 a hundred pounds for his so-called "white gold," but with labor costs for planting, cultivating and picking, he considers himself fortunate if he clears from $50 to $75 a bale—about 500 pounds.

Good pickers average about 200 pounds a day, but 300 is not unusual. A farmer willing to pay $3 per hundred for instance, can pay a picker $9 a day.

Farmers are frequently willing to pay this price to beat the rains. Once fleecy cotton has been soaked, it never compares in quality with its unbaptized competitor, or brings as much.

Taking care of seasonal labor requirements for the area—cotton is the third largest crop of the nation and Memphis is the largest spot cotton market in the world—is only a part of Mrs. Kitts's job. She also provides skilled mechanics, tractor drivers and any other kind of farm help you can think of for her agricultural clients.

She also takes charge of the recruiting of sharecroppers and tenants for vacant farms. At the end of the cotton season she takes loads of potential tenant farmers out to the countryside in her own car to show them the advantages of modern rural living. In one month alone, Mrs. Kitts recruited 1,000 new farm families in this way.

For, while cotton is still king in the South, it is no longer an absolute despot. Formerly, the South would feast in good cotton years, starve in the bad. In recent years diversified farming has become increasingly widespread.

The labor auction in Memphis means that, thanks to modern transportation, the Southern farmer is no longer limited, as his forebears were, to tenant labor.

Nowadays, when the labor force is not needed on the farms it turns to other occupations less dependent on the seasons. As a result, Memphis has had a consistently low unemployment rate in recent years. Under a regional plan called Plant to Prosper, hundreds of thousands of mid-South families have been freed from the tyrannical thralldom of cotton. They have found out that the fertile soil of the South is equally good for many other crops.

One-Crop Farmers Diversify

Under Plant to Prosper, the former one-crop farmer has become a dairyman, an orchardist, a livestock raiser, a land conservationist. The plan started in 1933 when, at the height of the depression, mid-South farmers were losing their lands because of low cotton prices. The Memphis Commercial Appeal called in agricultural experts from Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi and developed a program of diversification.

When Frank Ahlgren was appointed editor in 1936 he made Plant to Prosper a gigantic contest. The Commercial Appeal, in conjunction with agricultural and civic organizations, instituted a series of prizes for farmers, both owners and tenants, who did the best jobs of crop diversification, conservation of their land, improvement of their homes.

Results have been gratifying to all concerned. In 1934, 1,800 families were enrolled in the Plant to Prosper program. Today more than 100,000 families are participating. The number of families which have taken part since it was instituted is estimated by Plant to Prosper manager Walter Durham at close to a million.

Ahlgren, in a recent statement, declared, "With a balanced agriculture and with much of the uncertainty taken out of farm economics, the basically agrarian South will find many of its problems disappearing."

All this doesn't mean that cotton has ceased to be very important to the mid-South. Cotton has a tremendous hold, not only on the economics of the region, but on its heart and mind as well.

Many Memphis workers like to take days off and vacations from home, factory or office to make a sort of holiday of cotton picking. There seems to be a carefree fascination to being out in the fields, without the drudgery associated with other kinds of work. There is even a gala spirit about it. The arklike equipages which make their way out of Memphis early each morning are loaded with laughing, chattering Negroes, seemingly off on a lark.

Old Busses Are Good Enough

Movements to better the workers' lot by having the dilapidated busses replaced by shiny new ones have all come a cropper. A prominent Negro educator was in back of such a plan, with the support of several prominent white people. But they ran into a storm of protest from the people supposedly most concerned. The pickers organized a delegation to visit Mrs. Kitts, to point out that a majority of them were against "this newfangled bus business." Mrs. Kitts and the Farm Labor Division rode along with them. The old, carefree trucks and busses still predominate.

The A.F. of L. National Farm Labor Union, an outgrowth of the old Southern Tenant Farmers Union, tried for years to organize the pickers and farm labor in general without success. Last fall the union called a strike of pickers during the cotton-harvesting season, demanding a $3 fee for each 100 pounds picked. At the peak of the strike a reporter asked Mrs. Kitts how it was affecting her activities. "What strike?" she said. "I sent out 17,000 pickers today."

As a matter of fact many of the pickers are union men while working in the factories or warehouses of Memphis. But picking cotton on their days off is something else.

A roving Memphis reporter saw a cotton pickers' truck, returning from the fields, pull up in Beale Street at the end of the day not long ago. Out jumped a young Negro who started to dodge, then thought better of it and walked up to the newspaperman. He was a well-known member of a name dance band.

Half belligerently, half humorously, he said to the reporter, "Yes, I've been picking cotton. You think that's a queer thing for me to be doing, don't you?"

The reporter said he didn't suppose the musician needed the money. Well, why was he picking cotton?

"I began in the cotton fields," said the musician. "There's nothing more beautiful on earth than a field of white cotton. You're free out there under God's sun, too. I stored up a lot of sweetness out there today. I sort of got back to some of the things my mother taught me."

And then: "Oh, I don't know how to tell you exactly, but, if you could hear me put it into music tomorrow night in Chicago, I could make you understand why I wanted to get out to a cotton field today."

He eyed the reporter suspiciously after this outburst. "Promise me you'll never use my name if you say anything about this."

The reporter promised.

Relating the incident afterward, he said, "He didn't have to explain it to me. I knew what he meant. I grew up on a cotton plantation myself." THE END

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How We Can Lick Stalin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

outset to neutralize the Red air force. Thus, through no cowardice, the Allies may be driven into neutrality.

It would be interesting to know what Secretary of State Acheson would advise our Allies to do under these circumstances. Presumably his policy would take us into war to save western Europe. But their destruction would defeat our war objective in Europe before the war was well under way.

Russia can be defeated—militarily—by the United States only through air assault. We can build an air force superior to the Red air force; we can gain mastery of the air over Russia; then we can force Russia into submission or destroy her. Air power can destroy Russia's war potential. From secret intelligence sources and by air reconnaissance we can learn the sites of her key industries. Our planes can fly the thousands of miles necessary to reach them, and return. We can take out Russia's steel industry, her oil supplies—the sinews and lifeblood of modern war. Air power can take out the bridges over her great rivers and paralyze her communications. With her railways out—there are practically no roads—Russia could not distribute food for the population.

These objectives—destruction of steel, oil and communications facilities—are attainable. It is within our industrial capacity to build an air force to achieve them. We have the genius to build the best air force in the world. We have learned from the mistakes of the last war. If we eliminate all wasteful political expenditure, we can build such an air force within the limits of sound economy.

A decision to knock out Russia's war potential by air assault in no way should imply that *only* air power is necessary. We must continue to maintain a fleet which can control the seas. It is essential to our survival. So long as the fleet is in existence, Red forces—except relatively small airborne units—cannot invade the Western Hemisphere. But the fleet cannot deliver a knockout blow against Russia, for Russia cannot be blockaded.

The Army and Navy are important as formerly, but against Russia the weight of their roles has changed. They have become supporting arms for the Air Force. Against Russia the Army and Navy would seize, hold and supply essential overseas bases from which air strikes may be unleashed against the heart of Russia.

Best Sites for Our Air Bases

We cannot hold bases in western Europe proper, except perhaps in Spain, but there are potential base sites which we can hold and from which any target in Russia could be destroyed, eventually, by our Air Force. Bases which can be held must have the incidental protection of mountains or deserts or bodies of water or combinations of these natural barriers.

The great Pyrenees Mountains barrier would make Spain a difficult operation for the Red Army. So, it would be well to tie Spain into our war strategy.

We may be compelled to consider Africa as a huge north-and-south approach to potential bases in Libya. These bases can be held. To take bases away from us in Libya would require an airborne invasion by the Red Army.

Such an operation is vulnerable to ground defense. In the defense of Crete, the British—though eventually overwhelmed —destroyed 80 per cent of the German paratroopers.

In the Pacific we must hold the Aleutians, Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, the Philippines and possibly some lesser islands in the chain. If the Reds ever occupy this chain, or any great part of it, we will be denied the ocean approaches to Asia, and also bases from which to bomb important Red Asiatic centers. Possession of these islands from Alaska to the Philippines is vital to our security.

From bases in Africa and in the Orien our long-range bombers can strike any target in Eurasia. The effectiveness of the Red air force interceptors is an unknown factor. Our newest bombers, refueled in flight, may be fast enough to evade interception, especially at night or in bad weather. But the chances are, if war comes we shall have to win the battle of the air over Russia first. This will require a long and costly advance of air bases in areas where natural barriers preclude a major engagement with the Red Army.

Our Air Force faces another assignment of magnitude. For the first time since 1812 our population centers will be endangered by a foreign power, if war with Russia comes. Fighter protection must be provided not only for our cities but for entire industrial areas; and the Air Force must help defend Alaska. It is all a vast and costly undertaking.

Problems of World Policing

But war with Russia is not the only threat to us. Our war in Korea could be merely the beginning of a series of critical disturbances. We are committed to lend assistance to certain peoples who oppose the spread of totalitarianism. Have we the means to do this?

Korea already has provided the answer. We simply have not the combat units, the man power or the proper transport to police the world. Nor have we the wealth.

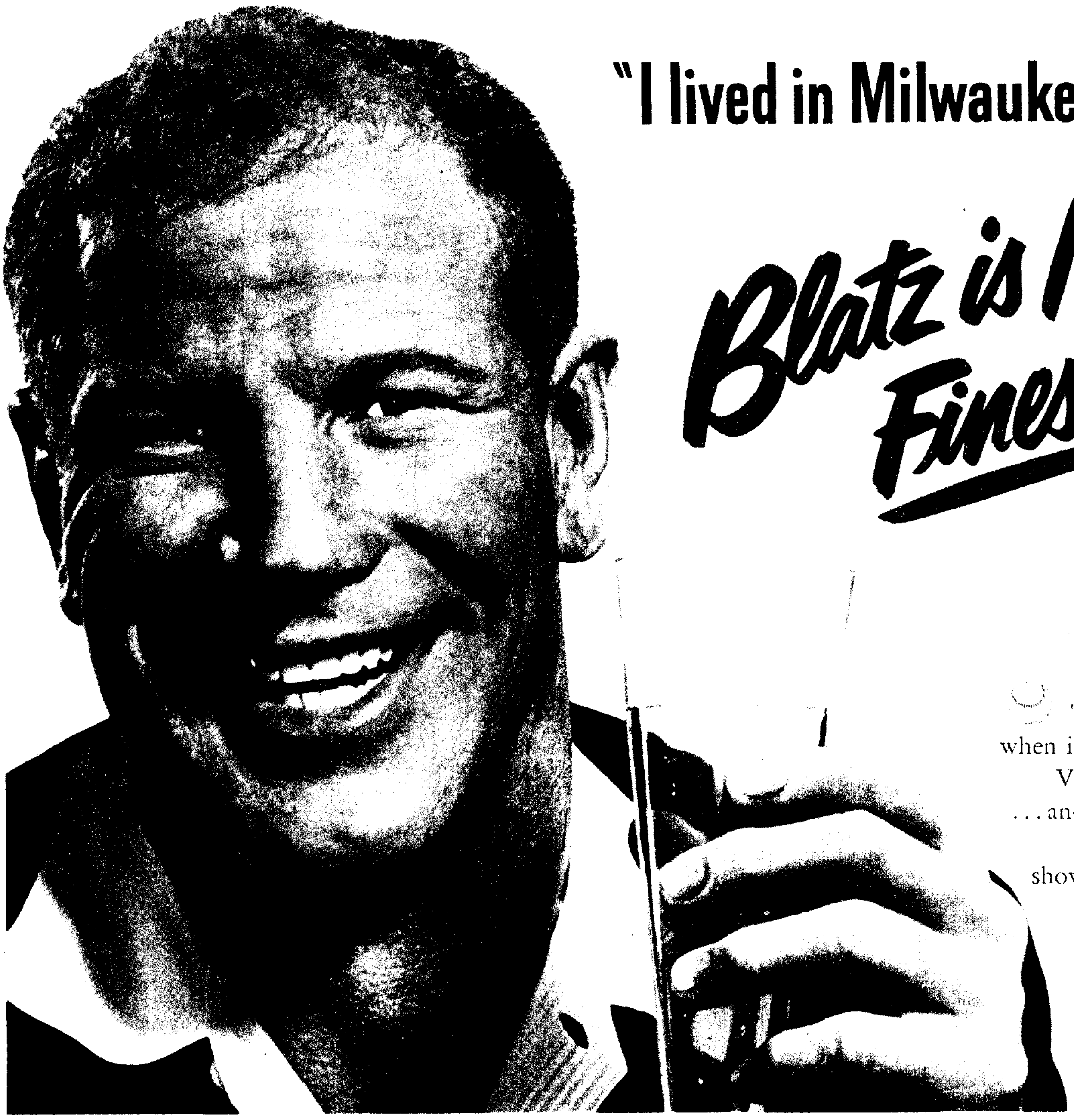
The forces we must create to deter Russia from waging war are not suitable for police action, nor can they be committed deeply, lest the real war be kindled.

To handle probable emergencies a United Nations task force should be tailormade to meet any problem which might arise in Formosa, Japan and the Philippines and possibly other areas in the Far East vital to the success of our cause. The force should be strong in man power, equipped with small arms, and supported by medium bombers and fighters both land- and sea-based. It should have tanks, cannon and antitank weapons, all balanced to meet known conditions in given areas. Only a small fraction of the man power can be recruited from the United States. Friendly Chinese, the Japanese, Filipinos and others in the Orient to whose protection we commit ourselves have ample volunteer man power.

In the Middle East there should be created a second and larger United Nations task force, tailored to handle Communist uprisings in those troubled areas which we consider essential to the success of our cause. This Middle East Task Force could be trained in Libya. The man power could be recruited from volunteers among displaced Russian nationals, and from German and Allied volunteers. The United States should furnish only a small unit. More than one-half million anti-Communist Russian displaced persons ar[illegible]political refugees in Europe, who will be destroyed if Stalin invades. They dare not return to Russia lest they be purged. Naturally they would be eager to join in what to them might be a crusade to liberate the enslaved Russian population.

These two task forces, with certain elements airborne, would be trouble shooters to quench insurrection and civil war in the Orient and Middle East—in areas which we consider *vital to our security*. In selecting these vital areas care must be taken not to place ourselves in the role of underwriting European colonial imperialism. Already Communist propaganda is effectively appealing to all Asia by branding us as imperialists.

These selected areas which are capable of being defended must be determined at once. The military should then be instruc-



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ted to proceed with plans to defend them. If they can't be defended, as is clearly the case in Europe, the military must speak frankly and openly—and fearlessly.

The military preparation for the defense of these areas must be separate and distinct from the military force which we must have to deter Russia from war, and to strike her if war is forced upon us.

Were we to build without delay the best air force in the world and create United Nations task forces for the Far East and the Middle East, danger of war with Russia would be far less than now. On the other hand, if we continue to dissipate our means and follow present piecemeal, fuzzy policies, *war is inevitable.*

Our Two Most Potent Weapons

Total mobilization, universal military training, invocation of a full-scale draft and other related measures will not bluff Stalin. He fears neither our mobilization nor our man power. He fears and respects only our air power and our power to project the truth through the Iron Curtain. Yet, we have continued *not* to build air supremacy, and we are neglecting an effective psychological campaign.

Because of our early reverses in Korea, the cry has already gone up: The airplane is merely an auxiliary weapon; jet planes are too fast for certain types of combat; we can win only with doughboys and more tanks than Stalin can build. The tendency among those charged with planning is to pull the Air Force down to the role of a supporting arm for land and sea forces. Congress seems in a mood to rubber-stamp the authorization for the President to spend vast sums at home and abroad, to move into total mobilization, to invoke a full-scale draft, to shape a vast army to handle local disturbances everywhere and to challenge the Red hordes of Asia as well as the Red Army.

This would be precisely what Mr. Stalin wants. His own planners could not improve on the program. If we endeavor to handle local civil wars wherever they break out—as the President has indicated—we shall piecemeal our means and collapse our economy. If we accept combat with vast Red ground forces in Europe and Asia, our losses will mount into the millions and we shall fail.

Planning to keep the peace by force on a global scale is no amateur assignment. There was a time when rifles were our most effective weapon and military matters could be safely entrusted to the guidance of those without professional background. Today, however, with war the most complex phenomenon of our civilization, we continue to adhere to the political tradition of entrusting our national security to those with little or no military background. The President and State Department are making political commitments whose military implications are not only unsound but dangerous.

Of course, we have the Joint Chiefs of Staff to direct the complexities of war preparation, but their professional views have been subordinated to decisions of the White House and State Department. In spite of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the civilian leaders have taken us into one unsound military situation after another. And they are still doing it.

We should no longer allow this arrangement for global planning. To accept Stalin's challenge anywhere and everywhere that a Communist-inspired insurrection breaks out is playing into his hands. It makes us the victim of his cunning.

Stalin realizes far better than we that, if we build air supremacy, our air power can destroy his war potential. Consequently *he has invented methods to get around this possibility.* By creating ground combat wars about his vast periphery he proposes to bleed us white, while *neutral* Russia, free from air strikes, continues to produce munitions for her fighting satellites.

While our strength is thus being sapped, a creeping total mobilization program at home could spell disaster. The secret of American progress is free enterprise. Under it we have created abundance. Our liberty and individual freedom, our moral and spiritual aspirations all spring from this solid economic basis. Gradual total mobilization and war will destroy the abundance we have created, and with its destruction we shall lose our freedom.

Opposition Party Is Needed

War hysteria is already revealing itself in the widespread demand that opposition to all Presidential measures be silenced as a patriotic duty. Nothing, not even defeat in battle, could harm us more. Unless a strong and challenging opposition party exists, the power of the executive branch becomes absolute. Then the administration thinks it has become infallible. When no one dares to oppose them, we are on the road to ruin.

The United States has only 6 per cent of the world's population. It is time we took stock of where we are drifting. Unless we do this and create a plan to lift ourselves out of the certain danger which we face in the immediate future, it will be too late to save ourselves.

In shaping our Constitution our forefathers rightly subordinated military authority to civil. They had had enough of military conscription and domination in England and on the Continent.

Today, however, we find the civil branch of our government abusing its power. The military has been subordinated to the extent that our national security is imperiled. Military leaders must be unshackled and permitted to express views freely on the military implications of our commitments.

If the Chief of Naval Operations was fired for expressing his views at a B-36 hearing before a Congressional committee—at which he had been promised immunity—what would happen to a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff who opposed Mr. Acheson in co-operating on defense proposals to Europe? Nevertheless, if we are to remain free, our military leaders, at the risk of their careers, must oppose measures which imperil our existence. In the final analysis it is the American people to whom they owe their loyalty.

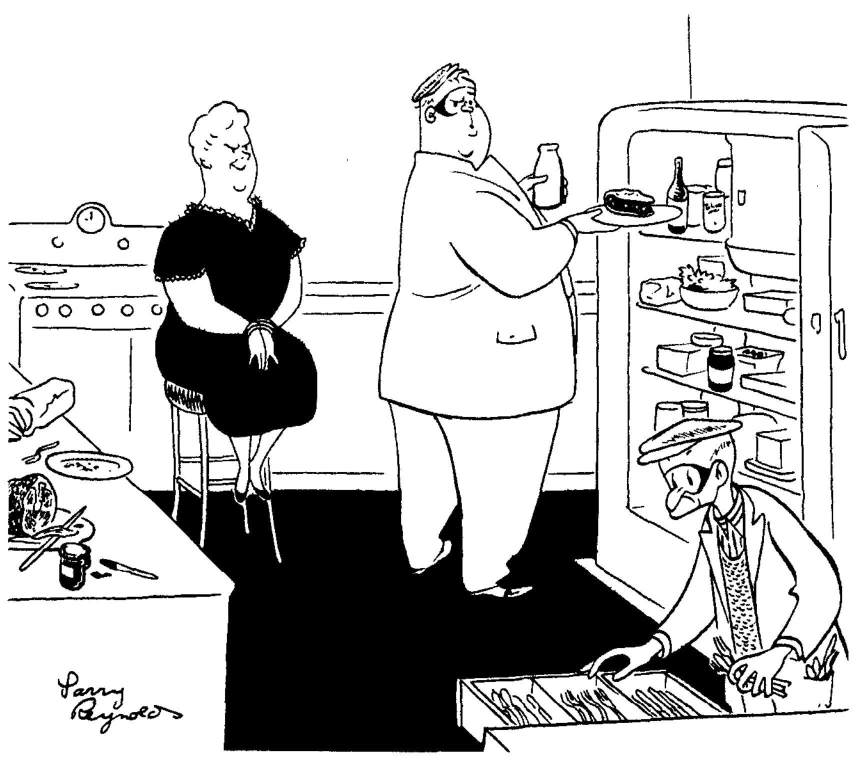
We must have a dynamic strategic concept of how to survive. No longer can we afford to drift without sound, long-range planning and attainable objectives. No longer have we the resources to dole out to this ally or that former enemy. Our position is so precarious that every dollar and every soldier must be made to count. American economic and military aid to any friendly power must implement this over-all strategy. No longer do we dare squander our means for purposes which do not further this strategy.

We need a new dynamic strategy *now.* Its principal provisions should be:

1. Attainable political objectives backed by commensurate military might, including air supremacy and two United Nations task forces.
2. Improved intelligence agencies—the eyes of our defenses.
3. Assistance programs that further attainable objectives.
4. A sound domestic economy.

All this—and that other element that could be the most effective: weakening the Kremlin dictatorship from within. This is our best chance to avoid war. It will hasten victory if war comes. THE END

BUTCH



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COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Next Week

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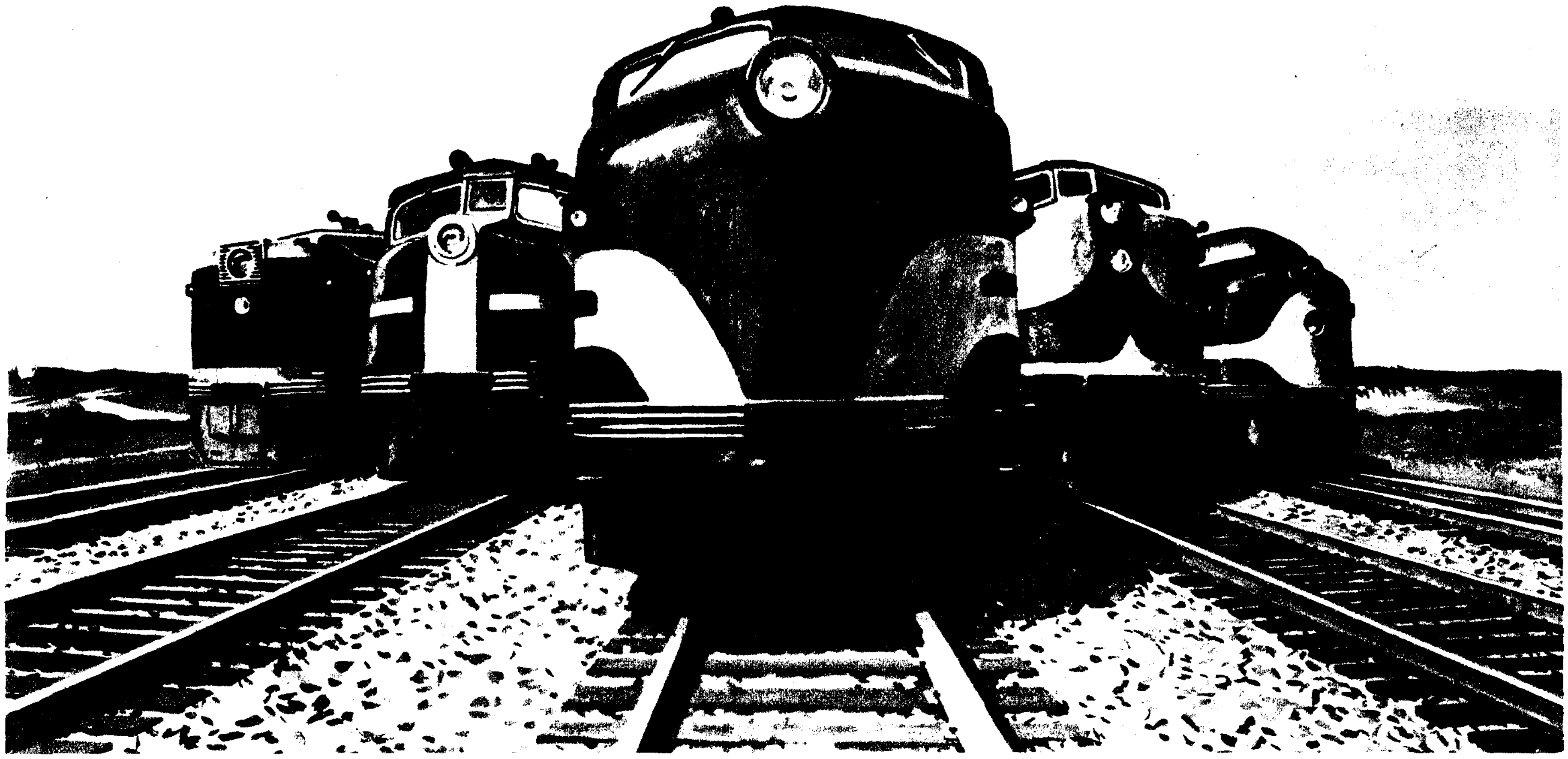

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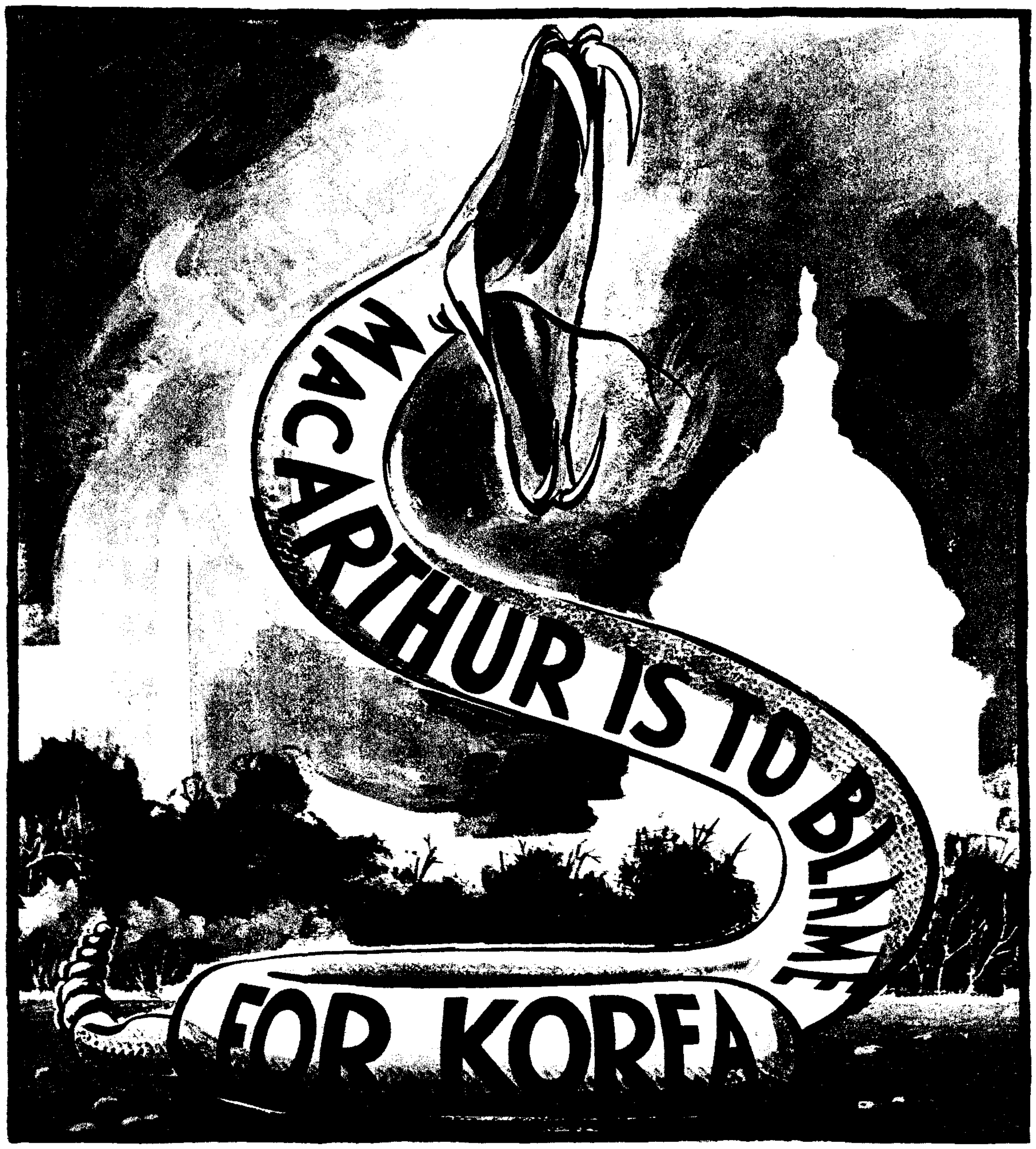


HARRY DEVLIN

MacArthur Is Not to Blame

COLLIER'S HAS NEVER TRIED to run General Douglas MacArthur for President. Nor, on the other hand, has it ever called him "Dugout Doug." This magazine has admired his courage and his demonstrated ability, both military and administrative. But beyond that it hasn't run a fever about him, one way or the other. That is, until now.

Now, we at Collier's think he's been the victim of a low and dirty trick in the form of a whispering campaign. We don't know how far the whispers have penetrated. But we know that they have been heard along the Eastern seaboard, especially in Washington, where they have been as prevalent and oppressive as the humidity.

They have obviously reached Japan. For General MacArthur found it necessary to send a message to the President disclaiming responsibility for our unpreparedness for the surprise attack in Korea. In it the general said that "the Far East Command, until the President's great pronouncement to support the epochal action of the United Nations, had no slightest responsibility for the defense of the free Republic of Korea."

Later, after his command had been assigned the defense of Korea and Formosa, General MacArthur flew to Formosa to confer with Chiang Kai-shek. A rumor was promptly spread from Washington that the trip was unauthorized and unknown to the President and other high officials.

The general had to issue another statement. And he was backed up by W. Averell Harriman, just back from Tokyo, who said that "General MacArthur went to see the generalissimo to carry out his instructions from the President," and that the President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, himself and others had known about the journey in advance.

We don't know what the motives are behind the determined campaign to discredit the Far Eastern commander. But one thing is certain: General MacArthur was not responsible for the defenselessness of Korea. Maybe no one person was. But there are several candidates for that unhappy distinction.

Among them are the various and badly coordinated intelligence units of the government, and the persons who evaluate these units' information. If their advice contributed to some of the embarrassing statements and decisions by the Secretary of State, it is hardly fair to hold him solely and personally at fault. Yet Mr. Acheson can scarcely escape some of the onus of blame. Neither can Secretary of Defense Johnson, with his weakening economies and his now-famous blustering talk of what we'd do to Joe Stalin at 5:00 A.M. if Joe started something an hour earlier.

An example of conflicting opinions and dubious conclusions was last year's decision that Formosa wasn't worth defending. The Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted at least to send a group of military advisers to Formosa. Mr. Acheson thought otherwise, and sold his views to the President.

A few days later, after Mr. Acheson had testified at a closed session of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, chairman Tom Connally told reporters the gist of what had been said.

Mr. Acheson had been asked whether he had sought the views of General MacArthur and Admiral Radford on the strategic importance of Formosa. The secretary had answered that he wasn't reporting on their views, and that he didn't necessarily know them. He also said he had not talked to the Joint Chiefs and didn't know their views in detail. Strategic importance, he said, was a military question and not a diplomatic one.

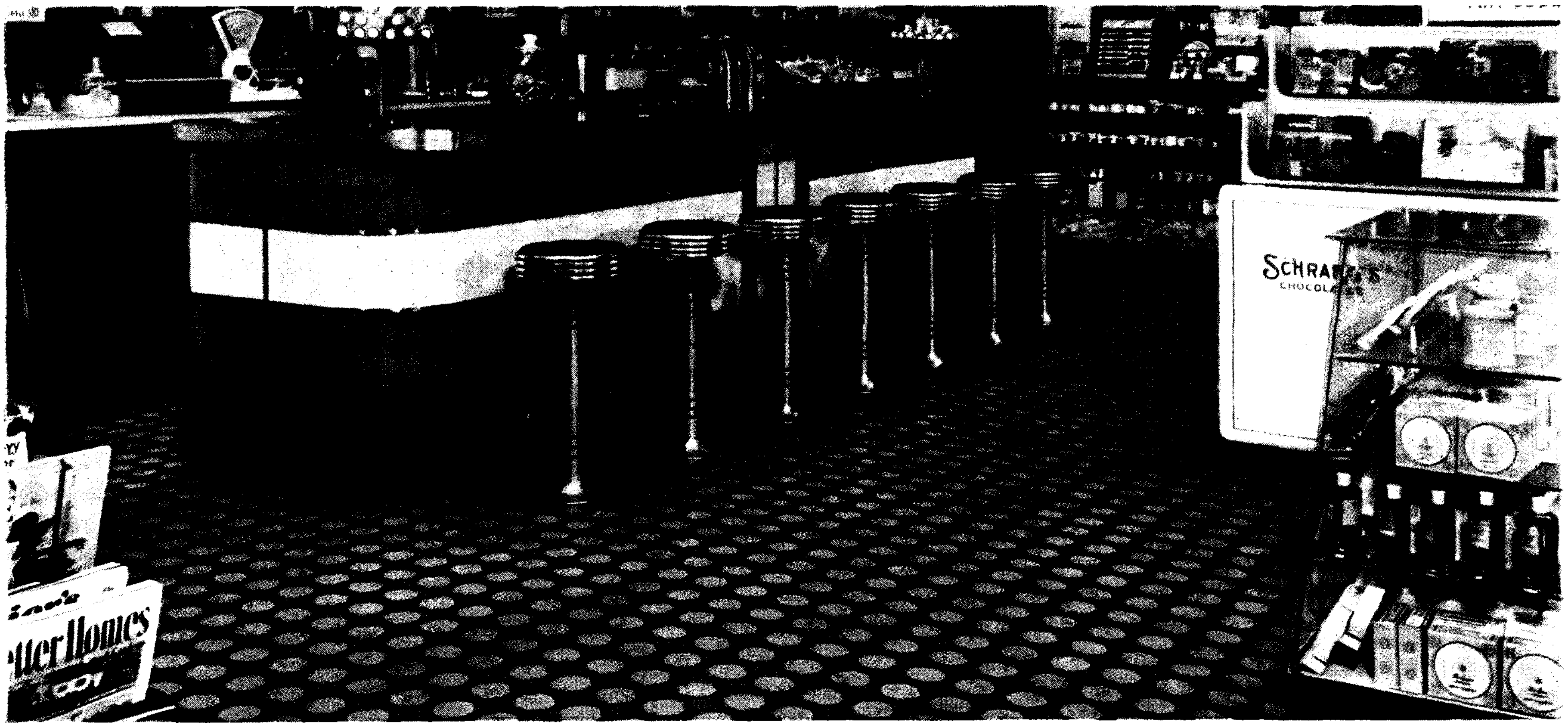
Three days after the committee meeting, Mr. Acheson made the apparently diplomatic announcement that America's military defense line in the Pacific ran from the Aleutians to the Philippines, including Japan and Okinawa but skipping Korea and Formosa.

It seems safe to say, from this evidence, that America's policy in the Far East, including Korea, was determined right where it should have been—at the seat of the American government. It also seems safe to say that General MacArthur, far from shaping any of that policy, was not even consulted on some of its most important military phases. His repeated requests for more and heavier equipment for his command had to be turned down because of that policy. If they had not been, the Korean story might have been a different and happier one.

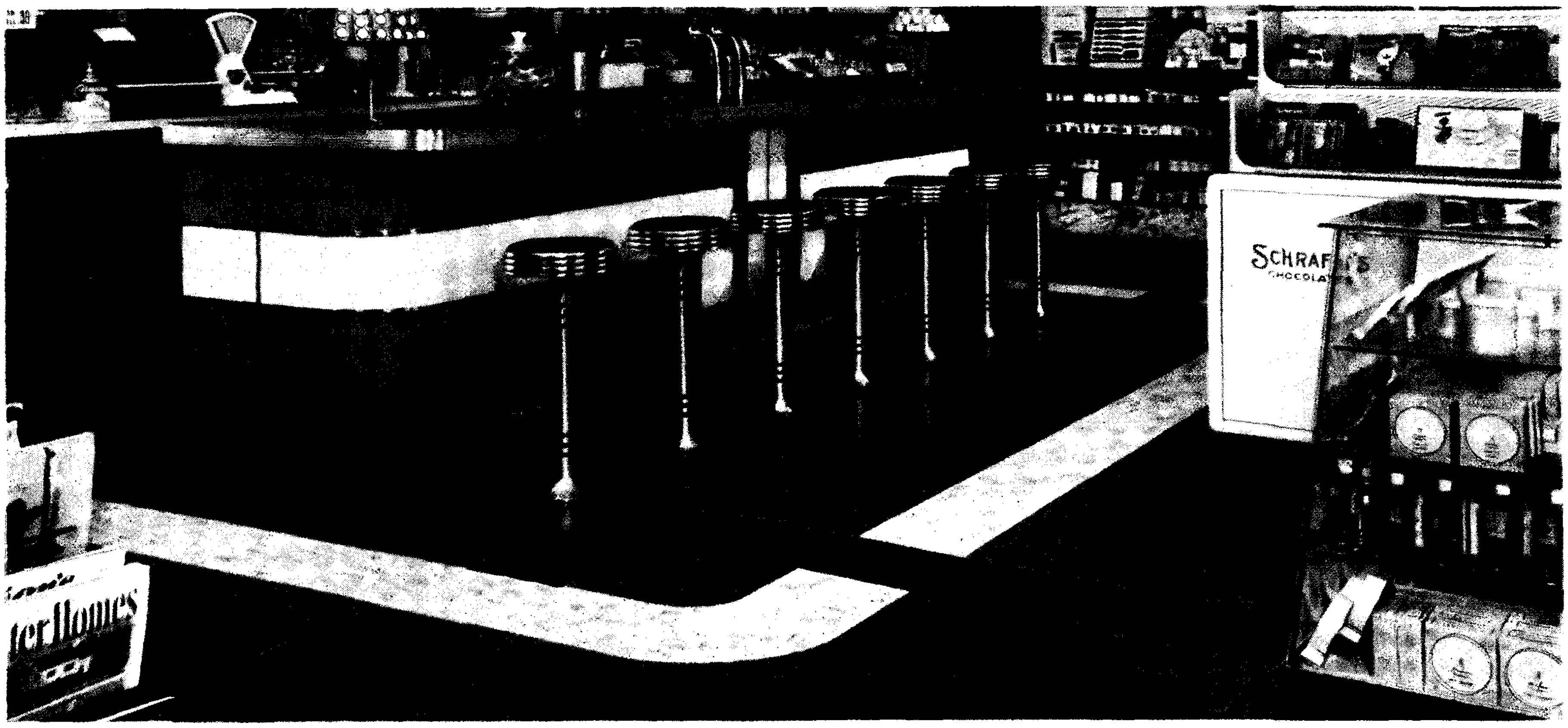
General MacArthur has played a triple role in Japan. He has been military conqueror, military governor and a sort of superambassador. But in all three roles he has been under orders from his superiors in Washington, who include the President, the Secretaries of State and Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff and Congress. Do the rumor spreaders consider all of them entirely blameless? Does the fault lie with one man, 7,000 miles remote from the city where grand strategy is planned, diplomatic policies are decided, and money appropriated to make the strategy and policies effective?

Is it General MacArthur who determined to withdraw our forces from Korea and leave an ill-equipped constabulary in their place? Is it he who ignored repeated reports of armed raids by Communists across the 38th parallel, and the urgent warnings from Korean government officials that heavier attacks were imminent?

The answers to these questions are as obvious as the whispered charges against MacArthur are ridiculous. The wrong guessing was done in Washington. And if any of the wrong guessers are responsible for the attempts to smear and slander the general, their cowardly behavior deserves thorough Congressional investigation and public exposure.



THE FIRST NEW FLOOR IN 27 YEARS



When this drug store was floored with Armstrong's Linoleum 27 years ago, that octagonal tile pattern was the height of style. Since then, there have been many changes in displays and fixtures to keep the store up to date—but, as the top picture shows, one thing that was never changed was the floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

Year after year, that floor went on giving good service—always easy to keep clean, always comfortable to walk on. Understandably, the owner had developed an affectionate regard for that old floor. He gave it the best of care. Even after 27 years, it was still good for a few more years of wear.

Finally, however, he decided to put sentiment aside and install a new floor that would look more modern in design. His experience left no doubt as to what that new floor would be. Again it would be Armstrong's Linoleum.

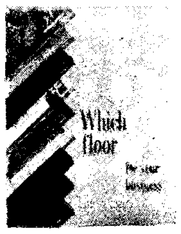
One morning, a few weeks ago, customers opened the door to see the store as you see it in the bottom picture. They were amazed at the difference. The whole store seemed larger, brighter, better arranged, more attractive.

The owner, too, was a little surprised. He had counted on the new floor's improving the store's appearance, but he hadn't realized just how much difference it would actually make. It almost seemed as if he had remodeled the whole store, yet the only change had been the new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum.

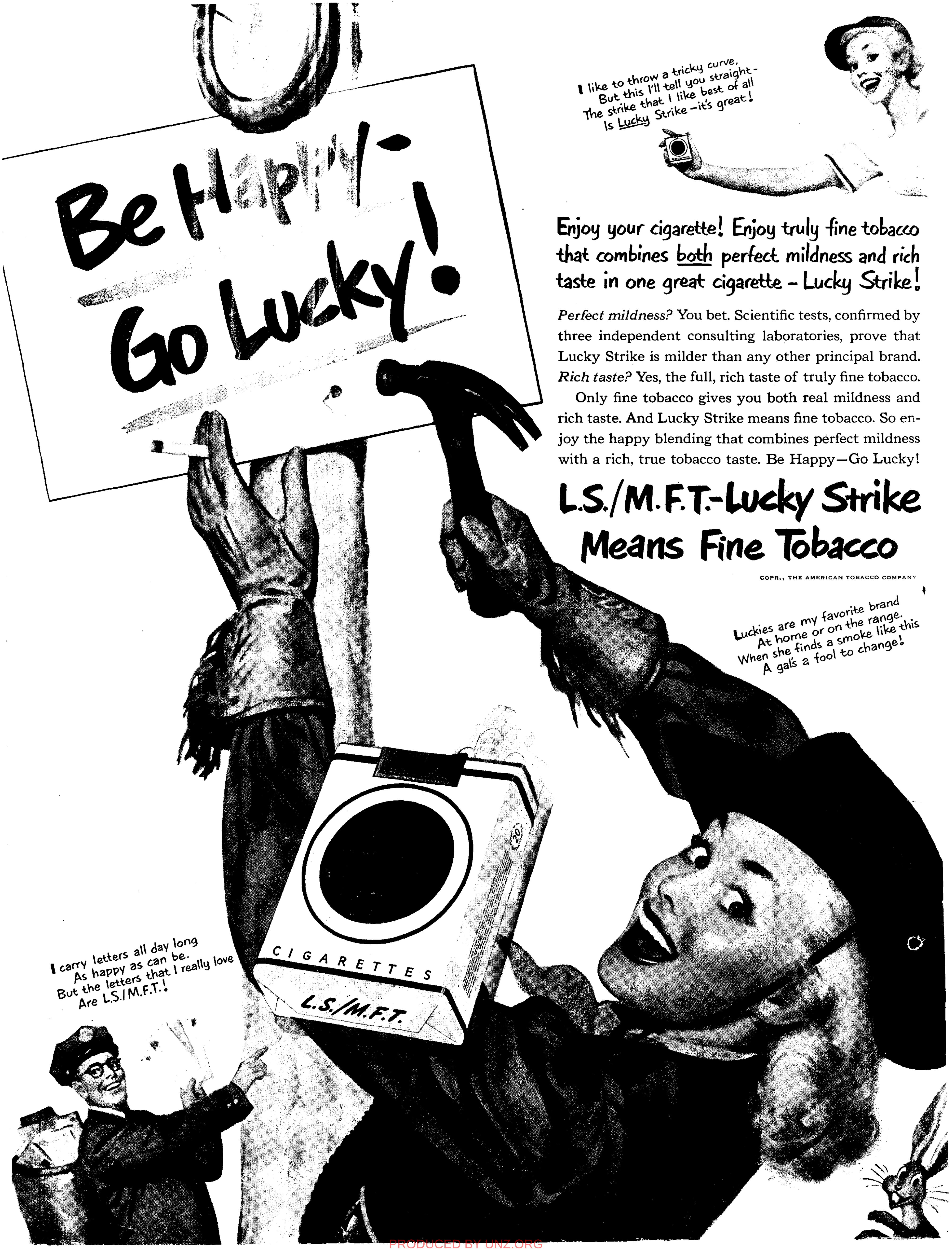
Perhaps you, too, could do some worth-while "remodeling" with a new floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. Beyond what it can do to improve the appearance of a store or office, it's a floor that you can count on for long years of service, easy care, and underfoot comfort. Your Armstrong flooring contractor will be glad to show you samples and give you a cost estimate.

Flooring requirements vary for different kinds of businesses and locations. Because of this, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—*Armstrong's Linoleum*, Asphalt Tile, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you can spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet. "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5009 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pa.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM



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